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CATHAL MORE;

OR,

SELF-LOVE AND SELF-CONTROL.

BY ARAMI.

“PER ARDUA AD ALTA.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

W. SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,

20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1852.

PRINTED BY HARRISON AND SON,
LONDON GAZETTE OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE ;
AND
ORCHARD STREET, WESTMINSTER.

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CATHAL MORE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I saw Mr. Schelling's protégé, I knew intuitively the conduct we might expect from him. He was one of the most repulsive-looking men I ever saw—not from vulgarity, for his manners were as polished as his patron's—not from ill looks, for he was well made, and his features were sufficiently regular. It was the wily cunning, the laboured insincerity of expression which characterized every inch of him, from his retreating forehead to his turned-out toes, that kindled in me, the moment I saw him, feelings of uncontrollable antipathy.

He was powerfully made, and his neck was peculiarly thick and muscular; his hair was curly and black, carefully arranged; his eyes,—I think their colour changed on different days, and they

glanced so restlessly around that I could seldom look stedfastly into them. He was clerically dressed; for he purposely imitated the manners and the appearance of the Roman Catholic priesthood, that he might the less shock the prejudices of the Irish poor. No act of his, I believe, was ever done without a motive,—oftenest a sinister one, for he was trained in the crooked ways of his patron. A clever German orphan boy, he had been educated by Mr. Schelling, and he depended on him for his livelihood. Crafty, ready to go all lengths for his director, and reckless of doing wrong, so long as he escaped punishment, he was a Jesuit in all but creed.

I was surprised that Mr. Schelling should have introduced to the Mores a man on whom falsehood was thus legibly stamped, as a teacher of the creed he professed to be so high and so pure. He did not perceive the cunning in his face, and he did not calculate the effect dissimulation produces on really high minds; for in himself, if he ever looked within, they were so prominent features, that he had become indifferent to them, and did not notice them in others.

At first, Cathal was cold and ceremonious in his manner to Mr. Ludvig Heinser—for such was the stranger's name; but as the tide of conver-

sation drew them into contact with each other, he involuntarily relaxed his first stiffness ; and finding his new guest a man of singular information on almost all modern and interesting topics, he entered into discussions with him, which cast down any barrier of rank, and placed them on the level ground of knowledge, where he found Mr. Heinser far his superior—superior even to Mr. Schelling ; for whatever his patron had learned superficially, Mr. Heinser had studied deeply, and gathered, young as he was, information which has cost the lifetime of others to attain. Yet he was not book-learned ; at least, his conversation was not pedantic. With the art of appropriation peculiar to a few, he had gathered from books, ideas to which in conversation he gave the charm of novelty. Knowledge seemed to be intuitive in him, for he made his listener forget the machinery by which it had been attained. I have often wondered, how he had amassed besides, so much experience of men and of society, at his age ; for he was only twenty-six. At a glance, he seemed to see as deeply into the motives and intentions of my friends as I could, to whom they had been known for years. There was something sinister in this knowledge, even supposing it had been innocently employed. Surely

those who have so intently studied the weaknesses and follies of their fellows, can have had little time to look beyond them.

Mr. Schelling left him undisturbed in his conversation with Cathal, for he desired to create familiarity between them before he left the country.

It was a bold, but a wise step, he took when he brought his protégé into such close contact with Cathal; but from what he had already noticed, he foresaw the influence that talent and learning had on his mind.

He, during this visit, devoted himself to Mrs. More, but his winged words fell pointless on her stedfast, firm character. Satire, description, scientific news, all, she received, without for one moment yielding in her estimate of his worth; and she did not invite his conversation; but when she could, she addressed some remark to Rupert or to me; he was, however, grave and silent, and I, as usual, taciturn before strangers.

"Agnes Hyde was not well enough to dine here to-day," she said, at last, to me; so forcing me to speak.

"Nor her father," said I, significantly.

"No," she answered; "Agnes, I think, he would have allowed to come and help me to

entertain you ; but she is really ailing, for the first time in her life, I think."

"Why did she not send for me?" I asked, anxiously.

"Oh! she is not ill enough for that yet. I think, however, Doctor, I will send you to her, and give you a commission to order her change of air."

"She has been overworking herself," I said ; "and you, too, my dear madam, have done too much."

"*She* has, I think; and as this winter promises more hopefully, we will order her to join her sister at Wyndham Manor."

"They are coming over, this autumn, are they not?" I asked.

"Yes; I know they are expected; and Agnes must go back with them," answered Mrs. More.

"I heard in Derbyshire," said Mr. Schelling, "pleasant accounts of their charities and improvements."

"They have laid the foundations, Catherine tells me, of a church, where one was much needed," answered Mrs. More.

He looked for a moment uncomfortable. "You must have gone through much last winter," he said, changing the subject. "This was one of the

most unfortunate districts in Ireland, was it not ?”

“Not so bad as some parishes in Mayo and Kerry, I have heard ; but I could hardly fancy greater distress to have existed, than what I witnessed last spring in this neighbourhood.”

“So I was sorry to hear ; but why did you not write and ask me for a subscription ?”

“I believe my son did,” replied Mrs. More, coldly, as she remembered Mr. Schelling’s manner of writing on that occasion.

“Yes ; and I hope my offering was of some use to you. I did not send more, because More only mentioned that sum. Friends, as we are, should not have scrupled to apply to each other.”

Mrs. More turned away, for she had seen through his motives at the time he wrote to her son ; and his attempt to palliate them now, only placed them in a worse light than ever.

“You look tired,” she said to Rupert, who was next her on my side. “From where have you travelled ?”

“We have been wandering about in England a good deal,” he answered.

“Visiting your many friends,” I suppose, she said, kindly.

“No, not friends of mine,” he answered ; and as he spoke, I saw an angry glance from his father’s eye flash upon him, as I had noticed before when he contraried his wishes.

Rupert looked down, resuming his silent, grave air.

In vain Mr. Schelling tried to rouse again the flagging conversation. Mrs. More had entrenched herself in that quiet dignity of hers, which scarcely admitted her companion to a sense of equality, and which, once assumed, few could overstep without her permission. She left the dining-room almost immediately after dessert was laid, and then the conversation was maintained almost uninterruptedly between Cathal and his two Unitarian guests.

Rupert was not long in following Mrs. More, and I soon after left the trio of scientific talkers to their theories, for by the little I heard, I knew they would not suit my belief, or prejudice as they called it. Admiration for intellect was disproportionate in Cathal, and his pleasure in intellectual discussions sometimes led him away from the true guide of judgment—revelation. He did not truly oppose it—religion was strong in him, for his tendencies were to believe—but carried on by the pleasures of reasoning, the most

delightful exercise to a cultivated mind, he often overlooked revelation in his decision on the arguments laid before him ; and even after all he had suffered of annoyance, he again fell into the traps Mr. Schelling and Mr. Heinser laid for him ; and before I left the room, I heard him settling that the ceremony of opening the Unitarian chapel should take place with due form on the Sunday following.

Vexed at his weakness, I left the dining-room. Mrs. More and Rupert were so earnest in conversation that they did not observe my entrance, and I sat down in the embrasure of a window half concealed by the curtain. I was at first engaged in too painful thoughts on this last breach of duty which Cathal was about to commit,—on the dissension such an open injury to his church must occasion between Mr. Hyde and him, to attend to the conversation of my companions ; but it soon arrested my attention, as I heard Rupert bitterly condemning the minister his father had chosen to serve the chapel of Cap-pagh. “Inadvertently he showed his nature before me,” he said ; “you see how well spoken he is, how polished his manners are : they took me in, and I thought the best side of our religion was reflected in him, and that all his learning

must have taught him truth ; but this last week I have seen enough to be convinced that that fair seeming is false. I say this to you, for you at least I will not have deceived."

He spoke in an excited tone and angrily.

Mrs. More answered calmly, "I hope that I should not have been deceived, for I think his want of truth is written on his face ; but how did you find it out ?"

"That requires a long confession on my part," he answered.

"Before you make it," said I, advancing, "I must warn you that I am here."

Rupert was silent, but Mrs. More said of me to him, "He is my oldest friend, Rupert ; intrust to him all you would to me, and if he will give it, receive his advice before mine."

"You shall be my director in all," he replied. "It is a year and a half since I saw you, dear Mrs. More ; and so long an absence from your help and counsel has done me no service."

"Again, I beseech you," she interrupted, "never trust to my counsel, except as it tallies with your true guides ; never, above all, lean on it for support. It will surely be a danger to you if you will thus wrongly use it."

He continued : "A conversation between my

father and your rector, Mr. Hyde, disturbed my thoughts very much ; it was on the government of the world by natural and unerring laws. Do you remember ?”

“ I do, indeed,” she said. “ Go on.”

“ I thought that, having admitted that a perfect Being could not break the laws he had made, Mr. Hyde destroyed the principal evidence of the truth of his religion. My father seemed right ; and some books I read soon after, even drew me yet farther from your Catholic faith, which, before that, I had been almost led to adopt, because I saw its fruits in you.”

“ Did I not tell you, Rupert, that a reception of truth because I recommended it, must be a snare to you. Unless we receive Christianity for its own sake, and neither for the sake of public opinion nor private friendship, we cannot receive it at all ; but how did that true theory—for I have since thought of it, and now believe it—how could that so retard your belief ?”

“ Why, is it not evident,” said Rupert anxiously, “ that if the Perfect Man were, indeed, divine, he could not, if this rule were true, have reversed the order he had established ; and his miracles must be frauds ? Our belief of his humanity, therefore, was more true than Christianity ; and

I went still farther. He could not be even a true prophet of good, for the Immutable One could not give him a commission to reverse His decrees. A flood of speculations overflowed my mind, and the miracles of Science and Art I found more worthy of admiration than any system of religion I had met, of men's invention. My father perceived that I was going into an extreme ; not so dangerous as your religion, but still hurtful to his own. He encouraged me to make known my doubts to him, and made clear what had seemed defective in his scheme of faith ; he explained miracles as not contrary to nature, but rather a premature fulfilment of her existing powers. Mesmeric art produced some, he said ; and he persuaded me that none were infringements of the law of the world, but that they were the results of a perfected Science and a perfected Art, to which we are rapidly progressing, but which in those days was only known by inspiration to the Perfect Man. These theories in a manner reconciled my enthusiasm for nature, with my desire for religion. I thanked him for his teaching ; and professed myself a believer, from conviction, in his creed."

"And are you so still ?" asked Mrs. More.

"No !" he said. "I now belong to no sect ;

for in his faith, where I thought I had found a resting-place, there was no truth ; and you rest your belief on a series of contradictions—glaring contradictions of what alone is true,—the law of nature.”

He spoke with a reckless, irritable manner ; it was no wonder, cherishing such thoughts, that he had seemed melancholy and silent.

“How did you find your father’s belief to be false ?” said Mrs. More.

“That man, Mr. Heinser, undecieved me. He thought I was stedfast in my new profession of faith, and he spoke unguardedly to my father, before me, of his schemes, and the works he would attempt here. All was false, irreligious ; he had not even the religion of honour, of the world ; my father did not contradict him : he joined in his views, he recommended acts even more false than Mr. Heinser.”

“Rupert,” said Mrs. More, gravely and impressively, “these are no reasons that you should disbelieve their faith. Is not your religion for you alone, and personal ? What has it to say to other people, save where, in the exercise of it, you may benefit them ? It is not man’s religion, it is your own and God’s.”

The rest of the party coming in, interrupted

us, but not before Mrs. More said in a low voice to him, "I will not speak to you on these matters, unless you promise to be impartial." Our evening passed away with an embarrassing constraint, for Mrs. More and I, grieved by Rupert's state of mind and unhappiness, cared not to speak much to the causers of his doubts. Still I was thankful that he had been disturbed in his Unitarianism at any cost. Even his change from his first agreement with Mrs. More was good, for it had been founded on his veneration for her, in great part, and a dreamy mysticism, which delighted in the vastness of Christianity, without assenting to its practical details. His craving for beauty was satisfied in it; he found in it, ideal purity and the realization of his life-dream; but he required yet to learn that he must, under it, not only receive, but give; not only bask in the satisfaction it gave to his mind, but perform the Act of Faith; for mere reception of God's gifts is not the Catholic religion.

Mrs. More retired early to bed; her failing strength had for long required as much rest as she could spare to it; and as she insisted on rising at her usual hour in the morning, I equally insisted, in my medical capacity, on her going to bed an hour sooner.

We both met in the dining-room, before the rest of the party assembled, next morning.

"How much mischief may be done," she said to me, "by our unintentional remarks! Is it not melancholy that Mr. Hyde's conversation should so have unhinged Rupert's mind?"

"Do you think he can set it right again?"

"I trust so," she said. "He seems to have perceived his father's want of truth."

"Yes," said I, "and I am glad of it, for I think affection for him was his strongest tie to his creed."

"I wish it could have been loosened without this discovery. But we will go and see Mr. Hyde after breakfast; I have already interested him in Rupert. At such a moment of his life as this, the ordained teacher is his safest guide."

And so it was arranged; and while Mr Scheller, Mr. Heinser, and Cathal, were inspecting the late improvements, and examining the details of the Unitarian chapel, Mrs. More, and I, and Rupert, went towards the Rectory.

"I wish Mr. Hyde to explain to you," she said to him, as we walked down the avenue. "what may have seemed doubtful in his argu-

ments with Mr. Schelling. Your father seemed to you right, did he not ?”

“Both seemed, in different ways, wrong ; at least my father’s arguments and Mr. Hyde’s admissions seemed equally destructive of both their creeds.”

“Well ! even I could say something,” she replied ; “but Mr. Hyde is a more rightful guide. Will you listen dispassionately to what he has to urge ?”

Rupert assented. We found Agnes in the drawing-room ; she said the Rector was in his study.

Mrs. More joined him there alone, and quickly made him understand her wishes. He came out, and kindly accosting Rupert, proposed that we four should take a walk, adding with a smile, that as we were to discuss her, nature must also be present.

“I think you must have somewhat mistaken my meaning,” he continued, as he and Rupert walked leisurely on before us, for in the clear autumn air I heard every word as it rang ; “if you gathered from what I said any arguments against Christianity, you must let me heal the wound I have unintentionally made,” he went on, for Rupert did not at once answer him.

"I scarcely hope you can," said the latter, "though there is nothing I should so much wish. Your admission, that night, that there was a species of materialism in nature, seemed to me so entirely at variance with your creed, and yet, as you and my father put it, so convincing and so true, that I was forced to acknowledge it. The vista of nature's combinations and powers opened before me in all their greatness. Can you wonder, when you admitted the divine agency was not immediately performing these marvels, that my admiration for them should lead me farther than you intended?"

"Then your preceding worship proceeded from a sense of the almightiness and vastness of God?"

"Yes. His all-power, and all-seeing attributes filled me with reverence and worship. But what was there left of them if nature is self-supportant?"

"Much," said Mr. Hyde: "in all this idea of yours you are misled by the sensuous blindness which cannot perceive that there is no such fact as time to the Eternal Being; and that the very laws which govern the world's daily events, the very results of those laws, the falling of that leaf to the ground, for instance, were pre-ordained at the creation of the world, and that in con-

sequence the greatest or the smallest natural event—the course of a star, and the flight of a bird—are alike the consequences of the everlasting will of God, as they are of self-supportant natural combinations. It is because we cannot comprehend the Infinite and the Eternal that we get these confused notions; we cannot know God, and, instead of believing in the powers He has announced to us, we create an idol in our minds whom we invest with a kind of demi-god power, able to do some things, but unable for others—just as it suits our system.”

“It is a great idea,” said Rupert, thoughtfully, “that the events of to-day, the clouds now over our heads, were present to the Creator, and pre-ordained by Him when the world was founded. But then how can they be called self-supporting?”

“It was His will that they should be, and their very self-supportency is His work,” answered Mr. Hyde. “Does not this pre-creation of the millions and millions of events which have occurred in nature since the world began, give you a vaster idea of their Ruler than the theory of his daily and momentary production of them?”

“But why do you agree so far with materialism? Should you not rather recoil from it

as a Christian, and believe in the continuous Providence in nature?"

"Simply because no article of right Christianity can for a second be based on untruth, which the assertion of a supernatural agency in natural law I believe would be. Besides, I conceive this much of materialism to be a strong argument in favour of our belief."

"How so?"

"It witnesses forcibly to the fall and sinfulness of man, thus laying one foundation-stone of Christianity; for in nature we see unbroken order and a faultless Creator reflected; we see regularly-circling laws in harmony with one another; but in man lawlessness and disorder is too plainly witnessed: the causes of this provoke inquiry, and the result of that inquiry is a reasonable proof of the existence of a perfect Originator on the one hand; on the other, the divergence of man from his first condition. Without this singular contrast, and if we believe nature to be in the same state of chaos as man's acts, we might consider chance the founder of the whole structure."

"I will think of all this," said Rupert. "I confess I think your remarks have weight, but still you have not touched a point which affects

your Christianity. You said, I remember, that a perfect Being cannot contradict his perfect laws. It was one of your arguments to show that nature, not being sinful, must follow a regular order. Now, if this be so, how can you explain the miracles, which are often infringements on existing laws?"

"The anti-natural condition of man explains them: he has broken the original law of his being; he breaks it momentarily, and, therefore, he requires a supernatural law, one which can continually adapt itself to his eccentricities. Our Governor does not change in aught, but man is ever tossed to and fro in sins; and the laws by which he is led, in order that they be consonant to strict and perfect justice, must be likewise ever changing in their adaptation. Mark! not their principles, but their adaptation; for it is not God who changes, but man, who is ever varying in his relations to God. So I believe we are under a peculiar Providence different in degree, though similar in source from that which governs sinless nature."

"I think I understand what you mean," said Rupert. "There is a just distinction between nature and man,—sinning, and sinless. But why

do we see death, and decay, and all the signs of punishment, in nature?"

"We see, but are we sure we see aright? If we were in a state of perfection, are we sure these things would be to us what they now are? May not the pain to our reason and senses which these natural events occasion, be part of our punishment; perhaps before the fall we should not have understood them as we now do. The mystical eating of the forbidden tree may have been visited by the retribution of this sorrowful and debasing knowledge of evil. Our senses may in punishment have created evil for themselves, which does not in truth exist. But we have strayed from the point we were discussing. Are you at all persuaded by what I have said, that miracles performed in the governance of men, are not incompatible with an unerring law of nature?"

"One cannot lightly settle one's belief," answered Rupert; "but I candidly acknowledge you have cleared away some impediments which I saw to Christianity, for which I heartily thank you. I will deeply consider these matters; for believe me, nothing seems to me of so much importance."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Hyde, touched by his earnestness, "that you should ever have had any doubts in consequence of my unexplained words. I am convinced much error arises from not at once asking farther explanation, when we hear truths asserted, which seem contradictory to us. Such confusion, I believe, is generally the fault of language and not of intention."

"Are there then no false prophets in the world?" said Rupert, incredulously.

"Not many, I believe," said Mr. Hyde. "Few men deliberately argue on the side of falsehood. Their leading ideas are generally pointing truthwards; but either by their own defective language or our misinterpretation of it, their disciples are led astray. We may see this in history. The great leaders of all sects, whether Pagan or Christian—the great men of all ages, have, in their theories, germs of truth and pure religion."

"It is strange to hear you, a teacher of Christianity, allowing any truth in heterodox opinions."

"Yet we must always observe how, when man dives deep into his own mind, when he appeals to the principles innate in him, he attains partial truth. A man who thinks for himself, seldom is in utter darkness; but those who entrust

their belief to the assertion of even a truth-preaching human teacher, will probably lose the germ of his truth, in the imperfections of his language and their interpretation of it."

"But if, as you say, there be the embryo of good in the organization of most sects and systems, you assert the truthfulness of Brahminism, of the Greek philosophers, and of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, all in a breath."

"You must be more definite in your terms," said Mr. Hyde, kindly. "I do not say they are truthful, but they undoubtedly contain truths. The Orientals have vast and magnificent notions of the Trinity, for instance. The Greeks added logic and science to religion, and a beautiful morality, which the fathers of our church employed in their theological works; even in modern days I think the Materialists and the Idealists are both right, and yet but imperfectly right, because they will not adopt the good that is in their adversaries' system."

"Can both systems, so opposed, possess truth?" said Rupert.

"I think truth pervades all. Most systems have more or less of it, but revelation and Christianity contain the whole truth, and nought else; and if we examine other creeds

by these tests, we can collect the particles of truth which exist everywhere. Thus it seems to me that Materialism and Spiritualism are connected by revelation, opposite, as they now seem, in the extremes men have run into, by my theory, that nature is so far material that it is self-supportant, but at the same time originally proceeding from the Divine Essence."

"I cannot fully perceive the fine-drawn distinction, how its self-supportancy is compatible with a pre-ordained government."

"I must try and explain ; though no example can even typify the perfection of the laws by which we are controlled. Suppose such a thing could be, that a jeweller could make a faultless clock, which would know no variations, nor wear out, nor require winding."

"Yes," replied Rupert.

"He makes all the circles and wheels complete, he sets it going, and from that moment it continues in its round of duties without his constant operations, though he has been its maker and propeller, and, therefore, every hour it strikes may be said to be his doing. That is somewhat analogous to the law of Nature. My notion of the law of Providence I can explain by a continuance of the same metaphor. Suppose

again one of the wheels of this perfect clock sprung out of its place, and suppose, to testify his power, the jeweller chose not to restore it, but by a continual pressure to keep it in its right position, this may dimly explain the workings of supernatural law."

"But the laws of Nature are so compound that I can hardly imagine them to have been one creation; they seem rather the development of laws continually rising from new necessities."

"Development I grant you there is," said Mr. Hyde; "but why should not that development, and the details of natural events, have been pre-ordained for thousands of years? Such difficulties proceed from want of faith; we are constantly calling God, Almighty, and yet we cannot bring ourselves to acknowledge his immeasurable powers; we cannot open our minds to the great notion that, with him, there is neither past nor future,—all is present, and that operations of countless ages, and the workings of countless powers are before him, as this hand of mine is before me, and willed by Him in all their infinitude of number, as readily as I raise this hand to my head."

Rupert was silent. Such thoughts are always silencing, for they overshadow us with awe.

“Is not this greater and more entrancing to the mind than even the sublimest naturalism?” continued Mr. Hyde; “do not such thoughts teach us the powerlessness of reason and of sense, in our conception of the Supreme?”

Rupert was still silent, and the conversation ceased between them.

CHAPTER II.

By Mrs. More's desire I visited Agnes Hyde, that I might discover the source of her pale looks. I found she had sadly overworked herself, and brought on a general weakness of the nerves, which though not dangerous, was painful, and required change of air and scene. I prescribed both these medicines, and we arranged that she should return with the Wyndhams, who were expected during October at the Rectory.

"I wish I could give you the same remedies," said I to Mrs. More, whom I thought looking extremely delicate, a day or two after. "You are weak, and I fear, annoyed."

She did not at once answer me, but at length she replied, "I fear that I judge perhaps too personally, but I cannot tell you how repugnant Mr. Schelling and this Mr. Heinser are to me."

"I can well imagine it," I said; "but why are they here, when at a word from you, your son ——."

"I would not for any thing have him in-

fluenced by such a word," she interrupted. "He must act for himself, Doctor ; if he were merely to do right to please me, he would still be at heart wrong, and I should be none the happier ; nay, less so, for I should dread the re-action which the removal of such influence produces."

"What do you think of this Heinser?" I asked.

"I think he is thoroughly false ; perhaps even more artfully so than his patron," she answered. "What more need I say?"

"And why does he stay here?"

"Cathal so admires their talent, and scientific knowledge, that he enjoys their society ; he does not see the serpent coiled round the tree of knowledge. They are going, you know, to open their new chapel with great ceremony on Sunday."

"Strange that Cathal should act so," I exclaimed.

"All are equally liable to err, if they once leave the guiding light," she said ; and she continued : "Doctor, I would give my life,—all that I have,—to set my son but back again in the path from whence he strayed two years ago." She was much moved. After a pause she said, "He will, he says, personally attend

the opening of this chapel. It is settled to take place at eleven o'clock, that their service may not, they say, interfere with ours ; but in truth that they may attract idlers, who would otherwise be in their own church and chapel. I want you, Doctor, to accompany Cathal, and remind him of his home and family, by the presence of one of his old friends. If their services should go on after ours have begun, urge him to leave their chapel, that he may at least give the preference to our Church of England worship."

I agreed, half smiling at the notion of there being a Unitarian service, for I knew of no congregation to join in it.

" You cannot imagine," she went on, " how very, very active those two men are. They rode over on my son's horse," she said, with sorrowful emphasis, " to —, where, you know, there are some of their creed ; and this morning they are gone towards Mr. O'Neil's place ; he has a large party staying at his house, of gay people, and some of them may come over to see the sight, and hear this new organ."

" The sight !" I exclaimed. " What sight can there be ?"

" I know but little," she said, " but they

have been very busy arranging some ceremonial."

"Of course, you will not go," I said thoughtlessly.

"One of our family is surely enough," she said, with surprise at my question.

"I thought of it for Cathal's sake," I hastened to explain.

"No," she answered; "you are a better representative, and I might not have sufficient strength to bear the long service."

She spoke calmly, but her words rather startled me; and when I looked at her more earnestly, I saw the symptoms I had noticed the summer before painfully aggravated. She had been so much better during her charitable labours, that my fears had nearly vanished of her immediate break-down, but now every sign of illness had returned, brought back, I have no doubt, by the grief of mind her son's conduct gave her. Struck almost beyond the power of concealment by her suddenly-increasing weakness, I earnestly assured her I would leave nothing undone to persuade her son to withdraw his countenance from the schemes of his guests; and if he would not, I promised to stay with him, and at least tacitly remind him, by my presence, of his former friends, and belief.

The Sunday following rose clear and sunny, propitious to the ceremony. I joined the party at Cappagh, at breakfast, on some trivial pretence. Mrs. More was not there, and in her absence the group seemed doubly misplaced and unnatural. Mr. Heinser, in his usual very clerical costume, was speaking in a somewhat high-flown strain to Cathal More, as I entered. Mr. Schelling was listening keenly to their conversation, and the occasional looks of mutual understanding which they exchanged, convinced me at once that the enthusiasm was assumed to mislead their host, and that Mr. Schelling was eagerly watching its success. Rupert sat silent and abstracted, as he almost always was during this visit of his, except when some exalted sentiments from Mr. Heinser caused his cheek to flush, and his eye to sparkle with indignation at his hypocrisy. How changed from what he had been when I first knew him! Then, trusting, affectionate, religious—now adrift on the shifting sands of infidelity, with every principle and virtue loosed from their right moorings. Cathal was in the reckless, excited spirits I had before seen him assume on occasions when he tried to struggle against the reproaches of conscience and the disapproval of his mother. My presence

was a constraint to them, and the conversation dropped as I took my seat at the breakfast table.

“We are soon going down to the new chapel, to see it opened and dedicated,” said Cathal ; “you must be of the party, Doctor, to be ready for accidents ; Schelling tells me there will be a frightful crowd of three people.”

I answered gravely, for I disliked the thoughtless air he assumed : “I will be of your party, as your mother’s representative. Where is she this morning ?”

Cathal started, and he exclaimed, “Why she is not down yet, I suppose ; I am sure she is well,” and he rang to inquire.

The servant brought for answer that “Mrs. More begged the gentlemen would not wait for her ; she hoped to get up in time for church.”

“Is she ill ?” asked her son.

“The housekeeper told me, sir, that madam had fainted, after getting up this morning.”

He sprang up, and went to her room ; and when he came back, he was very grave, and quite subdued in manner : he begged me to go at once to her. I did so, and was shocked to find that my old friend had suffered from a slight paralytic affection. She was better, but still in a very critical condition. I prescribed the pro-

per remedies, and would have stayed with her, but she impatiently reminded me of my promise the preceding night ; and to save her any excitement, I again earnestly engaged to watch over her son. When I returned to the breakfast-room Rupert drew me aside, and inquired eagerly for her. I re-assured him of her recovery, as the attack had been very slight ; had it been otherwise, he said, he certainly would not leave the house while she was in danger.

Half-past ten o'clock came ; and it was time to start. Cathal mechanically took his hat, and drew on his gloves ; he seemed in a kind of dream, as he slowly walked down the avenue, not answering, and scarcely listening to the conversation of his friends. His mother's illness had quite sobered his spirits, and seemed to have awakened him to a consciousness of his position and its prospect, and his conduct for the past few days ; and they appeared in all their faultiness, crushing him with bitter self-reproach. He shrunk impatiently from Mr. Heinser ; and when he tried to reason with him, in the old way, on consistency and toleration, he answered with a disdain which silenced even Mr. Schelling. Still he walked on towards the chapel, with a determined step and manner, as if he were forcing

himself to sacrifice all, even conscience, to the fulfilment of his promise and the maintenance of his honour. His heavy step rang through the vaulted arches, as he took his seat on a foremost bench, gloomily resting his head on his hand, not in worship, but to conceal the struggle within. I saw, however, between his compressed fingers, the vein on his forehead, always prominent, now standing out like a thick cord. But he was roused by the entrance of Mr. Schelling, who had lingered behind with Mr. Heinser; and then for the first time I looked about me.

There were not above half-a-dozen people in the chapel (and they, I saw, came from ——, our neighbouring town), dark, hard-featured men. The sun shone in upon them through the painted oriel window, in blue, and yellow, and green hues, distorting their countenances, and leaving me to think how light, even prismatically coloured, beautifies every natural thing except man. My reverie was broken by a troop of little choristers, dressed in white, as in a cathedral; but my surprise at their appearance was quickly absorbed in the involuntary pleasure I felt at the rich, swelling tones of the organ, as they filled and overcame every echo in the building. I looked to see the effect of these

sensuous pleasures on Cathal. He had not moved from his position ; his head rested on his hand, his lips were compressed as ever,—and so he remained during the whole service, with the air of a man who employs the full power of his will to conquer his inclination. I wondered what could have passed in his short interview with Mrs. More, to have so changed him from his morning humour. He has since told me that, on that morning, as he stood by her bedside, and saw her altered countenance, a sense of his weakness and mistaken conduct came upon him like a sudden inspiration ; and I could not help connecting this clearing of his mind with Mrs. More's earnest declaration that she was ready to give even her life for his reinstallation in right. I dare-say I was mistaken—I do not ask you, reader, to agree with me—but the coincidence made a strong impression on me.

Our church-bell began to toll before Mr. Heinser's clever, sophistical sermon was nearly over. I got up, and whispered to Cathal that we ought to go. Very much to my surprise, he agreed, and we left the chapel together ; but he did not accompany me to church. I did not much oppose him, as with an air of extreme dejection he walked slowly up the avenue, for I

imagined he was anxious to return to his mother ; nor did I accompany him, for I felt it necessary to join Mr. Hyde's congregation, and explain to him, when the service was over, Mrs. More's absence, and apologize as well as I could, for Cathal's most wrong countenance of Mr. Heinser. As I left the Unitarian chapel, I had observed that several well-dressed strangers, who had arrived late, sat in the aisle. Some were from —, and to my great surprise Mr. and Lady Louisa Chetwode, and Mr. O'Neil were at the head of a large group of visitors. They had all been attracted, doubtless, by the reports Mr. Schelling had taken care to spread, of the beautiful music that would be on the opening of his chapel, and had come to gratify their tastes for it, without a thought of the moral wrong they committed.

The moral wrong ! for though not one Catholic except these members of the upper classes, attended the Unitarian service, I well knew the dangerous effect that their fashion and influence would have on their inferiors in station. Mr. Hyde was very grave and pre-occupied, as he left his church ; and I saw, by the sad but firm countenance he bore, that the matter had much disquieted him. He expressed a temperate but

just anger against Cathal ; and said, that neither as his friend nor his pastor, could he again visit him, until he ceased from his present conduct. I told him of Cathal's depression, of his changed manner to his guests, of all the signs of his sorrow which I had noticed.

"No," he answered, "these are not sufficient proofs, they may proceed from personal pique ; at all events, they are not a reparation for the injuries he has been inflicting on his church these two years."

"But remember, he is weak ; he has been wrongly influenced."

"Weakness is no excuse for wrong acts," said Mr. Hyde, almost sternly ; "if it were, we are all sinless : they that are weak may be stronger than the strong, if they seek aright for strength."

I could not deny the justness of his remark ; and he continued : "I am not acting from sudden anger, or personal annoyance, in my determination ; it has long been fixed, that if so influential a member of my flock should so publicly insult his religion, of which I am appointed the guardian in this place, he must, for the sake of example, be as publicly condemned by me, and all familiar intercourse must cease between us."

"But his mother," I urged.

“His mother will not grieve at his punishment ; it is rather his wrong-mindedness that she regrets.”

“But will not your former friendship for him whom you have seen grow up from boyhood, make you more lenient for this one fault of his,” I asked.

“It is because I have loved him, and do love him so well,” he replied, “that I wish him to return to a right course. As to his ‘one fault,’ as you call it, it is large enough to tinge all his acts ; and the canker of this indifference to his faith which he has manifested, would, if unchecked, in time overgrow all his virtues.”

I could wait to say no more, for I had already been away too long from Mrs. More. I found her better than I had hoped. The interview with Cathal in the morning seemed to have had a somewhat reviving effect. I augured well of its purport from this ; and said, “Your mind is relieved, I can see, my dear madam, and that is better than my remedies.”

“Yes,” she replied ; “and I thank God for this illness, if it has been the means of startling Cathal from the wrong road he was pursuing.” I told her of the ceremony and of her son’s conduct, and asked if she had seen him.

“No; did he not return from church with you?” she replied, hastily.

“He did not go to church,” I said; “I thought he had returned to see you.”

“I will ring, and ask,” she said. Her maid who answered her summons, told her that Mr. More had called at her house soon after twelve o’clock, and that, after inquiring for his mother, he told the butler to ask Mr. Schelling not to wait for him, or expect him, as he was going to walk some distance.

“He is gone, that he may think over all the past,” said I, in a low voice, to my patient. She answered by a quiet smile, the best symptom of her recovery that I had yet seen. “Please sir,” continued the maid, “I think the strange young gentleman is very ill; he is in his room, lying on his bed; and the housemaid, who went in to make it up, says he is groaning pitifully, and his face is quite red.”

“Pray, go and see him,” said Mrs. More, anxiously. She was so impatient, that, to ease her, I hastened away to Rupert’s room, though I thought her maid had exaggerated; but I was startled enough to find, that fever with most alarming symptoms had attacked him. I had been too well versed in its signs, not to dread

the worst, from the violence of its first seizure. His face, generally so pale, was red and flushed, and he seemed scarcely able to speak from the pain of his head; his hands were tightly clenched, in the effort to contain himself while I was with him, for the first moment or two, but no restraint could for longer suppress his involuntary groans. He was not yet the least delirious, but he seemed not to hear my questions: he could not at all events answer them.

I summoned his father's servant, who appeared much shocked at his young master's state. "He looked very bad this morning, getting up, sir," he said, "and I heard him telling my master, that he felt too ill to go down with him to the chapel."

"And did his father after that allow him?" I asked.

"He said, sir, that it was an excuse, and he should go, and then Mr. Rupert turned suddenly white; but my master said, it was no good getting into a passion with him, and so Mr. Rupert left the room, and I did not see him since. I think, sir, he has been ill for some time back—he sits up at night, and reads too hard for a young gentleman like him, for he is very delicate." These were not cheering prognostics. I

ordered rather severe measures, for it was a most violent case, and especially dangerous in that it had seized on the head ; and I went to Mrs. More, while leeches and blisters were being sent for, to prevent her hearing any exaggerated reports. Though, of course, I felt it my duty to warn her by what Rupert was threatened ; and to tell her that if she feared to have him in her household, he could still be removed.

“ At a risk ? ” she enquired. I could not deny that his chance of recovery would in that case be small ; but I urged strongly the care and trouble he would require during such an illness, and the danger to her family.

“ Our straightforward course,” she answered, “ is to do what is right and charitable, and leave our after fate to God’s will. Cathal, I am sure, will think in this with me.”

“ I suppose so,” said I thoughtfully ; “ and if proper measures are taken, infection may be warded off. The present symptoms threaten brain fever, which is not dangerous except to the patient.”

“ Will you give every order for his comfort, doctor. Stay, just ring the bell for me, and I will tell Mrs. Walsh myself.”

“ You must, indeed,—you must promise me,”

I said gravely, "that you will not receive or ask for any minute reports of this fever, for a few days, I will tell you myself all that is right ; you must not be excited. Preserve your strength till he is convalescent. Please God, you will be quite well again by that time, and he will need most care then." She agreed, and strictly adhered to my directions, more for the sake of others, I think, than for her own, for she remembered how needful her life was to her son. But I must say somewhat of the other *dramatis personæ* in this story of real life.

Mr. Schelling and his friend had delayed after the inauguration-service was over, to receive compliments from some of the strangers (Lady Louisa Chetwode was among the number) and to show them all the ornamental details of the chapel. Mr. Heinser's polished and intellectual manner had influence with these mere worldlings, who cared more for the apparent than the true characters of those they approved, perhaps from a consciousness that such a mode of judgment would best suit themselves ; and Mr. O'Neil, who was an intimate friend of Cathal's, and one of the liberal, *alias* anti-strict, *alias* anti-any-religion at-all school, volunteered to walk back with the Germans to Cappagh. All the rest of the party

dispersed to their several vehicles, charmed with Mr. Schelling and his friend, envying (so they said) Mrs. More such acquisitions to her society, and wondering how Mr. Schelling contrived to have such a pretty chapel, and such nice music “in the backwoods of Ireland.”

Cathal was not to be found, as the reader knows, at home, and Rupert went to his room at once, so Mr. O’Neil after waiting half an hour took leave, and Mr. Schelling and Mr. Heinser went to walk and consider together the course that was to be followed, towards the farther injury of Catholicity in those parts. Thus, at least, I conjectured, as I saw them pass slowly down a dark walk—their eyes bent on the ground, their heads inclined towards each other in low, earnest, whispering conversation. They staid out late, very late, until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, pacing up and down that gloomy walk. I did not send to tell them of Rupert’s illness. I had an instinctive feeling that “he was not of them.”

Cathal came in a few moments before the dressing-bell rang. I met him in the hall; he looked stern and angry, and the veins were swelled on his forehead. He said hastily to me, as he walked across the hall—

“Are they gone?”

“Who? What do you mean?”

“Mr. Schelling and his friend,” he replied, impatient at my want of comprehension; and forgetting that, but the day before, I had heard him press them to stay another week.

“Indeed they are not,” I answered gravely, as I thought of Rupert and his dangerous illness.

“But your mother wants to see you: you must, my dear boy, avoid all excitement with her. I will go with you, I think, to see that you are steady.”

“Yes, yes,” he said, “you shall know, every one shall hear.”

We had reached his mother's room before he ended his sentence. She was lying on a sofa, a contrast to her son in her serenity, for he was dark and gloomy, his eyes fixed on the ground, and he was flushed with emotion. He addressed her almost instantly.

“Mother, I am sure it will do you good to know that I am sorry for what I have done: that I will undo it as rapidly, so help me God! These Unitarians shall not remain another day under my roof, making a tool of me, as they have.”

He spoke rapidly and angrily; and as the

words of scorn and passion fell from his lips, Mrs. More became graver and graver.

"My son," she answered, "I am glad if you have seen your error ; but why visit the punishment it deserves on others ?"

"Why, mother," he exclaimed impatiently, for he was thoroughly excited, "you have been urging me all along to discourage these men, and now, when I am eager to do so, you do not approve !"

"It is that very eagerness which I cannot approve, my dear Cathal. It is caused by impulse more than by steady conviction."

"I am convinced. What I heard to day in Mr. Heinser's sermon convinced me."

"And, my dear son, have you not known all along what would be probably preached in that sermon to-day. Is it possible you have not considered the principles for which you have been building a pulpit ?"

"Whatever I have done," he answered gloomily, "I am determined now to undo. I will not acknowledge, at all events, this Mr. Heinser as a guest of mine ; and those Schellings have been here quite long enough."

"Nay, Cathal, I expected more justice from you," answered his mother. "I see I must

appeal to your kindness: Dr. F—— says Rupert is threatened with a fever, which may cost him his life.”

“Not only threatened, but in the first and most painful stage of it,” I added.

“Is he already so ill?” asked Cathal, in some surprise.

“Yes,” answered his mother; “and moving him now would still further risk his life.”

“I see what you would have me do, mother,” replied her son, after a moment’s struggle with himself; “but even setting aside all personal motives, is it not wrong to set an example of encouraging such infidelity as this Heinser preached to-day? every one will think we agree with these people.”

“Have you not yet seen, Cathal,” said his mother, “that personal duty is primary? You have already sacrificed it to the phantom, Toleration, and you would again postpone your most evident duty to Rupert, to your anxiety that your neighbours should not suffer from that very toleration. My dear son, there is but one right path—the road of personal duty; do not, I pray, follow any other, however much it may seem to lead right.”

“Well, mother, I will try to endure these

people a little longer, as you wish I should ;” and he hastily left the room.

“The worst reason in the world,” sighed Mrs. More. “When will he act from a determinate sense of right !”

I answered, “Life will teach him to refuse wrong, and to choose right.”

“It is sad,” she replied, musingly, “that such teaching should be needful. Sad that our natural instinct to obey impulse must be checked. Sad that we should require caution in our acts.”

“Sad to possess caution?” I said, inquiringly, for I did not quite understand her meaning.

“Yes,” she answered, “for caution and disbelief are but remedies against the evils of society ; less evil, perhaps, than those they cure, but still dangerous medicines.”

“Then you do not admire those who think all that is supernatural, and half what is natural, humbug ?”

“Can you ask such a question !” she exclaimed. “I think disbelievers by habit, incredulous people, the most fallen of the human race—for innocence believes implicitly ; so they have lost their innocence. Faith thinks all things possible ; so they have little faith. And reason shows us our powerlessness to measure truth in our finite

balances; so their reason, to say the least, is defective."

"Depriving them of those three gifts, you have put them very low down in the list of beings," I said.

"And I do think them more degraded than most men," she answered. "But here we are, Doctor, as usual, deep in abstractions. Will you give me leave to go down to the drawing-room this evening?" I hesitated; but she said, "I am very anxious that Cathal should show no rudeness to his guests just at this moment," so I was fain to yield, and I left her, to make inquiries for my other patient.

CHAPTER III.

THE remedies I had sent for to the Dispensary had arrived. I applied them, but they had scarce any effect on the sufferer. His pulse had risen considerably during the hour I was absent; and seeing that his illness was gaining on him rapidly, I desired his servant to send for Mr. Schelling. He came in very hastily, and without speaking, drew the bed-curtains aside, and looked earnestly on his son. It was the only time I ever saw him agitated; the only time I ever saw the slightest emotion on his hardly-set features. Even then, it was but discernible by his bloodless lips, compressed until they were livid, and the quivering of the nerves of his face. He said not a word, but after five minutes of this intense gaze, he turned to me inquiringly, as if hardly trusting himself to speak.

“He is very, very ill,” I said, in reply to his mute question. “The fever has attacked his head: he evidently has a highly nervous temperament.”

Mr. Schelling remained silent, but he drew a chair to the fireplace, and sat there gazing at the flickering tongues of flame—for I had caused a small fire to be made, just enough to draw a current up the chimney, without heating the room. The dinner-bell rang, but he sat on still, nor did he alter his position until the morning light broke into the room. I found him there when I went in, his pale face still paler, haggard from anxiety—perhaps from visions of that eternal future which ever arise before us when the angel of death is near. Even when he went to his room, the sounds of his footfall, to and fro, went on monotonously the whole dreary morning.

My patient still lay flushed, and restlessly changing the position of his head, with a continuous low, moaning sound; my remedies had had no effect, the disease was gaining rapid ground, and I dreaded the worst for his delicate constitution—more leeches, more blisters were applied, but no amendment ensued. I engaged a nurse in the village to watch by him, while I went and consulted his father. By my request, he started immediately for ——, and brought back the best physician it afforded. He could do little more than I had already tried; the fever seemed to set medicine at defiance, and we were reduced to

employ mere palliatives. We could only attempt to assuage his racking pain. I strictly forbade any unnecessary visitors to his room, nor did I tell Mrs. More of the extreme violence of his illness, until she was nearly restored to her usual health. Cathal was coldly polite, doing all that was right, but as a duty, however. Mr. Schelling did not seem to notice the change in his manner; he saw, indeed, little of his host, for he seldom quitted his son's room; and, when he did, he left every thought and feeling there behind him—his anxiety was intense; not that he showed strong feelings or emotion, but the very hiding of his sensations testified of their depth. It was hardly affection that so moved him, it was more from disappointment at his Unitarian heir's death, mingled with the terror which the sight of mortal illness brings on an irreligious man. Emboldened by our long companionship in watching, I ventured one night, when his agony of feeling, in spite of himself, was apparent, to attempt some words of consolation; but he impatiently signed to me to stop; and a hard sneer at once replaced the look of sorrow which had overspread his countenance.

A fortnight passed, and a fortnight of such wasting fever had brought Rupert to the very

verge of the grave. Sleeplessness and delirium had so changed his form that no one could have recognised in it, the intelligent, handsome man who had lain down. He was quieter than at first ; but though weakness had stopped the more violent efforts of his raving, I had little or no hope of his recovery, and if he did, I feared his intellect must have been severely injured, for there was more of delusion—mania in his ravings than mere fever delirium. I told the worst to his father, for I do not esteem it right to conceal danger in illness. He received my words with violent anger. “He shall not die !” he repeated over and over, with a kind of defiance. I tried to calm him. “Fool !” he exclaimed, carried away by passion, “if he dies, it is you who have killed him.” I was too indignant to trust myself to speak, but as I heartily pitied him in reality. I turned aside, and seemed not to hear his words. He went to the bed, and drawing the curtain aside, looked at his son for a moment, and then hurriedly left the room. Half-an-hour after, he was on the early coach, travelling to Dublin, in search of the celebrated Mr. R ——. He could not return until the following morning, even posting with four horses on his way back, and I greatly feared that his son’s strength would give

way before then ; the motions of his head from side to side on his pillow had become slow and fitful ; but his rapid pulse, and the continuous low mutter of his voice showed that the fever was yet strong upon him. I leaned over to listen to his indistinct words—he spoke of attending a funeral ; he described the coffin—the corpse, in which I shudderingly heard him point out his own lineaments ; he told the names of the mourners, his own relatives, and yet he spoke in the indifferent voice of a mere by-stander ; he complained of being detained by me from following it. Then he seemed to have reached the grave ; he described the earth falling on the coffin, and he repeated much of our burial service ; and so he went on for hours, until I could scarcely nerve myself to watch by him, failing fast as I could see he was. As I sat, a kind of inspiration came over me to try in this extremity a new prescription, a strong preparation of musk. I had little hopes however, indeed none, when I thought of his weakness, if even the fever left him ; but it would be wrong to neglect any means, so I mixed the dose myself, and poured it down his throat with difficulty, for his lips and tongue were swelled, so that I could scarce open his mouth. It saved

him : he for the first time during a fortnight, slept, at first with stertorous breathing, more in stupor than natural sleep, but as the day wore on, he turned on his side, and his swelled eyelids at last closed. Ill, fearfully ill as he looked, his face lost the fixed blank expression of idiotcy which had so alarmed me. There was reason to hope.

Crises and convalescence are too well known and too often described, that I should tell how. when Rupert awoke, he was in his right mind, with that peculiar sharpness and clearness of intellect which is always attendant on recovery from delirium. He had again sunk into deep sleep when his father and Mr. R. arrived, and I left the room to meet them, and tell them the crisis was over, and that I had strong hopes. Silently Mr. Schelling entered the room ; nor did he show any emotion, or make any inquiries ; but he sighed heavily two or three times, as if he were relieved from some oppressive weight. I explained the case to Mr. R., and had the satisfaction of receiving his best approval. Nothing could be done for the patient, and sleep was a better prescription than any, even Mr. R. could frame, so he silently took my place at the bed-

side, while I went to my room, quite worn out by anxiety and watching.

Some letters Mr. Schelling received, about a week after, required his immediate presence in London ; and as his son, though out of danger, could not travel for at least another month, he was obliged, unwillingly enough, to leave him at Cappagh. In any case, he could not have remained very much longer, for Cathal's manner, though kind and considerate to Rupert, was every day becoming more freezing to his father. To Mr. Heinser he barely bowed when they accidentally met—a great disappointment to the latter, who, from what his patron had told him, hoped, by good management, to have completely secured the countenance of the lord of the manor. Mr. Schelling would, I am sure, have taken the matter up warmly, had not Rupert's illness and his London business engrossed him, and besides he felt it necessary, for appearance sake, to seem grateful for the great kindness with which his son had been treated. It was about a week after he had gone that Rupert was first moved down stairs. Kindly and heartily Mrs. More welcomed him into her warm, private sitting-room, a great favour, for only especial

friends were allowed to enter it. There was a beautiful view of the distant country from the window, seen through an arch of trees, which made a cool, dark foreground, and relieved the sunshine and the glowing distance beyond. It was a temple for the worship of nature, for nature was almost always beautiful, seen from it. We rolled the invalid's sofa so that he could drink in the soft influences of the scene, and he lay there thoughtful and calm, as he had been when we first knew him. "I feel," he said, "as if all my wild thoughts and fancies had been struck by some magic, and had ranged themselves orderly and quietly. I must have had my brain set in order while I was in that delirium."

"I have often known instances in which the mind has been cleared by illness," I answered. "I generally think it a symptom of severe bodily debility, however, so you must be very cautious."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "but I am wonderfully well. You take such care of me, that if I were weak, I should not feel it."

"Paralysis generally weakens the mind, does it not?" said Mrs. More, half speaking to herself.

I started, for my imagination pictured all the fearful consequences of her illness, if it increased.

“Yes!” I answered hurriedly, “but you must not think about it.”

“Why not, Doctor?” she replied in a tone of surprise, but still kindly and gently.

“There is no danger?” asked Rupert, fixing his large eyes upon me with an earnest, inquiring look.

“No, no,” I said quickly; and rising, I walked to the window, for I was afraid of being farther questioned.

A long pause ensued, which Rupert was the first to break. “I have been watching,” he said, “the leaves and the trees, and looking through their tangle, until my thoughts seem also to get confused and lost in a wilderness of speculation.”

“Nature is indeed an intricate skein, to which there is only one clue,” answered Mrs. More.

“I have not found it,” said he, half despondingly; “I feel always longing to penetrate this great mystery of nature. I have a blind, dark idea that there must be some spirit-meaning in all around, and yet I cannot find it.”

“That meaning is God,” answered Mrs. More, reverently.

“Yes,” he answered, “I know religionists say that, because the existences in nature are His creation, but I am not speaking of their witness

to past events. I mean their present living meaning, for I feel that there is an import of which they are to me unknown hieroglyphics."

"I, too, speak of this present meaning," Mrs. More answered. "I believe that every creation, from an insect to man, from a weed to a forest tree, from a grain of dust to the yet immeasurable stars, is a visible exemplification of abstract good : in other words, a manifestation of the divine essence to our mortal senses."

"I have before heard that said," replied Rupert, "but it has never been explained to me how we are to read this unspoken language. I have thought these things but fancies."

"A little thought," Mrs. More replied, "will explain this typism to you. If you take a blade of grass, perhaps, one of the least marked and most common-place creations which I could choose, I will show you how I understand it to be a visible symbol of that personified union of abstract principles which we reverence as divine. In this blade of grass we may find Love, Wisdom, Power, Unerringness, Truth, Infinity, and so on."

"How!" exclaimed Rupert, "much as I have admired Nature, I never deified her petty works."

"And yet, petty as you call it, look how the Supreme is exemplified in it. I have at random

named some of His best known attributes; in this very blade of grass, they are mirrored. Love in its manifold uses, Wisdom in their fitness, Power in its unaided growth, Unerringness in its development, Truth—there is no falsehood except in man! Infinity in the minuteness of its particles. In this way, I believe, the Visible and the Unseen correspond; every atom of creation revealing to us abstract good.”

“That sounds like a kind of Pantheism,” said Rupert.

“Yet,” she continued, in reply to his interruption, “these spirit-meanings form one whole, and unity is proved by every fragment of nature. One spirit pervades her, balancing her intricate machinery.”

“How do you then account for the disorganized masses of strata—the inexplicable eccentricities which are continually found by inquirers in her system.”

“Inexplicable! There is the root of doubts: because, by finite reason, a place cannot be found for some of the notes of nature’s harmony, the whole of them are said to be struck by chance, deaf to the unison which is sounding on every side.”

“But yet, howsoever much you cast discredit

upon it, reason must ever be our guide to truth."

"Still," she replied, "it should teach us its own incapacity, and point out to us the limits of its power. Those have profited but ill from its teachings, who treat it as omniscient."

"And when are we to reject it?" asked Rupert, half incredulously.

"Never," answered Mrs. More. "But it must be united to imagination, forming its groundwork. Do not ever separate our powers, my dear Rupert, for none of them are, I think, intended to be independent of each other. Unity characterizes every creation, as I said before, and we must not introduce disunion among our gifts. I remember a definition of beauty which struck me as true, 'Multiplicity in Unity.' It applies to all perfect existences."

"A very extended one," said Rupert.

"Extended yet compressed; and so in nature there is one design expressed in many forms. In the immense variety of leaves springing from the different plants of earth, we see one plan; in all mammalia, one formation; and vegetable and animal groups uniting at their extremities, show that they are linked in one chain."

"But in abstractions is there not a marked individuality?"

"They appear to me," she said, "to comprehend each other. Beauty is Power—Power is Wisdom—Wisdom is Justice—Justice is Love—Love is Beautiful, Powerful, Wise, and Just; and so one could ring the changes on all these members of the Universal Spirit, issuing from, and merging in it."

"Yes," said Rupert, after a moment's thought, "I can partly conceive this typism in Nature; still it appears but a fancy, a vagary of the imagination."

"Do not place them in the same list," said Mrs. More; "fancy has to do but with externals; imagination, truly is the faculty which is required in these investigations of the invisible, and the only means I think we have, to discover undemonstrable truth."

"By undemonstrable truth, I suppose you mean," said I, "that which cannot be defined by positive proof?"

"Yes," she replied; "and how few of the facts around us are so established! A certain amount of faith is necessary for our reception of most of the truths that we are in the habit of

taking for granted; for, proofs by experience, by analogy, by what are called the methods of agreement and difference, are never decisively convincing. Faith, or to speak more correctly, a belief in facts not proved by reason, becomes necessary, and imagination is the only parent of faith; so you see, Doctor, how large a part it has to play in our mere every-day existence."

"Yes; but you went a little too far," said Rupert, "in saying it was the only means of establishing undemonstrable truth."

"Though it may not be needed in discovering truth, as it applies to us, or subjective, as it is termed, yet I do not see how, without imagination, we can divest ourselves of our identity, and judge of the truth as it exists objectively, that is irrespective of us."

"But you unduly debase reason," said Rupert.

"Reason," she answered, "is necessary to guide our deductions from truth, as it applies personally to us, and to order our affairs in accordance with its dictates. I only say that when we presume to judge of existences, without reference to their uses for us, we must employ imagination, for our reason is too finite to grasp the full scope of things."

"But if imagination be thus the mirror of

truth," said Rupert, "why should there be such universal error?"

"Because, as when you cast a pebble into a still pool, the forms there reflected become troubled and indistinct, so our imaginations, disturbed from their first perfection, now give back the truth with many distortions. Still it is our noblest gift, and reason itself points out its value as the parent of belief."

"You make reason a kind of sign-post, pointing to the course we must follow, yet not bringing us to the end of the journey. And many go no farther than the sign-post," she replied, "and think, because the name of their destination is written upon it, that they must needs have reached it; and however barren the surrounding country may be, they say it must be Eden, and waste their lives in trying to prove that it is."

"To sum up what you have said, then," I observed, "Reason sees truth subjectively: it sees leaves as leaves; nature, as it supplies our wants. Imagination discovers objective truth in all things, and perceives that nature is a manifestation of its Creator."

"Exactly so," she replied; "Reason in this case shows us the type, Imagination the thing

typified. Reason discovers the wonders of nature; Imagination understands their higher meaning. Reason is the noblest gift of man as a mortal; Imagination is its counterpart to his Spirit Being."

"Such a belief opens a vast field of yet-to-be-discovered meanings and uses in things," Rupert said.

After a pause, she said, affectionately, "Will you allow me to advise you, my dear Rupert? When your mind is occupied on these subjects, do not think for the sake of thinking, but as a preparation for acting. Let its appropriate act be ever present to each thought; try them by its consequences: so will you avoid the vaulting ambition of intellect, which so often o'erleaps itself, if unsteadied by practical reality."

"Practical! I scarcely expected the word from such a votary of imagination," said Rupert.

"And think you imagination is not practical? Surely it is; and, if we would test its reality in us, we must try our thoughts, if they be truly imagined, by the acts they should produce; for to do right, and to think right, cannot exist separately in our beings." She rose from her seat, and taking his thin hand kindly, she continued, "Rupert, this has been your error. You

have not tried each rising thought of yours by the rule of action, and so, false, unpractical theories have possessed your mind."

"Yes," he said, turning slightly away from her; "while I sought for intellectual truth, I have thought but little of practice."

"Examine our Catholic Church," she replied, earnestly, "and see if imagination, and reason,—practical duty, and high intellect, be not fulfilled in her. Look to her, Rupert, when doubts assail you, and her solution of all human and possible misunderstandings must, I think, content you."

He did not answer; and I took the opportunity of reminding them, that mental exertion was more fatiguing than any other, and that they were both unfit for it. The conversation changed, and presently after I took my leave.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was in the last week of October, that Major Wyndham arrived. I need scarcely describe the unfeigned delight the sisters felt in their re-union, and the sincere pleasure of Mrs. More and her son. Before they came, Cathal had been gloomy and dispirited, feeling bitter remorse for the acts, of which too late he perceived the faultiness, but still rather blaming the Schellings than himself. It is so ; we blame the temptations rather than our own fall ; we accuse the puppets our own hands have set moving, when they work us harm.

Mr. Hyde's marked coolness offended him on the one hand, while Rupert's continued stay irritated him on the other ; the one reminded him of his fault, the other of its consequences. He had acknowledged his error, but not the justice of his punishment, and he was of course far from happy ; for he possessed neither the temporary ease of callousness, nor the true satisfaction which making restitution gives to those who have erred. No one looked forward more to Major

Wyndham's visit than he did, bringing as he hoped it would, a change of thought and pursuit ; for he was eager to escape from the remorse he had awakened in his own mind, eager for pleasure. He became a determined sportsman, and joined every scheme for gaiety in his neighbourhood, more anxious for enjoyment than he had been even in his first youth, and when his affairs were most prosperous ; anything for change, anything to make him forget the home he had himself made painful. Pride was yet unconquered in him ; pride, which rejected self-blame. To avoid the self-reproaches he endured at home, he avoided home, and his home-associates ; and in the heart-destitution which followed, he went forth and sought in the world for the phantom of happiness—gaiety.

If there be poverty, it is the poverty of having lost our home. If there be beggary, it is the beggary of seeking among strangers and aliens for home-ties, and home-affections ! If there be folly and improvidence, it is when, through pride, men cast from them the inestimable gifts of home, because they come united with just blame. Precious balms as they are, rejected while the still wounded man goes forth, with his bruised nature, to the world's quackery. Cathal, as I

said, looked forward as a relief, to his friend's arrival, breaking in, as he hoped it would, on the constraint which had grown up in his home circle; especially on the barrier which Mr. Hyde's coldness to him had interposed between him and Agnes; for her, he could not even attempt to forget. She, he felt, still was an anchor, holding him to home influences. His affection for his mother had much determined him in his sudden resolution to withdraw his friendship from Mr. Schelling and his protégé, and wounded pride too, had roused him to shake off people by whom, he perceived too late, he had been made a tool. He hoped, by so doing, to regain at once his position in the confidence of his former friends; but when he found that such a return, prompted as it was by personal feeling, rather than by duty, by no means satisfied his mother or Mr. Hyde, he felt a renewed and increased irritation against them, and thought bitterly of their inconsistency and their determination to find him wrong, whatever course he pursued. Agnes, indeed, did not think him wrong; an unknown inward eloquence had made her fertile in excuses for him; and in the shipwreck of his friendship—when he had lost Mr. Schelling and her father—when he dreaded to be

with his mother, lest she might wound that ungovernable pride of his, he clung to Agnes, and loved and prized her all the more, for having alienated the rest.

The day after Major Wyndham's carriage had passed through the village, I walked to the rectory. All the party, except Mr. Hyde, had gone to Cappagh House; and, as he was deep in some MSS. he was compiling, and very unconvivial, I left him, and followed them; meeting in the garden, on my way, a nurse and a fine baby, which I had not much difficulty in discerning to be the little Maurice Danvers Hyde Wyndham, of whose birth and baptism we had heard some three months before. All the party were in the drawing-room, their voices mingling in the fluent, trivial, happy talk which follows the meeting of near relations, and old friends. Rupert was not in the room, but I heard, when there was a lull in the chorussing voices, a deep, hard cough from the adjoining one, which I feared must be his. . . . Catherine—I am forgetting myself,—Mrs. Wyndham was changed; she seemed to have passed into a new existence; she had been very gay and merry, and possessed a kind of good-humoured sarcasm—some might have judged her too thoughtless and volatile.

During her long engagement she had, it is true, become more grave, but still I hardly expected the soft, half tender manner in which she spoke, the quiet of her smile, the composed happiness evident in every word—in nothing more evident, than in the kind way she excused the follies and faults of others. Major Wyndham was the same as ever, except, perhaps, that his opinions were more fixed than when he left us ; and even before I left them, I could see a shade on Cathal's face, as his friend chanced inadvertently to comment strongly on the mischiefs of leaving the road of personal duty.

I hastened to see Rupert, that I might inquire the cause of his cough, which had at once struck my ears as coming from the lungs, and not from any slight throat affection. I found him lying on the sofa, reading ; and, though he hastily put the book on one side, I had time to see that it was the Bible. He looked stronger than when I had seen him last ; there was a bright colour on his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled brilliantly, but I felt his pulse, and in it was the secret of his good looks. It was far quicker than was natural, and his hand felt burning hot. Again, the deep, hollow cough came, racking his whole weak frame. I inquired how he had caught cold.

“I think it must have been that day when I lay near the window,” he replied. And he went on to detail many symptoms of that kind of consumption which is so common after fever, night-sweats, restlessness, &c. &c. I walked up and down the room with an agitation I could not repress, and a sensation of remorse that I had not inquired into his health for nearly ten days. He asked me if there was much amiss. I told him the whole truth, and that a winter in Madeira was his best chance. He started, and changed colour, becoming so deadly pale that I feared, debilitated as he was, that he would faint.

“So little ready,” he said in a low voice ; but, after a few moments’ struggle against his emotion, he begged me to give him full directions, and said that he would write to his father by that day’s post, and prepare him for the news.

“I may have judged prematurely,” I said, “but you must go to London, and, with your father, see some eminent physician there. I think you will probably be recommended a southern climate. In the meantime, I wish you to start as soon as you can—every day’s delay in this cold, mountainous place only makes your chance less, abroad.”

"I will go to-morrow if I am strong enough," he said, looking anxiously at me.

"Change of air will add to your strength by the hour," I replied. "I will go with you myself as far as Holyhead, and see you into a carriage on the London railway."

"See the last of me," he said, with a faint smile.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, with an effort to check my emotion, which I dreaded his perceiving; "come, come, my dear Rupert, if you say these things, I will not go with you at all."

"Do not tell Mrs. More," he said; "I will not tell her till to-night. I would not for anything cloud her enjoyment of her friends' society."

"Do not talk as if your illness were decided," I interrupted, "Madeira has cured many such a case."

"Ought we not to take our places in the morning coach?" he said, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

"No, no," I said, "you must not travel until the sun is up, and the morning damp is over. I can get the loan of a very good brougham at —, and we will post to Dublin. I will ride over now, and see about it, and order the horses."

He did not answer, and I saw that, under the

first weight of the intelligence I had thought it my duty not to withhold, he would be best alone, so I left the room, and rode at a rapid pace to——. I had, of course, many arrangements to make for my dispensary before my absence, and it was dinner-time when they were completed; but I hastened up to Cappagh as soon as I could, to tell Rupert what I had settled, and see how his strength bore up, and how best he might be invigorated for his journey. I found him and Mrs. More together, for Cathal was sitting in his study, as was mostly his custom at that time. The Wyndhams, of course, dined with Mr. Hyde on this, the first day of their visit, and he would not accept any invitation to Cathal More's house.

“My dear Doctor, what is all this?” said Mrs. More, anxiously to me, drawing me aside.

“He has told you, then,” I said.

“Yes; but it is so sudden—surely it is not confirmed.”

“Madeira may cure him,” I said. “A winter in these countries would kill him. His having strength for the journey is doubtful; but yet there is a hope in that course.”

“Poor, poor boy,” she said; but she added quickly, “yet he may be fortunate. He tells me you are going with him to Holyhead.”

“Yes !” I said, “to keep a strict watch over him, and prevent his doing anything imprudent.”

“And why not to London ?”

“I confess,” said I, “I do not wish to meet his father. He has already, in the heat of passion, spoken unjustifiably to me. I do not wish a recurrence of his language.”

“Do not think of that,” she exclaimed. “Think of what is right, as you always do.”

I felt her kind rebuke, and instantly agreed to go, giving up any little professional anger that I had nourished against Mr. Schelling.

Long and earnestly she and Rupert spoke that still, long evening, of humility, which is the nurse of true religion and right intelligence ; of truth, and of obedience, in which is the real freedom of men.

She saw us off next morning ; and, just before starting, she put into Rupert’s hands her own bible, interleaved, and filled with her written thoughts.

“This is giving life to death,” he said.

“Nay, rather life to life,” she replied. “There is no death, except for sin. All is immortal but error.”

And so we started ; and every hour of our journey Rupert gained strength and vigour, until

I almost thought I had, from my anxiety, exaggerated his case. I left him at his father's house in London, and waited at an hotel, as I thought the physicians that were called in might wish me to attend their consultation. They decided as I expected, for the London fog had renewed the severity of Rupert's cough. Madeira was recommended as his only hope, and that a faint one. He bore up well against the natural dismay such a sentence must produce in any mind, and cheerfully bade good-bye to me, as I left him to return home. I did not see Mr. Schelling, nor anything connected with him, except one day, when Rupert pressed me to go into his father's house with him. It seemed to be furnished and appointed with the utmost splendour, far more than I had ever before seen ; but I will not attempt to describe it, as I am but a rustic in such matters.

Mrs. More anxiously met me on my return ; and she saw at once by my countenance, that I was not the bearer of good news, but I assured her that there were strong hopes entertained of what a warm climate could do.

Rupert went with his father to Madeira, and we heard no more of him for a long time. He did not write to Mrs. More, rather to her sur-

prise; and sometimes she feared, from his silence, that his mind had been again led astray by his father's sophisms. I guessed another reason, and a truer one.

"I say, More, who do you think Mr. Hyde and I met to-day at ——? Parks and his wife; they are staying with the Spratts. Did I tell you we saw a good deal of them at Rome?" said Major Wyndham, one afternoon, as he entered the drawing-room at Cappagh.

"Are they?" exclaimed Cathal. "We must really go over and see them."

"They told me a piece of news; at least Barby did, for Parks is always too giddy to speak since his marriage, poor fellow. Oh! by-the-bye, every one is talking of an organ you have had erected; and Barby says you must have an encore of some music you had last month for her. How silent you are about these things, More!"

"I wish you would tell your news at once," said his friend, stung into very visible impatience by Major Wyndham's unwitting remarks.

"You Irish landlords have become so savage, one cannot speak to you since the potatoe failure," said the latter, still jesting.

Cathal forced a laugh, but he bit his lip, and looked so much out of temper, that Major

Wyndham could not but observe it ; and concluding that some thoughtless word had given offence, he said, quickly, “ We slow Saxons must be a bore to you sons of the fiery south. My news is brief. Your friend O’Neil is married to Miss Savage, of anti-Irish propensities. It was all settled at Interlachen, when the lady lost her horror of the Irish O. They are to be home in a fortnight.”

“ She lost her horror of the O one day here, I suspect, when we drove through his place and estate,” answered Cathal. “ But what could have possessed O’Neil to marry her ; he used to rave about ‘ Nature when unadorned.’ ”

“ Oh ! Lord D—— and his wife were staying there. Lady D—— took to being natural in the shape of a Swiss peasant, nature being embodied in short petticoats and a hat as large as a loo-table. What can I say more ? Miss Savage showed consummate art, was perfectly natural, and O’Neil took the bait.”

“ But Sir Hamilton so bitter an Orangeman, O’Neil a Liberal !—*je m’y perds*,” said Cathal.

“ *Cela s’explique de même*, my dear fellow, since you will follow the detestable Cockney fashion of speaking broken English. Once out of Ireland, Sir Hamilton, as he increased the

circle of his peerage acquaintance, has discovered that Whiggism is perhaps more aristocratic than Toryism; and Whiggism and Liberalism, with a little ingenuity, are convertible terms."

"Well," said Cathal, "there seems to be a chance of some society at last." He spoke in a querulous tone, which surprised his friend.

"Why, More," said he, "I thought you were an inveterate man of business, a despiser of 'frivolous society,' which I have often heard you inveigh against."

"One cannot go on working all one's life. I am sick of business," said Cathal, turning away, "useless as all one's efforts are," he muttered to himself.

"Well," said Major Wyndham, kindly, "you have had too much work, More; if you like, we can go over to Mrs. Spratt's, the day after to-morrow, to dinner. She asked the whole party. I said I would consult you all, but I intended to refuse, as I thought you would; of course, the ladies will not go."

"Unless your wife has struck up a friendship with Mrs. Parks, I suppose not."

"What can you mean?" asked Major Wyndham, rather haughtily; "but I will leave you alone for half-an-hour, as I must go and see after

that very wife," he continued, recovering his passing irritation in a moment.

I have said that Cathal had not been exempt from the general injury done to all classes in Ireland by the united effects of legislation and famine. His affairs were on the verge of positive entanglement; and Mrs. More, only by the strictest care, kept up their usual establishment. She was not, therefore, pleased when, on the morning after Cathal had dined at Mr. Spratt's, he announced to his mother that he had asked a large party for a *déjeuner* on the following week; and that he had only put it off so long, that it might include his friend Mr. O'Neil and his bride, who were expected home before then. Mrs. More said not a word of disapproval, but she begged of him not to go to unnecessary expense in his arrangements. "A short life, and a merry one," muttered her son, with a gloom on his countenance at variance with his creed. She had made it a rule to leave Cathal as much as possible uninfluenced by her. She saw that his character required to be forced into self-reliance, as it was naturally too parasitical, too ivy-like, for the rough levelling storms of life; and she wished him, as much as possible, to acquire the power of standing alone. It was a great sacri-

fice, this giving up of her right influence over him—very great—for by it she renounced her power of doing good through him. Her dearest wishes she thus denied herself, following her rule of personal duty to her son, in preference to any ulterior good she might otherwise effect. A *déjeûner* in an Irish country-place in the end of October! it was a wild scheme of Cathal More's. Anything to drown thought, however, and to help forgetfulness! He tried to obliterate the past; and he so far succeeded, that a very different party assembled at Cappagh than any I had ever before seen there, and except for Mrs. More's and Catherine Wyndham's presence, it would have seemed to me an unreal dream. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil, Lady Louisa Chetwode and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Parks, and five Spratts, with the proper allowance of officers and stray gentlemen, were the strangers. Mr. Hyde did not wish Agnes to join us, but Major Wyndham and his wife were there at Mrs. More's particular request; and so, with myself, upwards of twenty sat down to luncheon. The hounds met in the park for cub-hunting, which was the origin of Cathal's invitation, and a pretty good run about two o'clock, comforted the sporting part of the community, foremost among whom was Lady

Louisa. She had ridden over, and the excitement had called out her wildest and least feminine propensities. Ever since the reader was presented to her, she had rapidly retrograded in looks and manner, as all *lionnes* do. *Lionnerie* is like rouge in that—it is put on in broader touches from day to day. It is the rouge of the present day among the upper classes, far more harmful than the much-blamed patches and painting of our ancestresses.

Mrs. Parks did not make her bows so much to single gentlemen as formerly; they were addressed now to rank and consequence, in whoever they were personified. Her husband was a mere clod—not of earth, but of chalk, for he had become very pale—by her side. He did little more than eat, drink, and sleep; and even these necessities of life he took by his wife's directions. The rain came down heavily during luncheon, and plans for any out-of-doors enjoyment were out of the question. Eating and drinking, and billiards, were the only available occupations. Cathal had forced himself to be gay; he sought for excitement in champagne, and he pressed his willing guests to follow his example. Conversation quickened, the laughs became louder, the jokes grew broader. Mrs. More rose sorrowfully

to leave the room, but her son sprang up, and touching her shoulder, exclaimed, "You will not go, mother, surely." Major Wyndham stepped forward, and whispered to him, "My wife wishes also to go."

"It is rather a strange proceeding, I must say," Cathal answered; "but we must manage without you. Here is a health to those who remain!" he said, filling his glass.

Mrs. Wyndham followed her aged friend, and to my surprise Mrs. Parks went with them; she had still a hankering after anything of "the Major's."

The other ladies remained with Lady Louisa Chetwode; for, as is usual, among Irish ladies and gentlemen, they tolerated anything, if it bore the stamp of English fashion.

I did not stay long with them; for such society does not please me; and, begging Major Wyndham to stay with Cathal, I went to the drawing-room where I found Mr. and Mrs. Parks alone. Barby had carried off her husband with her from the dining-room, and Mrs. More with Catherine had gone to her private room. If it had not been for my annoyance at Cathal's conduct, I should have been heartily amused by the account the Parks gave of their winter at Rome, and the

admiration they, their equipages, and suite, caused among the astonished inhabitants of all the towns they visited.

Architecture, pictures, princes, potentates, marbles, and mosaics, all, she could discourse fluently upon.

“Well, really,” she exclaimed, going to the window, “the clouds have not even a break in them, and it is pouring as heavily as ever.”

“A cloud-of-rain tint,” remarked her husband, “was not that what you used to tell me to admire in landscapes, my dear?”

“Claude Lorraine,” stupid! she exclaimed. “Really, do you know, doctor, I am quite ashamed of him; he asked Prince O—— one day if the two Salvators were brothers, though they painted in such a different style; Salvator Mundi’s pictures are all portraits, and Salvator Rosa’s nothing but rocks.”

I could not help laughing, though I was shocked at her open ridicule of her husband; he was not hurt by it however, as he did not perceive in what he had offended.

“By-the-bye,” she continued, “talking of ignorance, there was a young lady at Naples.—no, not young exactly,—who was a great friend of Amyot’s; they went out riding one day together,

and came galloping home in great haste and fear—proclaiming to all their acquaintances, that the crater was running down from Mount Vesuvius. The report spread, and half Naples turned out to see this unheard of phenomenon.”

“ Well ! ” said her husband at last, nettled into a momentary rebellion. “ I do not know, I am sure, what you mean by those stories which you tell every one about me ; but I remember that you had a hearty laugh against yourself about that cameo you wear.”

“ Yes ; because those stupid English at Rome could not see the wit of the thing. I leave the matter to you doctor, who are an unprejudiced Irishman,” she answered, turning with a self-satisfied air to me, and showing me the bracelet in which was set the cameo in question. As well as I could make out, on it was cut a Cupid shooting ; but a most unclassical tail, forked at the end, had been added to the antique design.

I could not restrain a very hearty laugh. “ I was sure you would see the fun of the thing,” she said ; half puzzled however whether I was laughing at, or with her. “ You know,” she continued, dropping her voice to a confidential whisper, “ Cupid played the —— you know what, very often, and so I determined to give him

his appropriate emblem ; and, if novels are true, I am sure he deserved the cloven foot, too."

I was half convulsed with laughter, which I vainly attempted to stifle, but fortunately before Mrs. Parks had time to be irretrievably offended, Major Wyndham came into the room.

"You are very merry here," he said, with a look of slight astonishment.

"It is only about my little darling Cupid!" exclaimed the ingenious improver on the classical myth of Love.

"Oh! I understand," he answered, forced to a smile himself.

"What are they doing in the dining room?" she asked.

"I have not been there this half hour," he replied. "I got tired of watching men voluntarily degrading themselves still lower than they were before, so I went in search of Catharine, who is in Mrs. More's sitting-room."

"But who is that going by?" he asked, looking out from the window.

"Mr. Heinser, the Unitarian," I exclaimed. "What can bring him here?"

The hall-door opened, and we heard him ushered into the dining-room.

"Here comes Mr. Hyde also," said Mr. Parks,

and he too passed, with his quick, heavy step, into the dining-room. "I trust More is not sanctioning any impertinence," muttered Major Wyndham, as, with a very grave face, he hastily left the room. I followed him to the dining-room, where a strange scene awaited us. The confusion of tongues and of groups prevented our, for a moment, perceiving the cause of the uproar; indeed, it required strong proof to persuade us that Cathal could have acted as he had done.

Conversation had fallen on the topic of the new Unitarian chapel soon after Major Wyndham had left the room. Many of the guests had been, as I mentioned, among the visitors, on the day it had been opened, and a discussion commenced of Cathal's rightness or wrongness in the course he had taken. He did not himself join in it, until Mr. Chetwode observed, "I think that Mr. Heinsler, or whatever his name is, gave us a right good sermon. I do not see how it could be controverted."

"Nonsense!" said his wife, "how do you know, who never thought of the arguments against it?"

"Let us hear them then," he answered; "we will have a controversy; it will be something to do."

“Could not we get the real controversialists to exhibit?” said Lady Louisa, turning to Cathal.

“How can you ask such a question?” said Mr. O’Neil; “do not you know More is too parson-ridden?”

Cathal was just going to return a laughing refusal to Lady Louisa, when his friend’s speech fell on his ear. Anger, pride, and shame, tempted him, heated as he was by wine, and he answered hastily, “I will bet you a hundred pounds, O’Neil, that they shall both be here, ready to begin the controversy, in one hour.”

“Done!” exclaimed his friend.

Two or three gentlemen remonstrated loudly against the indecency of such a scene, but in vain; the more Cathal was opposed, the more obstinate he became; and Lady Louisa Chetwode skilfully urged him to carry out a plan from which she hoped to reap some amusement. Messengers were dispatched to both the clergymen, and, under pretence of an urgent call for their services, they were decoyed, Mr. Heinser nothing loth, into the dining-room. To fortify himself against the scene which he guessed would follow the entrance of Mr. Hyde, Cathal had swallowed glass after glass of wine, trying to

wind himself up to complete recklessness. The sideboards at the opposite ends of the room were cleared, and a chair placed on each for the expected disputants. Mr. Heinser, who had entered first, after a slight remonstrance, was forced to occupy one of them, where he was still sitting when Major Wyndham and I followed Mr. Hyde into the room, as I have described.

From the disjointed exclamations of the party, our rector soon gathered the insolent purpose Cathal had had in summoning him. He did not speak, but casting on him a grave, stern look, he moved slowly to leave the room.

Cathal half sorry for what he had done, sprang after him, and said in a low voice,

"I am very sorry for it, sir, but I foolishly betted O'Neil a hundred pounds, that you would meet Heinser here, and refute him. After all, it might be a good thing," he continued, "for they are all on his side. You might advantage our church."

"Cathal More," said the rector, "the time will come when you will wish that you had lost every hundred pounds you possess, rather than offer this insult to the messenger of God." He shook off the hand that Cathal had laid on his arm, and turning to Major Wyndham, who

seemed too angry and astonished to speak, he continued, "I did not think, Lionel, you would have suffered this."

"Believe me, I did not, nor can I forgive it," he answered earnestly, and turning to Cathal he said, "until this mischief be repaired, our acquaintance must cease."

They left the room together, while the rest of the party stood in groups, too late sorry for the painful scene to which they had subjected their host. Cathal's gloomy silence effectually checked all return to conversation, and one by one the guests took their departure, profiting by a gleam of the setting sun, which broke through the rain-clouds.

After the last sound of the departing carriages had died away, I left Cathal, and sought Mrs. More. When Major Wyndham had gone to her room to take away his wife, he had been obliged to announce to her the break which must from henceforth be between him and her son. Kindly and affectionately he told her what had passed; but his kindness could not ward off the pain which her son's conduct inflicted on her. She hastily beckoned to him and Catherine to quit the room;—they obeyed—leaving her alone. When I entered it a quarter of an hour afterwards, she

was lying senseless on the ground, having been struck by paralysis.

Every remedy my art could suggest, I employed; and in a short time consciousness and speech partly returned; but her right side, arm, and leg, were completely, and as I rightly feared, permanently paralyzed.

The remorse of her son I need scarcely describe. Her illness, though he did not at first realize its full extent, and the loss of his friend, Major Wyndham, came upon him as a double blow. To his sorrowful thoughts that night, there seemed nothing more of happiness left him on earth. His estate desolated, his people perishing of starvation, his church insulted, his friendships broken, his mother——

And so summing up his catalogues of griefs, he sat haggard in his study, until he could no longer keep distinctness in his thoughts of them, but they *ran together*, and made a temporary despair. He did not go to his mother's room, nor even ask for her; his lost friends became unreal to him, for the roots of despair are hidden, when it grows strong within us.

But the intensity of sorrow is as transient as the intensity of joy; and as Cathal sat, hopelessly and wearily looking out upon the gloom of

night, the rising sun poured its rays suddenly into the dark room, from behind the mountain crest. And he saw all things awaking and rising up to their daily acts, and by the sympathy which so mysteriously links us to nature, his will, which had for the last hour been crushed, revived a little, and he began to think indistinctly of repentance and restitution. A feverish desire to *act* came upon him—to do something that would remove even a portion of the heavy burden that pressed him down; and he went to his mother's room, and without speaking, he drew the curtain of her bed, and looked on her long and earnestly. She held out her hand to him, and smiled faintly, but she did not speak. He stooped down and whispered,

“Can you forgive me?”

“Entirely, Cathal, the little I had to forgive; but seek other pardon than mine.”

I so much feared agitation for her, that I hastily begged him to leave the room. He drew me without the door, and with a quivering voice he asked my opinion of her case.

I told him that I had hopes of her partial recovery, and that her mind would remain unaffected; but I added, with an irrepressible sternness, which I afterwards regretted, that her

life had been shortened, and her strength irreparably injured, by the shock she had endured.

“ I know it,” he replied.

I was startled at the tone of his voice. It had nothing of sorrow nor self-reproach in it : the words were pronounced resolutely and firmly, and the expression of his thin, worn face was calmer and more peaceful than it had been for some time.

I could not then comprehend his manner, but I have since known that “ to act ” had been revealed to him that morning. The hope of undoing wrong, or rather of overgrowing his past errors by future performance, had opened before him a visible path in his darkness, and in the distance, forgiveness indistinctly glimmered, casting a ray of light over all intermediate difficulties.

For the moment, he looked not to the past, nor even on his Present, but to what might be : and the possible future of happiness flashed upon him like a revelation in the midst of his misery ; and it roused in him energy and determination to fight, and strive, and run, until he should attain the goal he had seen afar off.

Though the first brightness of his hope was dimmed, and though the flush of haste with which he started on his pilgrimage settled into

a steadier and more lasting walk, yet he has never since entirely forgotten the narrow path he saw before him on that day, and he has seldom left from following in its direction. The desire for right action absorbed him, till it seemed a necessity ; and hour after hour he passed, considering the rules of action, and how he could best follow them.

Foremost came the need to counteract his past evil, and almost hopeless this seemed, yet what he could do he would do ; and, after fulfilling the first care which pressed most weightily upon him, of giving every direction that could conduce to his mother's welfare, he started for the Rectory, to ask pardon and advice from Mr. Hyde.

The early hours of the day had been occupied by these thoughts, and the afternoon was far advanced when he walked with a determined and rather hasty pace up the gravel path that led to Mr. Hyde's house. To his inquiries the servant answered that Major and Mrs. Wyndham were out driving, and Miss Hyde was walking, but that the Rector was in his study. With a sensation that neither of the gentlemen had ever before felt in their intercourse with each other, they met on this occasion. What passed between them I shall leave for another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HYDE looked up with an inquiring but cold air at Cathal as he entered, and in silence waited for him to speak first. At last, the young man broke the embarrassing pause which followed his entrance, by saying hurriedly :

“I wish to offer some explanation for my conduct last night. I was carried away by excitement ; but I am come to express my regret for that, and much more, which has been wrong in my actions lately—to beg your advice and assistance in repairing what has been amiss.”

His eyes had been fixed on the ground as he spoke, but as silence followed his apology, he looked up to see why he was not answered, and why his profession of sorrow was not, as he hoped and expected, favourably received. Mr. Hyde’s head rested on his hand, which half hid his face, and Cathal had no means of knowing how his words had been accepted, until, after a minute’s silence, the Rector answered :

“As a man, I forgave your faults towards me, while yet you were committing them ; but my public duty to others, and above all, my duty to Him who has given me a post of trust, forbids my lightly excusing your past actions. You have assisted and bid God speed ! to open contemners of your religion ; you have been a partaker in deeds which you know to be evil, in the face of my congregation. *I* should in my turn be a partaker of your evil, were I to bid *you* God speed ! until in the face of my congregation you have, by open acts, signified your repentance and recantation.”

“Judge me not so harshly,” interrupted Cathal, “for my past acts, and trust me for the future.”

“I judge you not,” returned Mr. Hyde. “I trust you are a better man than you seem ; but it is my duty to judge of your acts ; it is my duty to condemn them when they injure the religion of which I am guardian ; it is my duty to show openly my disapproval of them, that my flock may not be led to think them harmless, and so follow your example.”

“And will you not be my friend ? Will you not help me, when I seek to amend ?” exclaimed Cathal.

“Believe me I would, and as far as I may I

will ; but my duty to many must govern my duty to one. There can be no union between us until you have removed the obstacles you yourself have built up. Be that your care. My prayers you shall have ; but friendship I may not offer to you. Farewell."

Cathal rose and left the room slowly, and his hope was again well-nigh extinguished. He sauntered hesitatingly, with a very different step from that with which he had entered the rectory. The first obstruction he met—a railing, stopped his mechanical walk, and he leant against it, and buried his face in his hands, while he tried to recall his hopeful and resolute thoughts of the morning. Footsteps on the path disturbed him ; he looked up ; it was Agnes returning from her walk. He started, but leaned still more over the rail, hoping that she might pass him unperceived. Unperceived ! when every thought of hers had, during her walk, been engrossed by him. She stood for an instant on the beaten path, irresolute ; but the woman's-instinct of consolation inspired her, and advancing a few steps to where he stood, she laid her hand timidly on his arm ; he did not move, and she noiselessly withdrew it, half sorry for the impulse she had obeyed ; but, before she had again reached the wood track, he

turned to her, and said, with a voice trembling from emotion,

“Leave me not, Agnes ; I have lost all but *your* kindness. Do not also give me up.”

She was silent, her eyes bent on the ground.

“My friends are lost, my fortune deeply injured, my only, my nearest relation dying ; and in my desperation, Agnes, I ask you now, what I scarcely dared to do in my prosperity, I ask you now to help me, to advise me—oh, Agnes ! in pity, to love me. Months and years I have kept my secret, for I looked on you as a far distant, unattainable blessing ; but now, when all seems leaving me—when all happiness and peace are passing away—give me one hope to cling to, one gleam of light in my great darkness. Agnes, despair is very near.”

She was still silent, but her colour went and came as he spoke ; and when he ceased, and looked down earnestly at her, her eyes involuntarily rose and met his gaze, and in the union of this look, their hearts also met.

“Agnes, and is it true,—can it be, that you will grant my prayer ?” he said, half sighing, from the violence of his emotion, while every vein beat to suffocation throughout his frame.

She was still silent, but the expression of her

soft blue eyes, brimming with emotion, was his sufficient answer.

“ You know not from what horrible thoughts you have rescued me,” he began again ; “ but is it real,” he went on, “ is it true, Agnes, that you can receive my love ; do you know all that has happened since we last met ? ”

“ Yes,” she said, in a low voice, “ all.”

“ The insult to your father,—Agnes, can you forgive ? ”

“ He forgives,” she said.

“ He has but this moment refused all intercourse, and denied all friendship with me.”

“ Yes,” she answered ; “ but he acts from duty, sorely against his will.”

“ No wonder, Agnes, that he should severely blame me ; I deserve all ; and thoughts of the past lies heavy on me ; but even at this moment you have made me full of hope, and with hope comes energy for good, and then a foretaste at least of happiness. Agnes, are you really mine—mine ? ” he repeated, in a tremulous voice, to himself.

“ Cathal,” said Agnes, bending her eyes to the ground, and speaking rapidly and low, “ I am going away for at least some months, with my sister, and I will, therefore, be more frank than perhaps otherwise I should have ventured to be.”

“Going away!” repeated he.

“Yes, and it is better for both of us; I believe we are to go to-morrow,” she said, and her voice trembled a little. “Will you think me too forward, Mr. More?” she went on,—“do not interrupt me, or I cannot say what I would.—Will you forgive me, when I say it is better for both of us?” and her voice trembled yet more; “for my father is very angry, and—and—it is better to part now.”

“Despair will be ever far from me when I think of your words,” he replied—“‘both of us,’ Agnes.”

“It is better to part now,” she began again, “for my father expects much from you, before he can forgive the past, that you cannot, I fear, perform.”

“What?” exclaimed Cathal. “Agnes, what is there I will not, cannot do?”

“The new chapel—your allowance of Mr. Schelling’s efforts—he thinks very, very wrong. But,” she said, “I must go home; I do not feel well.” She became very pale.

Cathal said, “This has been too much for you, dearest; lean on me, we will walk towards your home.”

There was a little well bubbling up by the

side of the path, which in a few moments they reached, and there he made Agnes sit down, while he filled the pitcher chained to the stonework with fresh water, and offered it to her. It restored her, and she recovered sufficiently to sit upright, though not for a few minutes more to resume her walk.

“And you go to-morrow?” said Cathal, after a moment’s pause.

“It has been so arranged,” she replied. “Lionel had some necessity for hastening his departure.”

“The necessity of not meeting me,” muttered Cathal; “but no wonder; I should be unjust to expect that he forgave; none but you are angel enough for that, Agnes.”

“Do not, do not speak so,” she replied. “What have I to forgive? But I must really go; my father will be angry at my not returning, for it is late.”

“Stop!” exclaimed her companion; “I shall not see you again. Before you go, Agnes, give me some promise to cheer me in the trials before me—leave me some hope to feed on.”

“You have this evening learned more than I ever thought you could have known. Do not

Cathal," she continued, much distressed, "do not make me bitterly repent of my unguardedness."

"Oh, Agnes! I am a miser of your love; I would add more hope to what I possess; before we part, again re-assure me."

She rose silently, and walked a few steps towards home.

"Forgive me," exclaimed Cathal; "but remember how bereft of consolation and happiness I am, and do not be angry that I sought for more."

"My father must know all that has passed between us," she said; "Cathal, if he approves, I will not go to-morrow, if not——"

They had reached the Rectory gate, and Cathal was forced to leave her, but not before he repeated her words, inquiringly, "If not?"

"If not," she answered firmly, "duty must be my guide, as in all things it must be yours."

And so they parted, in the autumn twilight; Cathal in a wild confusion of remorse and happiness, fear and hope, sorrow and joy, while sounding through the uproar of his thoughts came ever and anon the chime of her last words, like a far-off harmony, "Duty must in all things be your

guide." Far off,—for duty had been neglected in his thoughts of late.

By the time he entered his mother's room that evening, he was tolerably composed; and he devoted himself with earnest attention to her, satisfying her wants with almost a woman's tenderness, before she expressed them. Having asked and obtained my permission, he gently spoke to her of his deep sorrow for the past, his resolves and hopes for the future. She read in his grave, calm, countenance, and she heard in his low deliberate voice that it was no light passing emotion which he felt, but a lasting determination.

"God bless and prosper you, my son," she said, in a low voice. "I have hoped and expected this from you. I was right, then, in leaving you uninfluenced; but is this really true of dear Agnes?"

"To-morrow will decide," replied her son, who had told her all that had passed.

"Do not hope too much," said his mother. "I do not think Mr. Hyde will give his consent."

"I am, I think, prepared for either disappointment or success," he replied; "both will, I trust, conduce to right actions in future; for if my earthly hopes are blighted, it will be just punish-

ment, and a warning for my life to come ; and, if I gain this great happiness, must not every act of mine in future be an evidence of gratitude ?”

Mrs. More did not answer, but she pressed her son’s hand, and her smile reflected itself on him, and he felt the first fruits of the happiness, that right pursuance of duty infallibly gives.

It was with a composed,—and perhaps all the deeper for being composed,—anxiety that Cathal awaited some further news from or of Agnes on the following morning. Practising the self-control which he determined should govern him in future, he sat patiently by his mother’s bedside, and tried to occupy himself by reading aloud to her ; but as the hours wore on, in spite of himself, his thoughts fixed themselves in such intensity of impatience on the news he expected, that he was forced to leave the room, and walk at least part of the way towards the Rectory. A little boy came along the path, with a note in his hand.

“Give it to me,” Cathal exclaimed, impatiently. The address was to Mrs. More, written with an uncertain hand. He could not but guess the worst for his hopes ; and he was obliged to lean against a tree for support, while he asked

the astonished messenger if Major Wyndham had gone.

“Oh, yes, sir, all the family is gone, except the Rector. Miss Agnes was just stepping into the carriage, when she gave me this note for ‘my lady.’”

Cathal turned aside that he might give way to his agitation, for at least a moment, unperceived; but, in his distress, his mother’s words and his own resolves recurred to his mind; and again nerving himself against an over violent sorrow, he walked towards the house, and with tolerable calmness gave Mrs. More Agnes Hyde’s note.

She looked at him anxiously, but his quietness and patience re-assured her; and she broke open the seal and read:—

“I need not say, dearest Mrs. More, that nothing but the necessity of obedience to my father could have prevented my being with you yesterday; I have waited until the last moment before I go with Catherine to England, even to write this; for I hoped some change might occur, and that I need not go without one moment’s interview with you; be with me in spirit at least, my guardian and adviser; never did I more need help and support in right. I have not time to

say more, the carriage is come. Will you tell your son, my father wishes to speak to him, and if he would—but what am I saying? Farewell, my dearest and best friend.

“AGNES HYDE.”

“There is no hope,” said Cathal.

“Her father wishes to see you.”

“To repeat the scene of yesterday,” he answered with a momentary bitterness.

“And even so, Cathal, will you not think of last night’s resolve, to draw good from whatever fate may be before you?”

He did not reply; but, after a moment’s struggle with himself, he took her thin worn hand and kissed it; then, putting on his hat and gloves, he left the room. Mr. Hyde was in his study, expecting Cathal More’s visit, for he had himself desired his daughter to send the message, with which her note concluded. Agnes had told him, or rather let him perceive the depth of her love for Cathal; she had told him, too, of his intense misery and remorse. Mr. Hyde was a kind-hearted though strict man; and every prompting of his heart urged him to forgive his erring friend, and so give happiness to both him and his daughter; but duty,

ever duty, was his first object ; and a night's deliberation, for Agnes had confided her secret to him the same evening she had met Cathal, had shown him clearly in which path his right course lay. Open amendment would alone justify his restoring Cathal to his friendship, and admitting him as a member of his family. Moreover, no bribe must be held out, to entice him into a pseudo change of principle ; no promise of Agnes as a future recompense must be offered to him.

Cathal was instantly admitted into the Rector's study, when he arrived ; he found him grave and stern as the day before, in manner ; Mr. Hyde was the first to break the silence.

" Agnes has told me of what passed between you and her yesterday : I have sent for you, Cathal, that I may at once give you a definite answer. The time has been," he went on with a slightly faltering voice, " when I should have been the first to rejoice at the prospect which I could have foreseen for my beloved daughter ; but now by your own acts, you have obliged me peremptorily to forbid any tie between you and Agnes."

" Any tie ?" repeated Cathal.

" Yes !" continued Mr. Hyde, firmly. " The reasons which forbade my maintaining friendship

with an open contemner of his Church, are even more urgent against entering into a nearer union. This is a sad duty, Cathal, which you have imposed on me. Your own errors have required my decision. Your own errors have placed a gulf between you and my daughter which I cannot bridge over."

"It is true;" said Cathal, "and have I then no ground for hope?"

"None," returned Mr. Hyde, "I will hold out none on this point; but there is a far more important concern than your marriage, which should fill your thoughts; your desire should set itself on another object than a mere phase of your present life. If you fulfil the conditions of repentance and improvement, I am authorized to hold out hope of future forgiveness, and absolution for the past. Think not of Agnes, but of yourself."

"It is true," repeated again Cathal, mournfully.

"And now, farewell," said Mr. Hyde. "I believe you at present sincere, Cathal, but your acts must openly prove your sincerity before it would be consonant with my duty to others to overlook the past. I and Agnes must be strangers to you, but you have our prayers."

He left the study abruptly, and, after a moment, during which he seemed stunned, Cathal followed his example, and walked back gravely towards his darkened home. Yet there is a deeper pleasure in a well-borne sorrow than in the most sparkling prosperity. A paradox, and yet true, for sorrow and joy scarcely arise from circumstances without, but rather from some divine instrument within us, which makes harmony or discord as our innermost aspirations are for right or wrong—an Eolian harp which heeds not whether rain or sunshine come with the wind, so as its strings be well attuned. And duty was now the key-note, to the tone of which all Cathal's thoughts were strung in concord, and though wintry blasts of outward misfortune came thus strong upon him, there was yet a happier harmony within than when he had been, though in sunshine, yet erring, without a rule of right. Circumstances, nay, even facts, are not without, but within us, for nothing exists to us, except by an idea, and what are ideas but the creation of the mind within? From within, therefore, comes the existence of the Without as it relates to us, and by the order or disorder within, judge we of circumstances and facts. So the evil mind creates to itself evil existences and temptations,

and the good mind encircles itself with its goodness; and every fact that is around us, is of our own creation, for we create its relation to us, and nothing more, do we, nor can we, know of it. There is a fate truly controlling facts, but free will governs the relation of those facts to us. But I must not waste your time and patience, reader, by my truisms.

There is something in justice, which even when it condemns us, is pleasant to us. Cathal had fully perceived his past faults—he acknowledged the rightness of even a severer punishment than losing Agnes, and the appeal which his rector had made to his duty and right principles, had given them a fresh impulse, renewing his energy and determination to alter what had been amiss. When we are bent on right, sorrow and misfortune are to us as pruning to a tree; the topmost branch may be cut off, and our best intention frustrated; but yet will be sent forth, all the stronger buds, and thick foliage at the sides. I speak of the external misadventures, which are called by the world, misfortunes, but which, like all other circumstances, are alchemized into golden happiness, if the philosopher's stone, internal rectitude, be applied to them.

But notwithstanding Mr. Hyde's intention,

Cathal had still gleaned some hope from what he said. He had made conditions, on the fulfilment of which he would overlook the past—and then—why should Agnes not be his wife? Yet no! he had for ever forfeited her!—still there was hope of her—but even if not, there was duty, and duty he must school himself to regard before even Agnes.

Could he? and then in his soliloquy came a long pause and a sigh; but to himself he repeated, “Nothing is impossible: all must be given up for duty,” and with this determination strong within him, and with a gleam of happiness from having made it, on his countenance, he entered again his mother’s room. She looked at him with surprise for a moment.

“Has Mr. Hyde—?” she began, in an inquiring tone,—her son hastily interrupted her, dreading to hear her even name the happiness, the loss of which he had taught himself to bear, so hardly.

“All is over, mother; but I can, and have borne patiently Mr. Hyde’s just and upright refusal.”

“And Agnes?”

“I could not trust myself to inquire for her; and now, mother, I will ask of you one favour—name not her name, nor this matter to me—at

least not yet. I will—I will,” he repeated slowly, “act right, but to do that, Agnes must be forgotten.” His voice trembled with the struggle to repress his feelings, but he succeeded, and after a moment’s pause, turning again to Mrs. More, with a composed and gentle manner, he said, “and now, mother, you have your son again, and I, my mother! How can I feel discontent, when this great happiness yet remains to me?”

She held out her *left* hand feebly to him—he noticed the gesture this time—before, he had been too flurried and excited to observe it.

“What is this?” he whispered to me,—for I was sitting near,—with a voice of intense anxiety, and becoming very pale.

“Paralysis,” I answered; “I told you so yesterday.”

“But her last attack——”

“Was slight, but now, her whole side is paralyzed; she will never recover it.”

“And I am the cause! This is too much, I cannot bear it!” and he buried his face in his hands.

“My dear son Cathal, my dearest Cathal,” exclaimed his mother, who had heard our whispers, “Cathal, I have been predisposed to paralysis for long; my dear child, will you not

listen to me?" she continued, anxiously, for he was walking distractedly up and down the room.

"Go to her," I said to him; "control yourself, her life is not in immediate danger."

He obeyed me like a child, and, taking his mother's hand, he bent over it silently, while I saw tear after tear trickling from it.

"My dear, dear son," she said, cheerfully and affectionately to him, "you hear Dr. F. says I may yet live some years; as it is, you know I have reached the allotted time of seventy; I shall be a burthen to you, and you will have more trouble with me, Cathal; but I believe I shall not suffer much, if any, pain. I shall be really happier in receiving from you, my dear son, all the attention I am sure you will give, than I should be otherwise. Thank God, my mind is yet uninjured, and we can do what is right, as well as ever."

While she yet spoke, he had chosen an immediate consolation; the prospect of watching, and tending, and comforting his mother, the hope of devoting to her his time and actions, comforted him, and he looked up more calmly.

"Mother," he said, "this last blow of your illness seemed unendurable; but in all my darkness, I can yet see the fulfilment of duty, a far-off light.

Will you accept my whole devotion ; promise to receive my service ; that is my only hope ?”

“I will, I will, my dear son,” she replied, much moved ; “you are right, duty is the great consoler ; duty to me is included in duty to God. He will accept your efforts ; make them, and you will be happy.”

A long silence ensued ; nor was there much said until I retired for the night. Mrs. More was going on as favourably as I could hope, and I left her to the best care she could have—the care of her son—satisfied, that his affection and return to right, was her best restorative.

And where, and how was Agnes ?

Bearing a double share of sorrow and disappointment, yet without a thought of disobedience or repining. Grieving for Cathal’s errors, as much as for the ruin of her world’s hopes—grieving most of all because, ignorant of his repentance, she feared he might plunge into some farther wrong when he found all his friends so resolute in their anger. Grieving and yet hopeful, because faithful, and with the strange Christian contradiction, sorrowing, yet rejoicing,—suffering the greatest anxiety, and yet contented, because of her fixed belief that her very anxiety tended to good. Some writer has said that Christianity is

the only religion which has dared to make sorrow one of its acknowledged instruments. It is the only religion which has given faith sufficient to turn sorrow into the purest joy!—an internal joy, too deep to show itself by superficial smiles and laughter, but not the less precious to our innermost being.

And Agnes was calm and equal in her manner; she had held her secret too precious to confide even to her sister, and though Catherine had heard of all from their father, when she saw her quietness, she thought he must have over-rated her affection for Cathal. It was not strained acting, or even shyness which gave Agnes this external composure. Her whole life had been spent in training for sacrifice, if it were required of her, and now, when duty asked for her closest and dearest possession—her love for Cathal, dearer almost to her than life—unflinchingly, without hesitation, without a show of grief, cheerfully, and without grudging, she gave it up, and still reckoned herself but an unprofitable servant, and wished that she had more to give. Her sacrifice was as great, her natural sorrow greater than Cathal's, and yet, though he could but just control his passions, while he was torn by the struggle; calmly, and almost without an

effort, she yielded her whole being to obedience. I have read many pathetic tales, in which, after days, months, years, perhaps, of struggle, the heroine agrees to do right, and the greater the effort, the more is she praised ; but in Agnes, a life of self-denial, an habitual obedience, a steadfast practice of that faith which seeks in the visible chequers of life for the unseen, yet existing good Providence, now made easy her course, and comforted her in her affliction. Surely faith and obedience have the promise of the present life, as well as the life to come, for outward sorrow and misfortune are powerless to wound, when they are our shields. Agnes, then, was not broken-hearted nor distracted, nor had she any of the ailments fashionable on such occasions. She was, perhaps, more weaned from the world, more spiritualized ; she was more earnest in her prayers, more devoted to all good, and, with her human hopes and desires seared, she was perhaps more sincerely happy than before. Strange mystery of Christianity !

CHAPTER VI.

THE gloomy winter months passed by degrees, and during them Mrs. More's health was wonderfully restored, considering the shock her system had undergone; she was, as I had feared, incurably deprived of the use of her right side, but her mind was as active and as clear-sighted as I had ever known it. I need say but little of the untiring patience with which she bore her misfortune, for patience is a matter of course to a spirit schooled as hers had been; and, besides, she considered her illness an immediate and visible instrument of good to her beloved son.

While Cathal had been engrossed, by his disappointment at the Rector's conduct and remorse for his own, Mr. Heinser had been by no means idle. His efforts, however, were almost totally unsuccessful; for whatever may be alleged against the doctrines the Church of Rome teaches, the obedience which it inculcates, in a great measure guards its members from schism and dissent. During the months of November,

December, and January, not one Roman Catholic joined Mr. Heinser's congregation. In vain he preached sermons the most enticing, and the most provocative of doubt; in vain the beautiful organ-music sounded, composed for a better purpose. One or two occasional visitors from —— and a discontented Protestant family—discontented because Mr. Hyde did not carry out the old principle of "Protestant ascendancy," and preach to them that they were better than their neighbours,—were the only attendants at his chapel. In vain he tried to instil heresy, to scatter tracts explaining with cunning sophistry the principles of his infidelity.

The well-grounded faith of Mr. Hyde's flock, the obedience of our worthy priest's congregation, and the heartfelt religion innate in Irishmen, were proof against his arguments. Our village was thinned of its numbers by famine and disease; many had been forced to go to the workhouse; those who remained were struggling in extreme poverty; but, in spite of promises and bribes, they held with all the firmness of prosperity, to their faith, whether of Anglican or Roman form, in Christianity.

Mr. Schelling had accompanied his son, Rupert, to Madeira. The sea-voyage and the mild cli-

mate had effected so much towards his cure, that his father was able, without much anxiety, to leave him there, while he returned to manage his affairs in Great Britain, towards the end of January. Immediately on his arrival, Mr. Heinser wrote to him, reporting his ill success in proselytizing, or in any way injuring the Catholic religion. After some preliminary remarks, his letter ran thus :

“ A curious circumstance, from which I augured at the time much benefit to our cause, occurred at Cappagh House. Mr. More and a large party, excited by wine, sent for the parson and for me, on urgent business. We both obeyed the summons, and found, when we reached the dining-room, that we were called for, to make sport for them by a controversy on our several beliefs. I was not sorry, as I have well-digested arguments, which would be most cogent with such an audience ; and, moreover, I had not the prestige of reverence to lose, which such a scene would cost the dignified Rector. He was indignant at the insult to his high and mighty office ; and a complete breach with More was the result. Report says he has refused him his daughter, to whom he was attached. I of course expected this quarrel would have thrown him back on our side, which

would be desirable ; but, contrary to all the rules of human nature with which I am acquainted, he seems more resolute than ever against us. He has publicly warned his tenants against me, and does me all the mischief he can. Altogether, affairs are most unpromising for us, and it seems almost a pity that the pretty chapel has so few admirers, and my humble talents no better sphere in which to work."

It was from a copy of Mr. Heinser's letter, which afterwards fell into my hands, that I quote ; and at the same time I saw Mr. Schelling's answer to it, which too late explained the origin of his conduct to my friends. I will give it to the reader.

" My dear Heinser,

" I did not spend three thousand pounds on your chapel, and request your valuable services for it, in the hope that you would pursue our propagandism with much success, among a population of the 'mere Irish.' The money and your talents would have been better bestowed in England, but I have private reasons for what I have done, and will do, at Cappagh.

" You are already acquainted with the chief event of my life, by the consequences of which

it has been for ever coloured, and therefore I need not conceal from you that the late husband of that old prating woman, Mrs. More, was the cause of that bitter disappointment. He had been the intimate friend of Lilian's father, and though he never found it out, he was—how can I bear to write it! loved by her. She was, as I have told you, ten years older than I was; and during her childhood her affection had fixed itself lastingly on this man, who was then unmarried. Afterwards, and while she lived, his opinion and advice was law to her. He taught her to look with disdain on an obscure German Unitarian, and he spared me no insult that he could devise. I found out, the first visit I paid to Cappagh, that this Cathal More, in whose house I found myself accidentally, was his son, and I conceived the ingenious revenge, the insult to his father's memory, of making his son, whom I perceived to be a weak young fellow, full of philanthropic nonsense, my tool in establishing my hated, despised faith; or rather unbelief, as you and I know. He is now completely in my power, and more, far more of revenge have I in store for him.

“I think you might do something in your proselytizing by a few bribes of wheat or potato

seed, dexterously administered in the needy spring time ; and as, independent of my detestation of those Mores, I wish to lower that bigot Hyde, I send you a cheque, which will doubtless help you, for religion seldom holds out against gold.

“ I wish I had seen you and him, controvcrsing ; that part of your letter gave me sincere satisfaction. Let young More kill his mother, lose his friends and Agnes Hyde—so much the better, he will then turn to me ; and then——. They have come between me and my son too, but not with much effect, for their theories, which they dinncd into his ears last winter year, soon led him to materialism. Still, during our voyage to Madeira, he liked solitude too much, and he seemed absorbed in some study ; but I do not fear,—last summer, you know, he abjured the bible, so he is tolerably safe, if left to himself.

“ Stir yourself, my dear Heinser ; you know more of my mind than most men. Help me well in my plans, and you will not repent, at least not in this life. Of the next, I think you know as little as I do. Adieu.

“ HANS SCHELLING.”

By the post-marks on these letters, when they,

as I shall hereafter describe, fell into my hands, I knew that it was towards the end of January that they were sent, and received, by the missionary of Unitarianism ; but though I had not these sources of information at that time, I saw even then, that a spur had been given to the evil cause. Mr. Heinser's activity much increased; he tempted the people, as the spring came on, with what they most coveted—sound potatoe seed; but he found that his patron had miscalculated Irish religion; he discovered that it was proof against bribery; and even in that year when the peasants sold their beds, their clothes, sometimes, for seed to sow their land, his offers of assistance were almost always indignantly rejected. Two or three proselytes he made, but their known bad character did injury rather than good, to the cause with which they were identified.

Weapons of evil are, alas, always plenty ; and, in the spring of 1848, Mr. Heinser gained a powerful and successful mean by which to agitate the minds of the poor. All Irishmen must remember the turmoil in men's minds which marked that year ; but even so, it may be useful to give a slight sketch of its causes and effects, as they affected the politics and peace of Cappagh. A sect of patriotic enthusiasts, who may be said

to have been evoked by the sight of O'Connell's monster meetings of 1843, testifying as they did, to the numbers and strength of Irishmen, had established a party, to which they gave the name of Young Ireland. At first, their visions were chimeras of past glories, and their enthusiasm spent itself in admiration for the customs of former ages. It exhaled harmlessly, in high-flown poetry and poetic prose, written with the eloquence and fervour peculiar to their country. Then came the famine; and death, and the want and misery of the poor gave reality and sternness to their fancies. Their poetic enthusiasm darkened, in the universal shadow, to a cruel fanaticism; their visions, turned from the past glories of their country, to its present deliverance from what they deemed the mis-government of selfish aliens. I speak of those who, though mistaken, yet earnestly pursued religion and patriotism: they deserve our pity rather than our blame; for zeal for right, though it may be mistaken, is more worthy of a lenient judgment, than is a selfish neutrality.

But this small knot of well-intentioned fanatics became a gathering-point for the disaffected throughout Ireland. Discontent had naturally increased to be almost universal, for all suffered, and most were impatient. The unison in mis-

fortune rapidly became one in rebellious and angry feeling among the chief sufferers. The whole country was convulsed by fears of present want and future ruin ; and as a man in extremity, finding himself not at once relieved by his physician, will eagerly try the first nostrum with a plausible name, that he sees advertised, and hears preached, while he angrily casts from him the medicines which he has not found as quickly effectual as he desired ; so in this sickness of Ireland, discontent, and anxiety for quack cures of our distemper, were universal.

In answer to the call, there was no lack of empirists, and the French revolution of February set the fashion of “ *Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité,*” and their synonyms, Anarchy, Private Tyranny, and Class-hatred. A communist republic, and a free infidelity, were put forth as panaceas for the prevailing distress, under the name of Irish freedom from all bonds. And in the thirst for relief, doctrines like these were run after, and the fair promise of their apostles cheated the ignorant who believed them, as the dying traveller in the desert believes in the mirage, and will, in spite of all he has heard, yet hope, because in hope itself is a species of relief. The discontent which smouldered throughout Ireland,

was in no measure produced by sectarian animosity, though the old battle-cry of the antagonist Roman and Anglican churches was raised to swell the clamour, and excite yet further the passions of the people. It was a war of poverty against wealth, in which the poor of all sects joined, and in which, if he but promised bread, the infidel was as much listened to, as the priest. The government-works of the spring before had contributed not a little to the many sources of murmur, for the Public Works, and Temporary Relief, Acts, had, in their extensive and wasteful operations, introduced an equally extensive system of jobbing. A population of 3,020,000 fed, and even cooked for, gratis, by Government, as was the case in the summer of 1847, rapidly acquired habits of inertness and vice, which rendered them a dangerous leaven to the public ferment, and when the Poor Law Extension Act came into force, in August 1847, and the practice of almost indiscriminate charity was necessarily stopped, there sprung up a host of malcontents, who found themselves suddenly deprived of the support to which they looked, and forced to emigrate, or go to the workhouse.

For emigration, they had no money, and the workhouse was then, in Ireland, the last resource

of extreme misery. In their dilemma, they gladly became converts to any agitation from which they could hope for subsistence.

The cry of Repeal was dear and familiar to them; and, though it was in truth but a very secondary and unimportant object to most of the party leaders, they adopted it for its convenience. Still all men felt that Repeal would not suit the exigencies of the time; so, though the sound was nominally the same, another meaning sprung up for the word, and it became the synonym of rebellion. It is the fashion to make little of the signs of revolt with which the spring of '48 was pregnant; yet even now, when I look back with calmness, I cannot but think that a very bloody and dangerous conflict was then imminent. All the materials were there: angry feeling, public distress, and many violent incendiaries. But though there was plenty of gunpowder scattered over the country, the train of insurrection was not laid by a skilful hand: there was no competent leader, and so the whole exploded harmlessly, leaving but here and there, a slight scorch.

I am, as my readers have doubtless observed, by no means a politician; but this slight summary of public events seemed to me necessary to my tale, that it might be understood how, in the general

boiling-over of our Irish passions, Mr. Heinser, in company with much other scum, rose to the top, and there made a show and splutter for a while, in our Cappagh politics. It was a characteristic of his, to be sceptical of most realities. The Irish rebellion seemed to him to have no more earnestness than if it were a mere piece of stage play. The fervid enthusiasts who gave their whole energies to the mistaken cause, were in his eyes but good actors. If he had believed in the sincerity and reality of the general indignation that roused the feelings of five millions, I hardly think he would have ventured to meddle with such an edge-tool; but looking on the excitement as a cloud which had been evoked by a few party men, to serve their purposes, and which would disperse harmlessly when its use was past, he seized the opportunity of its shadow, to pursue his own ends more successfully.

A branch of of the Dublin 'Sheares Club' had been formed in our neighbouring county-town of ——. Mr. Heinser found means to obtain admittance to it, and his unscrupulous talent, and knowledge gained him, before long, a chief place in its councils. For a short time, his English manner and accent threw some suspicion on him; but a celebrated orator among the Young Ire-

landers, with whom he had had some private intercourse, announced him, with flowery eloquence, as an envoy from foreign lands, who could tell them 'how France had fought and conquered in her glorious struggle, and how throughout all Europe the murmurs of enslaved men were growing into thunder which would shake the Universe.' Foreigner and Frenchmen were convertible terms; and from that day, Mr. Heinser was received as an ambassador from the Red Republic, then shining in all the gloss of novelty; and as a living specimen and fore-pledge of the assistance they hoped for, from them. His popularity and influence became great; for he by no means disavowed the character in which he was invested, but rather strengthened, by all the means at his disposal, a delusion which gave him such power, and a belief which opened the ears of so many, to whatever instruction or advice he might put forth.

He did not lose such an opportunity of effecting his patron's ends; and his knowledge of the evil impulses in man's nature gave him great success in pursuing them, by private visits to the houses of the disaffected, by speeches at the meetings of his club at —, and by the tracts and newspapers which he got from Dublin, and

scattered plentifully abroad. Thus, under a veil of patriotism, he disseminated enough infidelity and communism to have poisoned a far wider sphere than our small neighbourhood; and so he did—the whole county felt his influence; but as his attacks were directed against the well-being of Cappagh especially, and as he had in truth no interest in the general movement, our village was made the great scene of his labours,—Cathal More and Mr. Hyde, the objects of his bitterest tirades.

Those acquainted with the Irish people can understand the influence his education and intellect gave him; for talent and learning, when enlisted in the popular cause, obtain almost idolatry from a nation who have quickness and penetration, like ours, to perceive it. They know enough of the outworks of knowledge to gain an exaggerated notion of its power, for they have a wonderful smattering of even the most abstruse facts; just so much as to excite their curiosity, and make a deeply read man, to them seem like a prophet. Mr. Heinser's lectures on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and his precedents of national revolutions, wrested out of their place in history, told on their minds as if they had been revealed truths. The state of our village was especially favourable for such impressions.

The public idleness of the road-works, and the public vice of the soup-kitchen system, had paved the way for Mr. Heinser; his teachings were but the organizing, and setting in motion, of the evil which had accumulated before.

Mr. Hyde and our excellent parish priest, Father Connor, in vain tried to stem the current of sedition which Mr. Heinser had introduced among their flocks. Authority of any kind was for the time set at nought, and his interference began to be felt, in the disregard of religious duties, which had spread among the people. He made his chapel a lecturing-place, where, under pretence of improving their minds, and teaching them exalted virtue and the duties of men, he encouraged them to libertinism, disguised as liberty; and hatred for the laws, under the semblance of seeking for man's rights. And all this brought about by Cathal's means, and carried on in his park, and as many very naturally thought, with his full sanction! He was sincerely grieved; for his newly-roused principles loathed the doctrines Mr. Heinser taught. He tried to use his influence to check the evil, but he found that the last two years had almost destroyed it. The poor now looked to government charity, or to the largely promising agitators, for hope and

support. They had, in the hour of trial, found that landlords were as powerless as themselves: and Mr. Heinser had taught them the readily learnt lesson, that the gentry were but lords by their sufferance; and that it needed but the exercise of their will, to deprive them of their unearned superiority. Therefore, 'when Cathal called a meeting of his tenantry at Cappagh, and addressed them in earnest warning against sedition and lawlessness, some laughed at his pretension to be their adviser; some tried to drown his words by groans and hisses; and the well disposed, and still loyal, minority, felt suspicious of the man who had at first sanctioned the teachings, of which, when they became inconvenient to him, he complained. It was the first time that he had ever met a bad reception from his tenants. He walked back slowly to his home, dispirited and saddened, almost to repining; and yet it was but the beginning of his trials. Through all his cares and sorrows, he persisted to himself in nourishing a hope that Agnes might still be his wife; and I think the very hope added to the pain of each fresh frustration of his plans. He had not made a complete surrender of himself to pure duty. He had not fulfilled his entire sacrifice of worldly hopes; and as a

wound heals not, until the last fragment of the instrument is taken out from it, but continues inflamed and irritated, so Cathal could not feel restored peace and moral health until all influences external to his personal duty were removed. The probe was needed still more. I hardly think he could of himself have dismissed Agnes from his future, any more, to continue my simile, than a patient could successfully dress a deep wound. A vision of her often rose before him. Agnes, not, as she had heretofore been, seemingly exalted above his reach—but as he had last seen her; confessing equality with him, in at least one thing, affection, and joined to him in the nearness of love. When such thoughts rose, he made an effort to suppress them; but involuntarily, they still lay at the bottom of his heart; and whenever its depths were stirred by reflection, they mingled with his thoughts and feelings, and tinctured all his acts. He worked for Agnes, in his return to right, at such times, and she possessed an influence over him, perhaps hidden from himself; like the sun, which though clouded, yet gives light and life. But faith is best tried when we are in darkness; and duty and constancy in good, are best proved when there is no visible reward to lighten us through

the clouds of life. And so, by God's good providence, for his further advantage, Cathal must needs be weaned from his expectation of marrying Agnes, and he must be left unsupported by aught but duty,—the inward light—in his path.

When Miss Hyde had left the Rectory for the sake of re-establishing her strength, which had been injured by her labours the spring before, it had been arranged that she should come back in the following April to her home. The prospect of her return had been ever a ray of light to Cathal through his dreary winter, but when the time drew near and nearer, he thought of little else, and his acts and exertions for good, had always a reference to her approval. Even if they were to meet as strangers, yet her very approach gave him strength, and determination, and happiness. But it was needful and right that he should be disappointed.

Mr. Hyde thought it right, when the time came round for Agnes' return, to express his wish to Mrs. Wyndham that it should not be, for at least another six months; as, for his daughter's own sake, he desired she should avoid the pain of almost daily meeting Cathal, to which she must be exposed at the Rectory.

"In my capacity of clergyman," he wrote, "I

frequently visit Mrs. More, but I avoid intercourse with her son, and, if Agnes returns, I could not think it right for her to visit Cappagh House at all, while he is its master. Write to me, dear Catherine," he continued, "and give me a minute account of my child's health and spirits. God knows, it grieves me to think that I should be the cause of suffering to her, and yet my duty permits not that I should act otherwise."

Mrs. Wyndham wrote in answer :—

"It will give Lionel and me sincere pleasure to have Agnes with us as long as possible, my dearest father ; but can you spare her ? Is not the Rectory dull to you without a companion ? Agnes feels this, and thinks she is needed at home for your comfort. I have asked her whether she preferred returning or remaining with us, and she begs me to tell you that your wish shall guide her, and that in whatever decision you make, she shall be happy. Her health is much improved, and she is looking happy and cheerful. She has not spoken to me of Mr. More ; and I do not think the matter seems to press much on her mind, for she speaks with unconcern of Cappagh, and busies herself by all manner of active good in our schools and cottages. Notwithstanding what you told me, I often think

that her attachment could not be so deep as you conceived, for I have never observed her to be in any way different to what she always was. If you like the plan for her, we are thinking of a yacht voyage in the Mediterranean this summer; Agnes says, if you wish her to remain with us, she would like that of all things, and Lionel, you know, is an experienced sailor. Let us hear your wishes, my dearest father, and we shall act towards her, exactly in accordance with them."

Mr. Hyde meditated long and earnestly on the course he should adopt with regard to Agnes; and as I visited him soon after Catherine's letter had arrived, he asked my opinion of it.

"I cannot think," he said, "that I have been mistaken; Agnes surely felt the attachment that I imagined."

"I think it was too long growing," I answered, "not to be deeply rooted."

"Yes," he replied: "and Agnes herself told me he was very dear to her."

"She has been enabled by long training," I answered, "to sacrifice her private feelings to paramount duty."

"I think so," he replied; "but, my dear Doctor, I want your advice on one subject. I have determined that she shall not be a prey to

any unnecessary struggles, so she must go on this yacht voyage ; but it is with regard to Cathal More that I am doubtful how to act. I have been considering whether the contents of this letter should not be told him, that he may see how nobly, and how completely, my daughter has been guided by principle."

"Why distress him by this news? Why destroy his hopes?"

"I would not destroy his best hopes, those founded on future rewards," answered the Rector, calmly, "but I would check in time, hopes of present, and worldly happiness, which would overgrow and choke up the true fountain of right in him: a pure and unmixed love of duty for duty's sake. I would quench in him at once, all interested motives, and leave him no other support than conscience, no other allurements than a sense of right."

"Yet there may come a time," said I, "when perhaps it may no longer be wrong for you to give him your daughter!"

"I trust there may; and it is in expectation that he will act rightly, that I wish to remove from Cathal every hindrance. I hope much from him, and by what I see, and his mother tells me, I think that a good effect will be produced on

him, by his present complete loss of Agnes. It will remove from him the temptation of merely acting for the sake of an immediate reward."

"I think you are pushing your principles almost too far," I said. "I cannot see why it is incumbent on you to inform him of all this. Surely it were not wrong to assist him in right, rather, by every practicable means."

"I think it is right to let him know the exact truth, that she will not return—and that she has broken any tie that may have bound them at my desire; I conceive it my duty not to leave him in any false hope concerning her. "The course is therefore plain," he continued, gravely; "and depend on it, Doctor, through the harmony which is in all good, the best charity lies rather in pursuance of the strictest duty, than in any false philanthropy, which sacrifices it for the apparent good of others."

"You are right," I acknowledged, "yet I am half sorry for it; I am now going up to see Mrs. More. Will you come with me?"

"I will ask you to take the letter," he said, "for I go as little as possible to Cappagh. Ask Mrs. More to explain the matter to her son, but also to tell him, for I would have him know neither more nor less than the exact truth:

that I do not agree with Catherine in her low estimate of Agnes's attachment. Tell him that I believe her to have given her whole affection to him, and that all the nobler has been her self-sacrifice. Tell him, also, that I, his friend and Rector, hope for no less from him."

His hand shook, and even his clear strong voice trembled as he gave me my commission. For him, too, there was a struggle, I could see, and I left his house half wondering at his extreme probity. I own, too, that I felt anxious for Cathal's future, whose impetuous character was so sensitive to pain, and so easily depressed. With an old man's low estimate of passing events and changes, which ever seem to him less important as he advances in years, I had not then observed how the last three months had annealed his mind and principles. Much was yet to be done, but already much had been done since the sorrowful night which followed the desertion of his friends, and the paralysis of his mother.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. MORE was alone when I entered her sitting-room ; and though her countenance wore even a deeper shade of sadness than usual, she seemed sufficiently strong to permit, of my at once entering on my painful mission.

“ I bring you a letter,” I said, “ from Mr. Hyde, which he received this morning from Catherine Wyndham. He wishes your son to see it, if you judge right.” She read it anxiously through, and seemed surprised at the contents.

“ Cathal has strangely deceived himself,” she said, “ if it be true that Agnes was not sincerely attached to him.”

I told her of Mr. Hyde’s contrary impression ; and her eyes glistened as she re-echoed his praise of his child.

“ Mr. Hyde wishes me to set all this strongly before Cathal ? ” she asked.

I bowed silently.

“ It is, I am sure, right to do so,” she continued ; “ though it is a painful task.”

"Where is your son?" I inquired.

"Engaged in a harassing business; he is preparing to meet the new poor-rate, which will be almost immediately collected."

"How much does it amount to?" I asked.

"You know many of the villagers' holdings are valued under four pounds, so that the present sum required from the estate, is something over six hundred pounds."

"That would not have sounded much, in old times, for Cappagh estate to pay," I said.

"Old times!" she repeated sadly: "the landlord's condition is completely revolutionized—they cannot bear up against increased debt on the one hand, decreased income on the other."

"This poor-law seems like a settled scheme to injure the gentry," I said hastily; for I was irritated by even the distant prospect of ruin to the Mores.

"Nay, Doctor," she replied, gently; "do not let partiality to your friends influence your judgment. Is it not better that all should be taxed to the uttermost, rather than that one should perish? If the necessities of the poor require the pecuniary ruin of the landlords, so be it; only let justice be done."

"You are strangely Quixotic," I exclaimed.

"I do not object to your epithet," she replied, smiling, "for it is mostly applied to the extreme of uprightness."

"And what is your son doing?" I asked, after a pause.

"He is making arrangements for the sale of his stock. He hopes, as his cattle are mostly highly-bred, that Lord A—— will take some of them at their value."

"Is he really going to sell his Herefords?" I exclaimed.

"I believe so; and his horse Heremon, too, is going to Dublin to-morrow. He can ill spare them—but I will not trouble you with these matters, Doctor—it is wrong to inflict our cares upon you."

"But surely,—surely," I said, "your son need not sell his property at a loss, in this manner, and the fine old horse, too. Old 'Tracy in the village, or Conroy, or Grace, can lend him a few hundred pounds, and be glad to do it."

"Conroy did, indeed," she replied, "press him to borrow what he wanted, but Cathal would not do so. He already finds it difficult to meet the yearly interest on Mr. Schilling's mortgage, and he rightly feels that it would be dishonest in him to borrow more."

“And yet,” I said, “he might, by so doing, avoid loss.”

“Loss is not the question,” she answered, “but to do right. My son feels that all Irish estates are bad security in these times, and he will not relieve himself by endangering others. However, these will be but very secondary sorrows when he reads the letter you have brought.” She paused, and then went on, with a faltering voice, “He is become of late all that I could wish, and dearer to me than ever. I trust happiness may be near to him, heavy as are his present trials—perhaps all the nearer for their heaviness.”

“Do you agree with those who say that external misfortune is alchemized by its right reception, into good?”

“I believe so.”

“Yet sorrow is involuntary?”

“I think nothing is.”

“What a sense of responsibility such a belief would give.”

“People are too little regardful, I think,” she continued, “of their immense powers—the almost infinite scope of their gifts.”

“And yet I have heard you speak much of reason’s finiteness.”

"I think we have greater faculties than Reason," she replied. "It sometimes makes me impatient to hear it made the sole gauge of subjects necessarily beyond it, and our Church of England creed extolled because it is 'reasonable;'—surely there are things in our belief, and in revelation immeasurable by it."

"Not necessarily," I replied; "for, after all, these subjects may be specially adapted to our reason."

"Not more than to our faith, our imagination, and all our other gifts. Because reason is in constant use, we have acquired the habit of thinking it the beginning and end of our spirit-powers. It is the medium through which we can judge of events around us; but we foolishly exalt it beyond its sphere, I think; and even when it fails to reach the sky it tried to penetrate, and falls exhausted, we greet it applaudingly, and say to each other, 'The blue æther is a delusion; the clouds and stars are chimeras, fruit of an excited imagination, for they are not reasonable,' And the Galileos who speak of revelation, and faith, and divine science, are brought before the tribunal of reason, and condemned to scorn, as heretics, because they know more than these

reasonable Inquisitors. But," she said, stopping short, "forgive me, my dear Doctor, I run on thoughtlessly."

"Believe me," I said, earnestly, "I always feel the better for a conversation with you; but yet, when I go abroad again, reason resumes her pre-eminence in my mind."

"Why not let every gift act together in their intended unity?"

"Yes, if one could keep a nice balance; but though faith and imagination be very well in their place, yet surely reason is the most practical and useful gift we have, and the test of all Truth."

"Practical and useful," she repeated, slowly; "two favourite words now-a-days, and yet what do they mean? The highest praise is to call a man practical and useful, and yet it only implies that he can do the world's business, act up to the world's morals, and never be foolish enough to look beyond the world's realities. Thank God! some men are not merely 'practical and useful.'"

"I hardly understand you," I said; "I have heard you assert that reason should be the corner-stone of all we think."

"Builders seldom rest content with laying the

corner-stone," she replied; "they add the tall east window of imagination, and the spire, pointing up to Heaven, of faith, seeking to pierce the clouds."

"Yet, unless reason governs our theories and systems, we get entangled in mysticism."

"There, again," she replied, "is a much-abused word in these days of 'universal knowledge.' It seems to me that there must needs be mystery; and even the most learned in physical science are entangled in it, for in every atom is there mystery."

"Yet it seems contrary to the right order of things that it should exist."

"And so it is, undoubtedly; but we must remember, that in our appreciation of existences around us, we see them not as they in truth are, but as they appear to us, coloured and distorted by our imperfect vision; there is no mystery in anything, absolutely, though much is incomprehensible to us."

"Yet this assertion of necessary ignorance," I replied, "is made a dangerous engine by those who desire to influence, to their ends, the multitude."

"We must weigh with a blind justice, Doctor," she replied, "unregardless of effects; and though

mystery is a consequence of our fall, and sometimes mischievously employed as an engine, yet it is made a great instrument of our improvement."

"How so?" I said; "for I confess I do not like the sound of the word."

"Does it not conduce to faith; the 'evidence of things not seen' by reason—to childlike trust in a higher Power, and to humility, because of our inability to solve or create the operations around us. The destruction of the Babelites taught us the still applicable lesson, that our knowledge cannot pierce the sky; and imperfect as we are, it is well for us that it is so."

"Geologists and chemists, however, have of late made great encroachments on the Unknown."

"And as they advance, they see, how, still farther it expands before them. The light they throw on it, but yet more reveals the unpennetrated distance."

"Surely you would not say that discoveries are then useless."

"They are all-important," she replied; "for with our increased cosmical knowledge, has come a yet more defined certainty of some great First Cause, and so, a broader basis on which to rest revelation; for the more the unity in the working

of nature is made plain, the greater evidence is there of one Omnipotent Lawgiver. For these reasons, it seems to me, knowledge is excellent, as it tends to humbleness and faith, but by it we must not expect to attain entire power, nor are we fitted for it."

"But why is it unattainable? Why are we not fit?" I said. "I confess I admire those who steadily endeavour to discover the order and system of things."

"And it is the very trying to do this," she replied, "which seems to me so dangerous. There are so many who, when they have made one or two, or even a dozen discoveries, among the millions of unexplained facts that exist, set themselves to 'construct rationally' a system from them. In other words, they collect a bundle of phenomena, some proven, some hypothetical, which they fit neatly into this plan; if it agrees with revelation, why it is all the better, but if not, revelation must be wrested to suit it, or altogether disregarded."

"And yet, my dear madam," I said, "discoveries are of most use, in that they confirm principles."

"Truly so; especially when one of the principles ascertained, is a knowledge of our finite-

ness. I think," she continued, "much error is caused by this desire for systems. Men invent them, and though they must needs partake of the imperfection of their authors, they will resort to disengenuousness in their support: it even becomes a kind of duty to do so, for if they believe in the truth of their schemes, it will seem right to them to torture opposing facts into agreement with them."

"But reason is little satisfied without a coherent plan."

"And that is, I think, the great cause, to advert to another branch of the subject, why it appears to me religion is not to be judged by reason, except as it acknowledges its authority; for our faith is not a reasonable system: and in its history we may trace the evil effects of reducing it to one; for heresy and infidelity were always the result. Faith vanished when the reasons of men were satisfied; and it ever needed some Church revolution to restore it. The dogmatic teachers of the middle ages were corrupting primitive Christianity, when Peter the Hermit's preaching renewed in the Crusaders an active and personal belief in the immediate influence of their Supreme Leader and King. Luther shook off the chains which the schoolmen of the

thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had forged ; and afterwards, when Protestant doctors were again binding the minds of men in their theological nets, Wesley and Whitfield broke through them. Of our own time we cannot yet judge fairly ; yet even now we may see the influence of earnest, child-like men, who teach the necessity of faith and obedience, leaving the mass of unbelieving independence which covers Europe. Doctor," she continued, "as I lie here, already half detached from earth by sickness ; the weakness of reason,—the importance of faith, seem to me so unquestionable that I can scarcely help speaking thus earnestly."

"Believe me," I answered, "I acknowledge the truth of what you have said."

I would have added more, but at the moment Cathal passed the window ; and not wishing to interrupt his interview with his mother, I hastily took my leave, with an increased admiration for her—as, indeed, I usually did—and that kind of feeling which our Church has for her primitive confessors.

I met Cathal in the hall ; he inquired anxiously for his mother, and asked my opinion of her health, with extreme tenderness.

"She is as well as I could hope," I said ; "she has but little pain now."

"I feared she might be hiding her real state from me," he replied; "but if she continues well," he went on, almost gaily, "'the blackest cloud will have a silver lining.'"

I turned to go, for I hardly know anything more painful, than to see a friend unconcerned and hopeful, over whom sore trial is impending.

On the avenue I met Mr. Hyde, who had walked to meet me. I told him the result of my mission.

"I am glad it is over," he said; "yet with Mrs. More one has no misinterpretation, or irritable feeling to dread."

"Cathal is much harassed by this last poor-rate," I said: "I fear the landed gentry must be ruined under this new system of poor-laws, managed as they are."

"Certainly, we shall all be ruined, unless by industry we struggle to meet the emergency."

"It seems hopeless to do so," I replied, "crushed as we may be, by any amount of taxation."

"The cry of the landlords' ruin, and all the lamentations I hear, bring to my mind Bishop Berkeley's query, 'Whether we may not with a better grace sit down and complain, when we

have done all that lies in our power to help ourselves.'"

"It is hard to work against hope," I said.

"Against hope of being rich," he replied; and he went on more earnestly: "when a judgment comes upon us, as the potato disease did, it is a strong lesson to us on our reciprocal duties; nor is it to be warded off by one class, that it may fall with tenfold injury to another. I must honour a law which even attempts to prevent such selfishness."

"I am not quite sure if you don't agree with Mr. Heinser, after all," I said, jestingly.

"I have been thinking," he replied, gravely, "if I should not attend privately some of his lectures, for the sake of being able to take hold of the sophistries with which he has unfortunately imbued a few members of my flock."

"You can go quite incognito," I replied, "as he speaks at night; he has opened a lecturing-room in the village, because he found that many who now go, would not attend his meetings in the chapel."

"Shall we, then, hear him, together, to-night?" Mr. Hyde asked.

"We had better wear frieze," I said, "he

might not speak so unrestrainedly, if he recognised us."

Mr. Hyde agreed; and after dinner he joined me, looking no more than a promising ally to the "physical force" cause, for his intellectual forehead, and singularly piercing eyes were shaded by a slouched hat, and his coat was buttoned closely about him.

We found our way with little difficulty, for many others were going in the same direction, to the "Liberty Club," as Mr. Heinser had called it, and obtained admittance easily, for he rather invited, than excluded strangers.

I was much struck by the scene as we entered, for I had expected to find, probably, a ruinous loft, filled by rabble from the mountains, and echoing with the personal and vulgar abuse that noisy demagogues mostly indulge in.

The exterior of the barn, Mr. Heinser had chosen, was indeed, unpromising enough; and the passage which led to it, was encumbered with rubbish, until we came to a narrow door, which, opening with a slight push, admitted us to the interior. The floor was laid with matting, so that the noise of footsteps did not interrupt the orator, as his audience went and came. Benches were placed along the sides of the room, on one

of which, near the door, we took our seats, silently and unrecognised. Indeed there was little danger of our being known, for there were no lights except two very bright naphtha lamps at either side of the speaker. They were placed on a green-baize table, on which lay many packets of neatly-arranged papers, some tied with red tape and labelled, some open and ready for reference.

A stranger to me was addressing the meeting as we entered, but I afterwards heard that he was an envoy from a Dublin club, who was deputed to inspect the country organization in the revolutionary cause. Mr. Heinser sat a little behind him, and in the shade ; not so much so, however, but that I could see a look of slight contempt on his countenance, as he listened to the Dublin deputy's noisy peroration.

" Irishmen," he said, " now is the opportunity ; when Freedom is casting her mantle over all Europe, hasten to claim your place. England is now weak ; internal struggles cripple her tyrant powers ; will you let the hour pass ? Will you suffer, for long ages to come, her iron yoke, or with one vigorous effort, regain your liberty ? Power, wealth, safety are before you, and your Church demands your services. Up ! then, my

brothers in the cause, and force a tardy justice from the unwilling hands of our oppressors.

“By the seven hundred years of injuries that we have endured—by the memory of Grey and Beresford, Cromwell and Strafford—by the penal laws—I now charge you to free yourselves.

“Remember O’Neil and Sarsfield, Emmett and Fitzgerald, and revenge their martyrdom. And even in the past darkness some glorious lights prophesy to us, what is to be. The Pass of Plumes, Benburb, Limerick, and Fontenoy, are glorious pledges of coming victories. And think of our present condition; our trade destroyed, our press enslaved, and John Mitchell exiled.* Think of our fellow-men starved by thousands, and driven from their honest homes. Irishmen! are you become so dastardly as to bear such wrongs?”

A murmur rose from the audience; and, when it lulled, he added:

“I see it is not so; and now consider how best and soonest you may avenge them.”

Though no cheer was allowed, the eager faces, and visible emotion of his hearers, showed how

* The transportation of John Mitchell, a martyr of the press, was one of the first open steps taken by the Government in '48 for the suppression of sedition.

exciting the exhortation had been, to their already worked-up feelings. Yet with all his eloquence, he had not explained what practical and individual efforts were necessary to the attainment of the objects he had described so vividly—a very common and fortunate omission on the part of these mob orators.

I was glad to see Mr. Heinser advance, and take his colleague's place; for, from his talent, I expected a powerful address, not merely anti-English, but contrary to general law and order, in its tendency; and containing, probably, some masked arguments against the authority and ordinances of Christian churches.

I made very imperfect notes of his speech, but I remember enough to give an outline of its tenor; however, it must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HEINSER rose calmly and without haste, but there was something in his quiet manner more impressive than in all the gesture of the last speaker; and in the complete silence which his audience preserved, his voice had the greater effect for being low, though his words were still thrillingly distinct.

The bright lamplight showed his features, and every line of his countenance, in relief against the darkness behind; and the calm thoughtfulness, and deliberate earnestness of their expression, would have inspired confidence into even doubting and timorous hearers. He began:—

“ My friends, my fellow-labourer in our cause, has placed before you sufficient reasons why an English monarchical government should be intolerable to you; and yet, in all their magnitude, they are far from being your chiefest ground for indignation; for great as have been the external injuries your country has endured, I would point out to you evils which come not from

foreign misgovernment, but from a canker within yourselves, and so interwoven in society that perhaps you may shrink from their exposure. Yet shrink not from the work of reforming abuses, and success and reward will be yours. You have heard of Mirabeau, the great apostle of European freedom, who first taught us that aristocrats had no inalienable right over the blood and property of their fellow, often their superior, men. He has said, ‘Society is composed of three classes—those who work, those who beg, and those who rob :’ a true and significant definition, which in these times it behoves us to consider. I will not declaim against law, because I believe it to be necessary for all states ; but I will call on you to examine the nature of the laws by which your country is now made a scene of misery and desolation. It is admitted that institutions are framed for the sole end of increasing human happiness ; and if they bring wretchedness instead, they are necessarily bad, and it is our duty to resist them. Our *duty*, my friends ; not our mere benefit or convenience, but our duty. It is a silly cant, to say that laws are not to be broken. The people make them and when they are found to be unsuited to the people’s wants, they should, and must, be abro-

gated. It is no valid objection, that such and such men's rights may be injured, for the privileges of the few, that stand in the way of the rights of the many, are not rights, but wrongs ; and as deep wrongs, they must be redressed.

“ And now I will ask the question, Do the principles of aristocracy promote the general happiness ? Mark the conditions of the several classes of which society in Ireland is composed, while we follow in their enumeration the definition of Mirabeau. See the class that robs, spending their whole lives in idleness,—in proud extravagance,—revelling in all that can minister to vice and vanity, while the poor at their gate faint with hunger. The class that robs !—of life and hope, and peace,—more,—that murders by slow cruelty. My friends, *they* are your lords and masters.

“ Now mark the class that begs ; not the unfortunate men who, through long oppression, and the selfishness of the rich, are driven to ask alms, when they can obtain no work. I speak of the real beggars in the land—those who will not dig, but are not ashamed to seek relief from the public chest,—the pseudo-gentlemen, who dignify their beggardom by specious names of pension, and places, colonial, naval, military, and official.

Sturdy beggars they are, truly ; yet is not in their hands, the power of taxing your very lives, to feed their idle gluttony of wealth ? I scarce know which is worst, the class that robs, or begs.

“ But the class that works ! Dark indeed would be human nature, and hopeless all good, if we could not turn from the evil of the few, to the heroism of the many. Nor was it ever more nobly evidenced than in these last two years of Irish history. Patient under injuries, courageous in misfortune, generously trusting to the last their oppressors——

“ My friends, I cannot describe in fitting terms the excellence of this working class ; moreover, praise or blame is not the object of this meeting, but rather to consider how the roots of these evils can best be eradicated from your land. Why should there be these supernumerary classes ? The existence of them is unjust—the injustice must be repealed.”

A voice caught up the sound, and shouted
“ Repeal ! ”

He went on : “ Yes, but I would not only repeal the Union, but besides, the consequences of that Union, the corruption of your governors and the injustice of your laws. I would make merit, not money, the gauge of social happiness ;

men should be brothers in equality and freedom, and have no rank, except in goodness. Nor is this impossible ; nations are leading the way, and obstacles are being by them removed. As my friend says, now is your opportunity ; now, when a vigorous effort will set you free, and deliver you from these parasites, the classes that rob and beg." He paused for a few moments, and concluded by earnestly saying, "I know you put confidence in me, for you must see how deeply I have your interests at heart. Let no superstition blind you to the truth of what I have said ; trust not the false teachers who would lull you into submission to injustice. Even though their words come from the altar, heed them not, until you have first proved their motives. Those who are among the beggars, fear to have the alms withdrawn. And now, my friends, with this last charge, we will for this night separate. Forget not my words, but let them be the parents of good deeds. Those who would seek farther advice are always welcome to my house. Let me see many there, and we will consult how best to effect the objects, that all true Irishmen have at heart."

He bowed ; and with order, and in silence, his audience rose from their seats, and we also withdrew, unnoticed by the crowd. Many, we ob-

served, went one by one into Mr. Heinser's house, and I was half sorry we could not know what was going on there, but that, of course, was impossible.

"We only heard the shell of the matter," said Mr. Hyde, when we were again alone together. "I fancy the kernel will be given to those guests who joined his home-circle."

"Certainly," I said, "there is much that is plausible in what he said of the inequality of classes."

"The old phantom of socialism, brought out and aired by the French," replied Mr. Hyde. "It looks well at a little distance, but a moment's thought will, I think, discover its folly."

"Experience does that," I said.

"Experience is often a lying sign-post of truth," said Mr. Hyde; "but socialism seems to me, even in theory, a mistaken principle, because the measure of equality can never be ascertained."

"Not exactly; but surely nearly so," I answered.

"Never; for as long as men are internally differing, their conditions must differ also. Carve the circumstances of a dozen men into the sameness of a Russian regiment, yet some among them will be happy, some miserable. It is not the Without, but the Within, that needs equalization;

and until Socialists can make souls to measure, they will scarce succeed in their dreams. But," he continued rather sternly, "such talk of social injustice as we have heard to-night, seems to me the growth of atheism, which forgets that there is a Moral Governor. I believe that in the present apparent unevenness of classes, there is more real equality than any human government could produce ; for wealth is not always weal, and we can never correctly gauge our neighbour's happiness, or decide what will produce it, in so many differing idiosyncracies."

" Not, perhaps, exactly, but general rules may be applied."

" Very imperfectly ; but even so, can wealth, or political station, or social position, confer happiness ?"

" Yes, for they afford men increased powers of doing good."

" But poverty and insignificance give perhaps greater means of *being* good, by patience and endurance. If you take goodness to be the measure of happiness, which it is, all stations are nearly equivalent, for to every position corresponds a different species of merit."

" Still a certain independence of position adds to our liberty."

“ I wish I knew what meaning you give the word liberty. There are so many interpretations flying about just now, that it is hard to know which to choose.”

“ I mean, the emancipation from oppression and injustice ;—the opportunity to exercise their powers without hindrance, which seems only due to men.”

“ I fear the liberty preached by Mr. Heinser does not quite answer to that description, though it may be the more attainable of the two.”

“ Yet, whatever men may practise, I should think they meant the same in their aspirations for freedom.”

“ Which signifies commonly the grossest tyranny. Our best freedom appears to me to lie in our most complete subjection ; our chiefest slavery, is when we are enduring the ‘ weight of too much liberty.’ ”

“ The control of principle no one could refuse to accept, but I speak of political liberty.”

“ And I also mean the obedience we owe to exterior powers.”

“ ‘ We owe,’—why do we owe ?”

“ You might as well ask why we are alive ; it is one of the conditions of our being.”

“Do you, then, deny our right to liberty?”
I asked.

“I value liberty as it permits obedience,” he replied. “Our wills are free, truly; but it is that they may have freedom to obey; ‘subservient still to moral purposes, auxiliar to divine.’ As Milton says,—even he, the Republican. ‘Free yet subordinate.’ I do not think what is called liberty belongs to any created being.

‘The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order.’

That whole speech in *Troilus* is a commentary on our conversation. Even Mr. Heinser acknowledged the necessity of abiding by good laws.”

“By-the-bye, his remarks on the power of the people to abrogate laws, were clever.”

“He is one of those,” Mr. Hyde answered, “who consider them as mere conveniences. I think rather, that municipal law is but an offshoot of the great and immutable laws of creation, having its origin in God’s will; not a mere structure of men’s building, but a portion of the universal order, not lightly to be set aside, by the first whim of an ignorant mob.”

“Take care,” I exclaimed ; “you are touching on an exploded doctrine,—non-resistance, and divine right.”

“Non-resistance to men, is perhaps absurd ; but I do think dignities and laws have a divine right.”

“And are they not to be reformed when evil ?”

“My notion of legislation is, that it should be rather an interpretation of higher laws, than an invention of new ones ; when this rule is not followed, of course there will follow a series of changes for the worse.”

“All that may be true,” I urged ; “but it is the difference between poor and rich, the splendour of the one, the misery of the other, which I could wish to see adjusted.”

“I agree with you ; but how is this to be done ? not, I think, by government interference, or politico-economic schemes, but by individual and personal efforts.”

“Yet single men could do little to alleviate the wretchedness which overwhelms Europe.”

“Single men can do all ; single men could make this world almost a paradise if they would. When good has been done, individuals have brought it about, and singly must we bear the

punishment of our ill deeds. I wish this fact of our solitariness was more remembered in this age of associations. Men forget their responsibility, and neglect their powers. They look to governments for relief, and acquit themselves of blame, when gross evils are committed in the land; for an image is set up called Society, to whose account are placed the faults we commit, and which alone we blame when their consequences become painful. If each man, instead of quarrelling with existing institutions, would, in his sphere of action, do his best, more good would be effected than if we could appoint angels to be the makers and dispensers of our laws. Political happiness will follow necessarily on personal good conduct; when we are slaves, as Coleridge says, we are

“Slaves by our own compulsion.”

“I have seldom heard you quote poetry so often before,” I said. “Politicians would hardly admit such evidence as a poet’s fancies, to be conclusive.”

“I think,” he replied, “true poets,—not mere versifiers,—are of all men the most likely, to come at truth on such points as these, for in all that

relates to men's personal being, poets are the most likely to judge with pure justice."

"What can be your grounds," I said, "for such a belief?"

"Because, to gain a correct view of ourselves, imagination is especially needed, for reason and experience, being purely personal faculties, can only judge through a distorted haze. In exact sciences, indeed, the premises are without, but in our own peculiar concerns we must use true imagination to be impartial. I would rather trust the wisdom of a Shakspeare than the experience of a Metternich in such problems as we have spoken of."

"Your remark reminds me," I replied, "of a conversation between Mrs. More and Rupert Schelling, in which she also greatly elevated imagination; but then, it was in the discovery of abstract truth that she considered it so useful; not in practical business such as government."

"To me," he said, "practical and abstract truth seems so interwoven, that I can scarce consider them apart; the Practical is but the embodiment of the Abstract; so if poets can see more clearly into the principles of life, through imagination, than mere reasoners, I should also

esteem them better judges of even the rules of every-day affairs."

"But poetry is often irrational."

"Illogical, perhaps; inasmuch, as higher truths than reason can perceive, in all their magnitude, are sometimes through it, made known to us. In this is its superiority. But remember, I speak of poets, not of versifiers—not of couplet makers, but conceivers of the Ideal—whether expressed or not."

"So," I said, "your Utopia would be governed by poets, and he whose imagination could fly highest, would deserve the chief place. Byron would have been prime minister, and Shelley or Keats lord chancellor."

"They were but pleasant rhymers, and fanciful painters in word-colouring; but Wordsworth might have been premier in my poet-government, and Longfellow or Tennyson have had seats in the cabinet, when in their best moods."

"Tried by experience, however, your theory will scarcely stand; and we unpoetical English take a higher place among nations, than others more famed for your favourite art."

"I don't agree with you," said Mr. Hyde; "and I think our poets, who seem to me the greatest of all time, have had much to do with

our national advancement. Spenser and Shakspeare are the suns which vivified the Elizabethan age. Who can estimate the influence Milton has exercised, and will, while our language exists ; and even now the poet-philosopher Wordsworth is teaching us such lessons from Nature, of faith, and charity, and hope, as might well reform even our Mammon age, and will doubtless do much towards our national happiness, for poets are free-traders in all goodness, and that alone, will increase our prosperity."

"Well," I said, "in France, the poet-governor, shall be a test of your doctrine."

"I fear Lamartine, poet-saint as he is, will not be left long in his present position ; if he were, there would, I think, be brighter prospects for his country. But to use an old proverb, one 'swallow will not make summer,' nor one poet a good government. Since you have introduced France into our discourse, I will adduce it as an additional example of what I have said. It has been overrun, since the days of Louis Quatorze, by 'men of science,' by votaries of mere reason and material philosophy ; and what has its national history been ? a scene only varying from the tyranny of corruption to the tyranny of sanguinary mobs. The governments possessing neither public honour nor keeping private faith. The people

tossed to and fro by interested politicians, sometimes, yielding implicit obedience to bad leaders, sometimes, sacrificing their best friends. Is not France, Doctor, an illustration of the evils of mere logical reasoning, and the want of an imaginative philosophy? but," he exclaimed, "I have been prosing away, and forgetting that it is past midnight."

"Is it really so late?" I said with sincere surprise, as I lighted him down my narrow stairs.

All was quite still without, except a few clouds, which slowly crossed the moon. After watching his tall figure until it was lost in the shade of the trees, I slowly went to my own room, and opening the window, I looked out on the sky. And I thought how true Mr. Hyde's words were, regarding our solitariness, for a sense of loneliness came upon me; and socialism, and politics, and even the daily companions of my life, seemed to fade away and become unreal shadows, and mere spectres of sensuous creation; while a second existence stirred within me, claiming to be my true being, which had been, before I came on this earth, and would again be all in all to me when I left it. My present perceptions seemed but a veil concealing deeper meanings, and hindering me from understanding them, and

I felt shut out among the external forms of nature,—imprisoned in sense. And I went to bed with a confused notion that Mr. Hyde was after all, right about imagination, and that reason was the ruler of our human nature, but that there was besides a guide for our higher being, that second existence which claimed to have been from the beginning, and to continue for ever; and this must be, I thought, the imagination of which our Rector spoke: but before I could decide, I fell asleep, and bade good night to all my speculations.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING no very urgent engagements on the following day, I indulged myself by walking up to visit Mrs. More, as I wished to hear the result of my mission the preceding afternoon. My shortest path lay through a field called the Home Park, and in it I found Cathal, busy selecting cattle for sale. His Hereford breed had been rather a hobby of his, and I believe they were celebrated for their excellence throughout Ireland. It was with surprise, therefore, that I saw how perfectly listless and uninterested his manner was, as he ordered the flower of the herd to be set apart to be sold. It was careless and quiet, neither excited, nor strongly determined. He returned my greeting silently, and went on without farther remark, in his observations and orders, scarcely answering some trivial remarks on the weather which I hazarded; and even the few words he spoke, were in a low, expressionless tone of voice.

At last I said in an undertone, so as to be unheard by the bystanders,—

“This is a great sacrifice.”

“Yes, I believe it is,” he answered mechanically; “but not now. One must have an interest in things to make their loss seem a sacrifice.”

“How very successful you have been hitherto in stock,” I said, as cheerfully as I could, for there was something oppressive in his listlessness of manner.

He did not answer, but moved restlessly a few steps away; and while I was seeking for some topic that might interest him, a messenger came running from the gatehouse, to say that Mr. and Mrs. O’Neil had spied us out, and were waiting to speak to Cathal. I thought the interruption might have angered him, but he at once moved to meet them, without even a look of impatience.

“I have just heard, More,” Mr. O’Neil began, “that you are going to sell your horse, Heremon; may I have the first offer? He carries a lady, don’t he?”

“He has done so,” said Cathal, with a constraint of manner, approaching haughtiness.

“Oh yes, I have seen Miss Hyde on him,” said Mrs. O’Neil, “he will answer me charmingly,

Hugh, and be just fit for the Park ; he has such a splendid tail."

" You see, More, how prized he will be by my wife," said her husband, " and he will be in good hands with us. You are so fond of him, it would be a shame to sell him to strangers."

Mr. O'Neil was a good-hearted man, but his speech about Heremon had not the effect he intended ; for it reminded Cathal of past rides with Agnes.

" I am glad to get rid of the horse," he answered, hastily naming the price on which he had determined.

Mrs. O'Neil was enchanted, obliged, flattered, until her husband was surprised, for at least the twentieth time, at the over-civility, and too highly-polished manner of the " child of nature," whom he had known at Interlachen.

" We go next week," she went on, " to London, just in time for Lady Clanjamphrey's fête ; by-the-bye, we shall stop a day at Lord Hunsdon's on our way. Can I take any message to the Wyndham party ? Heremon's remembrances to Miss Hyde, or anything of that kind ?"

She spoke with an amiable smile, one of those face-contortions people learn in society, reminding one of moonlight on an icicle ; and her

words seemed to strike Cathal with a sudden coldness ; for his face was pale, and he slightly shivered, as he replied,

“ In the greater attractions of English friends, I suppose Miss Hyde has forgotten her Irish companions.”

Mrs. O’Neil looked significantly at her husband ; but he, good-naturedly anxious to change a subject which he saw was painful to his friend, began admiring his cattle, and envying Lord ——, who even in those times could afford to buy them ; however, Cathal remained so ice-cold in his manner, that they soon discovered that it was time for them to go on their drive, as they had to pay a visit at Chetwode House, six miles farther on.

We watched them as they drove rapidly down the hill in their phaeton, and then my companion turned away wearily, and proposed that we should walk towards the house. I agreed, in silence, which was maintained for some time without interruption ; at last he said, abruptly,

“ You were the bearer of Mr. Hyde’s message yesterday, I think ?”

I assented.

“ Will you in return tell him, that he may now be satisfied, for I have learned to appreciate

his daughter's wonderful heroism. From henceforth, he need not doubt that we shall be as utterly separated as he can desire, nor will it require so great an effort on my part, as he seems to expect."

I could not understand his manner; I expected truly, that he would be distressed and annoyed by Mrs. Wyndham's letter, but not the tone of almost stern contempt which he used.

I muttered some words of awkward consolation. He said, abruptly,

"You are mistaken, Doctor, I am not unhappy; unhappiness must needs have feeling of some kind on which to feed; but let us talk of other things."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed; "I know all you heard yesterday, but it does not warrant such utter depression on your part; matters are, at the worst, but as they were last autumn."

"That may be," he replied calmly; "but last autumn I was in ignorance of how they were; I had a mistaken trust then, in, at least, one woman's good faith."

"You are wrong—very wrong, to cast a doubt on Agnes Hyde," I said, warmly. "I can make full allowance for your present annoyance; but

I did not think you were so blind to goodness, as not to value and reverence hers."

"Yes, it is an ingenious show," he replied, bitterly.

"There is some mystery in all this which I cannot understand," said I.

"Yes, one which I shall be at no pains to hide," he replied. "Is not this a proof of her integrity, a witness to her good faith?"

As he spoke, he handed me a letter, on which were the usual post-marks, from Wyndham Manor. Within the envelope were three inclosures, one written in Agnes Hyde's rather peculiar, bold handwriting; and another bearing Mr. Heinser's foreign signature, with all its strange flourishes, and curling pen-strokes. The third was evidently the writing of an uneducated person.

"Read that first," said Cathal. "We'll put the moral before the tale, on this occasion."

The letter ran:

"Honurred Sir,

"i think it my humbel dewty to inform yu, that these lettres have cum into my hands by a strang aksident: yu will, i hope, pardun my grate boldness in sinding them. It was mi luv and grattitude to your onner, ever since yu kep me and mine from starving in the hard yere,

that pursuayded me to this significant and irrelevant mezure, knowing also that yu had a tender admirasion for the yung lady. i trust, Sir, yu will excuz my forwurdness in not givving my name, but I woud be sorry to cawse yu enny uneziness, thow I thawt it my duty to let yu kno yu were desayved. Sir, yu may fully trust my onner and trooth, for i was born and rared on yur onner's estate, of whitch i shall evver retane a pleeing memorial ; thow, on my way to new york, by yur wurship's good karakter, I obtaned a fine situasion in this part of england. Truubling yu no father with these illiterate lines. I remain, with the striktest sekrecy, yur onner's humbel reminder."

"That is a strange paper," I said, "but I hope you are not weak enough to trust the backbiting of an anonymous letter. If facts were really true, their being so told, would almost make me disbelieve them."

"Read on," he said, drily ; "I believe you philosophers like to preserve order in the development of truth ; so study Mr. Heinser's eloquent appeal, before you read of its success."

With the greatest anxiety, I hurried over Mr. Heinser's letter.

“My dear Miss Hyde,

“Whom I may with truth call my revered guide to truth, and my teacher in all goodness, I can no longer control my anxiety to write to you, though you have not yet sent to me, your promised and much-desired permission to do so. Yet I trust you will pardon me, for I write to tell you how intently I have studied the books you left with me, and how sincerely I acknowledge the truthfulness of their contents. They have, I think, made me a wiser, perhaps a better man than formerly, and I may look upon my present views as lasting, and not gained from the mere impulse of the moment, for they are the result of the most earnest study of which I am capable. As I promised you, in our last walk together, I have permitted no enthusiasm to cloud my judgment, and though, when I thought of you, that was the most difficult part of my task, it has been rigidly fulfilled. Yet still you must accept my life-long devotion. Pardon, pardon me, Miss Hyde, these expressions are involuntary, for in the mere recollection of our past converse my pen runs on involuntarily, though it cannot trace words strong enough to express my thankfulness for your pity of my errors, and your assistance to forsake them. How will it be when you return?

How can I bear the restraint you impose on our intercourse, when I would speak for hours of the great truths in which you have instructed me? Again pardon my impatience, I implore of your kindness, and blame not the freedom my German mind would establish, of thought between us.

“I measure all my thoughts and actions, by your imagined approval. You know why it is needful that for the present I should conceal the change in my views; I wish you also knew, how I long to tear the veil from my actions, not that I might gain the world’s commendation, but that from you, I might receive one word of confidence or praise. However the day will come—shall come. I am busy in the cause of Irish amelioration, and, though I dare not yet brave my employer, Mr. Schelling, by entirely contradicting his wishes, yet I make his evil turn to good, by using the resources he has placed at my disposal, in furthering good ends.

“I have written too much, and yet how little of what I long to utter. Let me be relieved from the fear that I have offended, I entreat of you. As a master would his servant, command me in all you would have me do, and, like a faithful steward, when you return, will I ac-

count to you. That return ! I can scarcely realize it !

Ever your devoted,

“LUDWIG HEINSER.”

I felt as if in a dream, while reading this—it seemed so unreal, and I hardly remember what I said of it ; but Cathal’s answer, in a harsh, low voice, grated on my ear.

“ ‘Impertinent !’ no rather most pertinent, and it received a most pertinent answer, couched in very neat and appropriate language, too.”

I took the last note from his hand. It was short, but yet long enough to impress even my unwilling mind with a certainty, that it was Agnes Hyde’s undoubted autograph. I began to read it in silence.

“Read it out,” said Cathal. “I like to accustom myself to it. I must learn it by heart, or else I might forget it, and fall into my old dreams again. I should not like another waking,” he continued, with a melancholy in his accents that made me hastily read on, that I might escape its echo.

“My dear Mr. Heinser,

“It has given me sincere pleasure, though accompanied by some pain, to have

received your letter; pleasure that you found my books useful, and pain that you should consider any farther concealment of the good they have wrought, necessary. If anything would tend to satisfy my father, it would be perfect straightforwardness. My esteem for truth is, I trust, not less than his, nor could I hope that our plans for the future, which we had formed, would prosper, if they rested on even an expedient falsehood. I have, therefore, written to him on the subject of our former conversations and present correspondence, and I am anxiously expecting his answer, as then I shall be, perhaps, able to write more freely in reply to your letter. In the meantime, believe me to be always,

Faithfully yours,

“AGNES CLARE HYDE.”

The reader can fancy my incredulous amazement when I read this letter; but the more I considered it, the more my thoughts became involved in a tangle of contradictory suppositions. That she, true, refined, and attached to Cathal, as I had fancied, should have so written, seemed incredible, but yet, there was her writing, and the sentiments that, supposing the facts true,

she would probably have expressed. Even the note-paper she had used, was marked with her cipher. I examined the anonymous letter, and it seemed the undeniable composition of some Irish peasant. Mr. Heinser's curious foreign autograph, too, bore all the marks of authenticity. I compared the post-marks, examined the dates, and at last I was compelled unwillingly to admit to myself that, strange as the fact was, there was no link missing in the chain of proof that Agnes Hyde, our idol, whom we had thought almost incapable of wrong, had had some mysterious acquaintance with this Heinser, at the very time she had given encouragement to Cathal More, and deceived him into believing her to be attached to him.

Anxious as I was to do so, I could find no plausible excuse for her strange letter, and I handed it back, gravely, and without comment, to my companion. He smiled when he saw the troubled expression of my countenance, as he said—

“Do not look so grave, Doctor ; you see I am not. I should be ashamed if so slight a loss as such affection could dispirit me.”

“I am convinced there is some error in all this,” I said.

“ A very common error, and an old one. I am angry with myself for having fallen into it.”

“ Have you consulted your mother ?” I asked.

“ Certainly not, she has already had too much care ; besides, advice would now be of little use. The matter is past mending ; and now that I think of it, Doctor, it must remain a secret between us. Mr. Hyde wishes my engagement with his daughter to be broken off ; so be it. It is by this intelligence only the more perfectly annulled. It would be folly in me to make myself a common jest by any jealous interference now.”

“ But it might be all explained,” I urged.

“ Have you, indeed, a hope of that, when you know her handwriting so well ?” he answered. “ I have not ; and I will not interfere in the conversion she has effected, by untimely meddling. I think it full time to consider myself, and I will not be tortured by fending and proving the treachery of ——.” He could not preserve sufficient calmness to pronounce her name, but turning abruptly away, he walked on for a few paces in uncontrollable emotion. When he had recovered sufficient nerve, again to join me, he was deadly pale.

“My dear, dear boy,” I said, “command yourself; all may yet be well.”

“Yes, all *shall* be well,” he said. “From henceforth, I will not look for happiness, except in hope.”

“Why, that is well,” I said.

“The hope of relief from life,” he continued, in a low voice. “But promise me one thing, Doctor,—will you promise?”

At the moment, I could not refuse him, so I silently pressed his hand in assent, when he continued,—

“Promise me that you will never remind me of this dream in my life; that this subject and the remembrance of these letters, shall be buried with me——”

Before I could answer his appeal, we had reached the house, and in another moment we were in Mrs. More’s sitting-room; for Cathal seemed to hurry into a new scene, that he might, if possible, blot out the remembrance of what had passed between us. And so I became bound to silence, for afterwards I felt that I had no right to renew the forbidden subject, by seeking to obtain his consent to a farther investigation.

His mother’s sofa had been drawn close to the

window which overlooked the landscape, that Rupert Schelling had so much admired. She seemed in a pleasant reverie as we entered, and the quiet content of her look, was in strong contrast to that of her son, as he sat down, and listlessly turned the pages of a book. She glanced anxiously at him, but his calmness seemed to reassure her, for she said, with a renewed smile—

“I wonder if you have enjoyed as heartily as I, this fine day.”

“That is certainly a glorious view,” I said, as I looked from behind her, at the expanse some forty miles across, which stretched before us. On one side, a distant shower was passing away, as if a veil had been slowly withdrawn, disclosing through its fringes such a sea of sunshine, that objects seemed hidden in its depths; except here and there where some hill gleamed, looking as if it had been bathed and purified, until it was at last judged worthy of the sight of the Great King, who now shone down upon it with more than sunbright splendour. Such was my fancy, as I looked out beyond the shade which a cloud had cast upon the foreground. But it, too, slowly passed away, the sun following hard at its heels, and disclosing such an intricacy of beauty, and such worlds of life, as

its rays fell in patches through the trees—each patch a new world—that I was silent perforce, drinking in the beauty which teemed before us.

“I have been watching this alternating light and shade,” said Mrs. More, “until I felt almost oppressed with the abounding happiness.”

“And yet,” I said, “such a day is usually invigorating to our powers; spring-tide is a flowing, not an ebbing-tide, and one feels carried on by it, over all the reefs and breakers in life.”

“To continue your play on words,” said Cathal, who forced himself to join our conversation, that his mother might not observe his silence, “it seems to me, rather, that the spring-tide of life and happiness around, comes on man like the rush of water in the Solway Firth—magnificent in itself, but overwhelming him. I agree with my mother, spring is crushing in its gladness, and like the Solway tide, it brings a sense of death on us—for gladness is not our element.”

“That was scarcely my meaning, Cathal,” said his mother; “the growth of nature does not bring a sense of death on us, but a longing for more life—an impatience for our own coming spring.”

“And bitterness and repining at our continued winter,” said Cathal. “Yes,” he went on,

"winter is, indeed, a type of our condition, wintry winds of disappointment piercing our very hearts, and freezing up our nature till it grows flinty, and if there be sometimes a thaw, and a summer-like day—a passing gleam of happiness, so much the worse—more blighting is the ensuing frost."

"Yet, without winter, there could scarce be spring," replied his mother gently. "Winter, that mellows the ground for the tender seed to grow, and destroys all noxious rank decay, turning it into a richer soil for the young plants. Winter, who casts his unsullied mantle on all nature's deformities,—even his short gleams of sunshine deserve more thanks than you will give them—they strengthen our hope, and increase our confidence in the spring to come. And though blighting frosts should succeed, we can the better bear them, forasmuch as we have had a pledge of coming deliverance."

"These are, indeed, 'sermons from stones,'" said Cathal; "but I cannot see why we are expected to invent a goodness in everything, which does not exist. I think this earth is rather a scene of sorrowful import. Punishment seems to me its first and easiest-read meaning, and I cannot tell why we should

torture a pleasant signification from its painful facts."

"Differing minds see different meanings ; for if the mirror of the mind be warped, so will be all that is reflected on it," said Mrs. More, in a low voice, while she looked earnestly at her son. He restlessly got up and moved to the open window.

"How cold this wind is," he said, shivering ; "there is rain coming, I must go and order the cattle to be housed."

"I wish I could give him some of my light-heartedness," said Mrs. More ; "somehow, I cannot be even anxious on such a day as this, and with that view before me."

I did not wish to be drawn into any allusion to the news Cathal had told me that morning, so I merely answered,—

"It is strange how earnestly we sympathize with nature, even in those of her works, which do not seem to concern us."

"I was thinking of that," she replied, "as I lay watching the sunlight on the hills. I wondered why the beautiful colours were so dear to me, and why I watched the far-off clouds with such an interest. And my sensations seemed to me one of the many confutations

of those who say there is no mystery, for there is a mystery in that very sympathy."

"Might it not be solved," I replied, smiling at her renewing the subject on which we had last conversed, "by the thought that this delight, in even the farthest removed beauty, is the faint echo of, and prelude to, a state in which we have been and shall be, in companionship with all that is beautiful. The mouldering embers of our nearly lost divinity, kindle again, when we dimly see traces of the Paradise in which they were and shall be ; just as, in a reverie, we hear in the wind, voices of dead memories, chimes of bells forgotten since our childhood, sounds not of the present, but of the past and future."

"Well done, imagination!" exclaimed Mrs. More. "Never again dispute the power of the good steed to bear you, even to Heaven's gate, Doctor!"

I felt as if I had been detected in a misdemeanour, but she went on.

"This seems a day for all manner of fancies; for, while you were speaking, I watched the gleam which falls opposite to us there, like a stream of smoke, and which seems a play-ground for the insects." I followed her glance and saw a swarm of wings glowing like sparks in the blue

light. "Are they not like little rays of light which have deserted their great centre, and are come to play on the earth, in pure love of its fairness?"

"Well done, fancy!" I exclaimed, in my turn. "Never dispute its excellence, however much you think it inferior to your favourite imagination."

"A day like this," she replied, "is, certainly, most propitious to fancy—there is such occupation for our senses. A gloomy day, and a leaden sky, and a monotonous landscape, are the best incentives to a flight to Heaven."

"Yet the sunny south is supposed to be the land of poetry. How is it that when authors want to be peculiarly exalted in style, they at once fly off to Italian skies, and the tropical luxuriance of nature, and burning suns, and lamp-like stars, and all the rest of it?"

"Those people are like the ancient astronomers, who thought the sky was a blue wall, studded with gold nails; at least they never get beyond the wall, and of course are most excited when it appears most beautiful; and then they crawl about on its surface like flies upon a ceiling;—but the real poets, Doctor, are those who pass the stars, and know no sky, only using the sensuous wall of matter as an eminence from whence they can discern 'the moral

properties and scope of things.' Fancy is content with the exterior of facts, but imagination penetrates the deeper meaning, and perhaps dives farther into it, when it has not the temptation of beautiful form, to cause it to linger without."

"According to that, our northern sphere would be best for poetry."

"And so it is," she replied; "for it forces us into spiritual existence. It turns our thoughts within. It opens in us springs of innate wisdom, which might be choked by mere enjoyment, were we in the midst of external beauty; and so we northerns become great discoverers of truth, great poets, and, best of all, great philosophers."

"The old proverb that truth lies at the bottom of a well, would suit your belief," I said. "The well signifies external nature; in the gaudy south, its edges are fringed with flowers, and poets stop to pluck them, and forget their true object; but in the north, nothing sparkles except the precious stone at the bottom, and so men spring in determinedly, and bear it back with them in triumph."

"An ingenious adaptation," she replied, "for which my theory owes you many thanks."

"Then the upshot of the matter is," I said

“that you prefer a wet, gloomy, misanthropical day, to one like this.”

“Only for the exercise of thought,” she answered; “but weather like this, inclines one to the more excellent gift of charity. Love breathes in every breeze, and seems to brood over all nature.”

“Then,” I replied, “the south still has the advantage; for I am sure you will agree with me, that love is the energy of life.”

“Yes, but no single power in us is to rule, but all should form a unity; and with a curious paradox, the more obedient is each good impulse in us, to the rest, the more powerful will it grow, and the higher will it attain. Love is, indeed, the chief plant in our garden sown with good and evil seed,—the tree of life in our disfigured paradise; but even it needs companions and sheltering trees around, or it will grow deformed and bend towards earth instead of Heaven. So Love needs thought and philosophy on either hand, or it becomes degraded to mere human passion; so a day like this, is most enjoyed, when the dreary season before it, has taught us that earth is not in itself so beautiful until Heaven smiles upon it, and that its fairness is not a lasting

reality, but a transient type, for us to interpret, of a better country,—the spirit-land.”

Cathal returned as her voice ceased, and the conversation grew into a mere war of common-places ; how often the case when the speaker's feelings have received a deep wound ! They creep into the covert of idle topics to suffer unseen. When I rose to go, he came with me to the door, and said,

“ The more I think of it, the more I desire strict silence on our conversation. Doctor, you have promised.” He shook my hand earnestly, and without waiting for my answer, he left me, and opened the door of his study, where his steward was waiting for some orders.

I could say nothing then, so I bade him good-bye, and walked musingly to my own home.

CHAPTER X.

As I was putting a case of instruments carefully into my gig, about a week after the before-described events, and preparing to start for a consultation at our county town, Cathal More joined me ; and, when he had heard where I was going, he asked me to let him sit alongside of me, for a couple of miles of the way, as he wanted to speak to me. I gladly assented, and when we were clear of the village he began,

“ I have got a letter which I will ask you to post for me at —— ; I had intended to have taken it myself, but now that Heremon is gone, I have no horse to ride, for the others are all busy at the farm.”

“ Certainly,” said I, with some surprise. “ I wish you would go with me all the way, then.”

“ The operation you have to perform will delay you,” he replied, “ and I should not like to leave my mother for many hours. You know we have dismissed most of our servants, and there should always be some one within her call ;

besides, I can perfectly entrust my letter to you, though I would not to any one else, as I do not wish it known in our neighbourhood that I am writing to her."

"It is to Agnes Hyde, then," I said gravely. "I trust you are not acting rashly, in consequence of those letters."

"I think not," he replied, calmly. "I had not intended to have renewed any further conversation on this subject, but as you seem to fear my writing imprudently, I wish you would read my letter before it is sent. There are no lover's secrets," he added, while his lip curled slightly.

"My dear Cathal," I answered, "I never thought of making myself censor of your actions, nor if I did, would there be much for my censorship to do. If I could believe those letters to be genuine, I should consider your anger quite justifiable."

"It is hoping against hope, to think they are not so," he replied; "but read my letter; I hope it is kind; I tried hard to conceal my disappointment, that she might feel herself free from any entanglement with me. I thought it necessary to write and tell her, that I withdrew even the slight claim I might have had."

He gave me the letter, and, as he turned

towards me to do so, I was quite startled by his pale, haggard face. He saw my look, for he instantly affected a smile, as he said—

“I’ve got a bad headache, Doctor, that’s all.”

The letter ran thus:—

“My dear Miss Hyde,

“I have to perform a painful task, but I am the better able for it, in that I trust this letter will cause you less suffering than it does me. Many circumstances have concurred, which make it right for me, I think, to renounce the prospect of happiness which our last walk had opened before me. Your father’s will, your own wish, and my embarrassed circumstances, have forced me, how unwillingly I cannot describe, to this step. So long as one spark of hope existed, that I might overcome those objections to our union, I had remained, and would ever continue, as true to you, as I once thought you were to me. But now I have none, and no matter how I suffer in the effort, I am determined to bear patiently the dark life before me. It is right that I should acquaint you with my entire compliance with your, and your father’s determination, and that I absolve you from the slight ties of honour, by which I, at least, fancied we had been bound.

I do not utter one word of reproach, Agnes, for I ever esteemed myself unworthy of the happiness which seemed that last day we met, before me,—unworthy of you. But yet I may be permitted to offer my life-long prayers for your prosperity, in whatever place and state you may best find it. I owe you the short gleam of joy which your words, last autumn, cast on my clouded life ; and in gratitude for that, I will bear unrepiningly, the sorrow with which you have shadowed my life to come, and try to gain from the reflected brightness of what has been, my sole comfort for the future. Farewell for ever, Agnes, for if we meet again, it must be as strangers to the past.

“CATHAL MORE.”

“And yet,” said I, when I had finished reading it, “this letter may be unjust, and most unkind.”

“Do not tempt me with a doubt,” he said, “there is none ; why else should she be so calm and contented ? Do you think Mrs. Wyndham’s letter also was a forgery ? It is a confirmation of the others, and, in itself, almost enough to warrant what I have written.”

I was silent, and after a pause he continued,

“But now there shall be an end to all this. I have bid farewell to Agnes Hyde, and with her to the fair side of life. So much the easier will be my course henceforward, for with happiness is also gone much temptation, as wrong acts are not inviting when there is no pleasure in committing them.”

“Let me speak to Mr. Hyde,” I said, making one last appeal, as he got down to walk home ; “he can surely explain all.”

“I need no explanations,” said Cathal, haughtily ; “certainly none from him ; doubtless he has reasons for his conduct, and I shall not intrude upon them.”

Before I could answer, he had slouched his hat over his face, and had walked several paces away. I watched him as he went, and observed that his first energetic steps quickly subsided into a slower and more thoughtful pace, and that he stooped more than I had ever seen him do before, as he wearily ascended the little hill which lay between us and the village.

When he was out of sight, I carefully put up the letter he had entrusted to me, and drove on rapidly to my destination, for my thoughts did not incline me by their pleasantness to loiter on the way. As I passed the post-office, I felt a

momentary hesitation ; but the letter was a trust, so I could not but dispatch it, and it reached Agnes, as we subsequently knew, though we did not hear of its effect, or, indeed, of her, for many months after ; for even Mrs. More avoided discussing a subject so painful to her son, though she thought his disappointment was caused by Mrs. Wyndham's letter alone.

The months of May and June passed with but little extraordinary to mark their flight, except, indeed, the increasing disaffection which spread among the inhabitants of our village, through Mr. Heinser's influence. The revolutionary club, which he had established, openly paraded its increasing numbers by marching in an orderly and silent procession once a week down the street. The room he had furnished for their evening meetings was used in the morning of certain days for drilling the confederates, and the pike and musket exercises were gone through, with nearly the precision of regular soldiers. Sometimes, it was employed as a shooting-gallery. for bullet practice, the target being a rough outline of a human figure chalked on a door, under which was written, "The Executioner-general of Ireland ;" in allusion to the epithet that had

been applied by a radical paper, to the head of her Majesty's government in Ireland.

I do not think these openly violent measures met Mr. Heinser's approval ; they were rather the doing of the before-mentioned Dublin deputy : still he openly associated himself with him, and, though he did not guide, yet he kept full pace with the current of sedition—for it was through it that he possessed his sway over the minds of the poor ; and with his accustomed scepticism of earnestness in others, he did not fear that the show of rebellion would ever grow into a dangerous reality, or involve him in any legal danger. So he worked on with his more sincere colleague ; and in the would-be republic of Cappagh he might have been called secretary for the home department, while the associate from Dublin, was minister of war.

Cathal More took no apparent interest in the movement which was convulsing his estate. I asked him one day why he was so indifferent.

“ I see nothing that I could do,” he answered ; “ and therefore why should I care ? Sufficient for each day is its duty, without looking either to what is past or future.”

That remark was an index to the condition of

his mind at that time. There was no horizon to his life, and he was indifferent and careless alike of surrounding pleasure, or pain. He was not either cynical, or benevolent ; but he had for the time, become a one-thoughted man. Like a tree which has many roots, yet but one trunk, so all the roots of his nature, the passions and impulses of his heart, had merged into one hard, upright, enduring thought.

My readers have seen a pollard-tree, branchless,—without leaves to drink in the spring-showers, or flowers to open in the sun. Indifferent alike to wind and heat—for all that rejoiced or suffered is cut off—mere existence is all that is left to it ; but yet it stands unshaken, and remains nobly unbent by ill fortune, still pointing upwards. In like manner, Cathal's one remaining thought was of conscience and of his duty. It became pre-eminent in him, when hopes and fears of the world's storm or sunshine had left him—more distinct in its singleness, when overhanging worldly aspirations were cut off.

But it was an unnatural and a painful sight to see him so estranged from life. It was well when new vigour returned ; when “the solitary place” was glad.

There was little social enjoyment in what had

been our united circle. I felt myself tied from speaking, either to Mrs. More or to the Rector, of Cathal and Agnes ; and there was a constraint over us all, which prevented the free transmission of our thoughts. Mr. Hyde and Cathal seldom met ; and when they did it was but a source of pain to Mrs. More, who, not knowing the true cause, was surprised and vexed by her son's proud and reserved manner to one who had hitherto been his chiefest friend.

Two or three times I ventured to inquire both from her and the Rector, if they had heard from Agnes ; for I was anxious to find out what effect Cathal's letter had had on her. Mrs. More told me that she had received no letter from her ; and by the Rector's manner I saw that his daughter had not confided to him her correspondence with Mr. Heinser, nor Cathal's letter to her. Or else——but I could not receive the thought that Mr. Hyde was privy to this mystery, and was acting a double part for some unimaginable reason.

I confess, as the time passed on without any remark from him on Agnes' conduct, I began to fear that there was some duplicity at work ; for surely I thought he would have heard from his daughter on so important a matter, if she were

not desirous to conceal it, and if he had, it was certain, I thought, that he would have sought some explanation from me, who had been the bearer of his message to Cathal. An incident occurred towards the end of June which increased my doubts of her straightforwardness. One dusky evening, as I was sauntering past the boundary wall which separated the rectory lands from the park, and skirted the public road, I saw Mr. Heinser and Miss Hyde's maid,—who had returned, when her mistress started on her yacht voyage,—in close conversation. They did not see, or at all events, recognise me, as I passed silently by, on the dusty road, and I had time to observe that they were speaking of some interesting topic, by the earnestness of their manner.

“She is gone, then,” I heard Mr. Heinser say, “without sending any letter or message.”

“You must not judge by that,” the maid answered; “she does not write because her father wishes her not. I know how sorry she was to go off to travel: the last letter made a great impression on her.”

Their voices sank so as to be inaudible; but I had heard enough. I did not of course speak to Cathal of what I had heard, nor to any one: for there are discoveries of which one can

scarcely bear even to think, and this was one of them.

About a week after, the last week in June, I think, we were roused out of our more private cares, by an open demonstration of the sedition which had been growing all the spring.

I was startled from the *far niente* enjoyment of a glowing summer day, by the regular tread of a body of men proceeding down the street. I thought it was only the weekly parade of the club, but the clang of arms upon the pavement which followed the word "halt," brought me curiously to the window. I was not wrong—it was the clubbists; but on this occasion each man carried weapons, mostly pikes, which flashed very murderously in the afternoon sun. An officer in green uniform, whom I recognised by his violent gesticulation to be the Dublin deputy, seemed to be inspecting the corps, which numbered from two to three hundred fine looking fellows, irregularly accoutred of course, but still maintaining tolerable discipline.

They were not a comfortable sight for the few loyal inhabitants of the village; for the revolutionists had us certainly in their power at the moment; there was no guessing what freak of exhibiting it, might enter their leader's brains, excited as he seemed to be, and I watched them

with very sincere interest as they went through the pantomime of war. It was an undoubted relief when, after an address from their leader, the regiment disbanded. Their dispersion seemed as well practised as any of their other evolutions, for in three minutes, pikes, muskets, and men had disappeared, and the little market-place was as empty as before. It was singular how little curiosity seemed excited among the dwellers in Cappagh; perhaps most of them were amongst the recruits, and the more loyal feared to trust either themselves or their tempers, among such open symptoms of rebellion.

The whole scene was more like a play than a reality, for it seemed unnatural that under an English government there should be these demonstrations in the face of day; and the proceedings were not those of a common-place turbulent mob, for all seemed enacted with the precision, and a good deal of the stage effect, of theatrical war.

But, still, though it was but an interlude, such unrepressed signs of a coming outbreak were alarming enough; and, as soon as quiet was restored, I walked towards Cappagh to see Cathal, and hear his opinion as a magistrate.

He had heard nothing of what happened, which startled me even more than the scene I had

witnessed ; for such complete silence proved the enlistment of the whole population in the rebel organization, at least of their countenance of it.

We discussed the subject until it was dinner time, when his mother pressed me so warmly to stay and join them, that I could not refuse, though for some months I had avoided trespassing on their hospitality, as I knew what extreme economy they had been forced to adopt.

We sat long, enjoying the June twilight; and it had nearly darkened into the clear-obscure of a summer night, when the sound of a horse's tread on the grass, without the dining-room window, broke upon our ears.

"Will you let me in, More, with as little noise as you can help? I am come on urgent business," said a voice, which we recognised as Mr. Burton's, the resident police-magistrate of our county. In a moment he was within, and speaking earnestly to Cathal.

"It is no secret to loyal men," he said, seeing me standing purposely aloof, "and it is a time when they should give assistance ; so, Doctor, you must join our council. I have had information," he went on rapidly, "of the armed parade in your village this morning, and also that there was to be a further meeting of the confederates

to-night. I have a small police force in readiness, just outside Cappagh, and now I have ridden on to gain your co-operation, in surprising these fool-hardy people ; you of course have great local influence, and it is as well in these times for magistrates to act together."

"Very well," answered Cathal, "I am quite ready. Will there be any opposition, do you think?"

"It is because I am so anxious to avoid any," Mr. Burton replied, "that I have planned this sudden interference with their proceedings."

"And is your information sure?" asked Mrs. More.

"Perfectly," he answered. "I have been watching the proceedings in your neighbourhood very carefully; and I have had a policeman in plain clothes to gather information for me. I have sent a clever Dublin detective to attend this meeting to-night: he is better up to the business, and less known than the county police. But we must lose no time. Will you get your horse, and saddle him yourself, my dear fellow? there is nothing like rapid measures and secrecy in these cases."

"Do not delay then for me," Cathal replied; "I will join you in ten minutes at the cross

roads, and it will excite less suspicion if we are not seen together."

"Very well," answered Mr. Burton; "only don't fail me, for this is no light matter. The government wishes these attempts at sedition to be very decisively, but quietly, checked, before they come to a serious organization."

The sound of his words had scarcely died away, before the noise of his horse's hoofs trotting on the grass, reminded Cathal that he too must be stirring, to do his duty.

"Will you stay with my mother?" he said to me, as he left the room; "I shall return, or send back soon." I stayed, of course, as he wished, especially as his mother was uneasy about the result of any meeting between the authorities and the excited people. But, though I was not actually in company with Cathal More on that evening, he has so often described what happened to me, that I feel as if I had myself been a witness of all that occurred.

As his horse was not a very good one, and had been all day working in the plough, he could not safely ride down the hilly avenue at the same pace as his friend Mr. Burton; so, to shorten the way, he followed the path which led to the Rectory, by which he might gain the public

road, on which his stumbling horse could move more quickly. Close by the wall, and in the very spot where I had before observed them, to his most painful surprise, he saw Mr. Heinser and Agnes Hyde's maid speaking together. He has since told me, that astonishment conquered the sensation of anger which, at another time, would have excited him almost beyond control. He stopped for a moment, and distinctly heard Mr. Heinser's voice, though he could not recognise the words he used; but, in the glimmering light, he saw him give the maid something white, which he knew from the shape, to be a letter. Then the German moved hastily away, and seemed to run, as he disappeared in the shadow of the wall, which bounded the park as far as the village.

Cathal stood for a moment, shocked by the thoughts suggested to him by what he had seen, and for the time, in spite of his schooled spirit and determination to do right, hatred, deep, concentrated hatred of Mr. Heinser, was his absorbing, engrossing sensation. An undefined notion that he was engaged in an expedition in which some opportunity for revenging himself might occur, roused him; and fiercely putting spurs to his jaded horse, he urged it to

its utmost speed towards his appointed rendezvous with Mr. Burton. As he passed the market-place in which the entrance to the club-room was situated, he fancied he again saw a figure, much resembling Mr. Heinser's, disappear down the long, dark passage, which Mr. Hyde and I had followed on the night in April I have before described, but his attention was diverted by the sound of the police force quickly advancing on the opposite side. Silently they pushed open the door, with which their leader seemed quite conversant, and advancing steadily by two and two, they seized the papers lying on the green table. Mr. Burton himself ran forward, and, jumping upon the platform, seized Mr. Heinser by the collar, and took him prisoner before any of his astonished partizans could interfere. Cathal felt some surprise at the haste which Mr. Heinser had used to be so quickly at his post ; but he did not at that time express it, for the mere description of the scene he had witnessed would have been unendurably painful to him. The clubbists, left without a leader, for the Dublin deputy was nowhere to be seen, one by one managed to get out unnoticed, the police wisely abstaining from any very vigorous guard. For once the example was made, and the

law vindicated, Mr. Burton felt that wholesale severity would have been most imprudent, and would have increased to a dangerous degree the popular irritation, while, by removing their leader, he destroyed their organization, without enlisting their personal and private sympathy against the law. Before ten minutes had passed, the police, Cathal, Mr. Burton, and his prisoner, Mr. Heinser, with the detective in plain clothes, were the sole occupants of the deserted Assembly-room, and as quickly as might be, the papers were seized and sealed up.

“I must escort the prisoner to —— jail to-night,” said Mr. Burton, in a low voice, to Cathal. “This has been a neatly managed job, for which I fancy we shall get some credit. No uproar, no Riot Act; however, I will leave ten men in the station here for to-night, under your orders. Send up to Mr. More at once, if you see any symptoms of disturbance,” he continued, addressing the head constable; “and now, More, good-night,” he added hastily, “I must make what haste I can, lest there might be a rescue—especially now that I have divided my force.”

“I can assure you there is no fear of that,” said Mr. Heinser, in his softest tones; “I myself

was peaceably dismissing the meeting when you entered."

"We shall see—we shall see on your trial," roughly answered Mr. Burton. "Now, boys, walk your best to the cars, and we shall be at —— in less than an hour." He went; and Cathal returned home, and described the whole scene to his mother, and to me, but without any allusion to Mr. Heinser's meeting with Miss Hyde's maid. Discussing it, we forgot time and sleep, and the dawn overtook us still listening for any sound from the direction of the village. None came, for with the mysterious precision and order in their disappearance, which I had noticed in the morning, the clubbists had dispersed, and Cappagh lay apparently in as deep and peaceful a slumber as it had ever known, even in its former prosperity. Mrs. More and I withdrew to our several rooms, but Cathal resolved still to maintain his watch. Indeed, by his look it was too evident that, in any case, sleep would have been impossible to him.

On the following day—which rose, in contrast to the events of the previous night, as calm and bright as if no such creatures as men existed, as if the earth left unnoticed the fretfulness of our puny race, who yet call themselves its masters,—

Cathal received a hurried note from Mr. Burton, announcing that Mr. Heinser's prosecution would be carried on at the approaching assizes.

"The detective whom I employed," he wrote, "can give most conclusive evidence of the seditious tendency of the speeches he heard the prisoner deliver last night, and as the law is now so clear in these cases, I feel little doubt but that a conviction must be obtained, and of course, transportation will follow, as his offence by the new Act, is made felony."

A flush of pleasure lighted up Cathal's features as he read the note, for there seemed but little doubt that now his most dangerous enemy, the perpetual reminder to him of his past errors, his rival in Agnes Hyde's affections would be removed from his path. Yet these were unacknowledged sources of his feeling of triumph, for he veiled them to himself, and thought that he but rejoiced in the overthrow of an infidel missionary, and the success of the law.

"I am heartily glad of it," he exclaimed; "and the more deep has been the injury he has inflicted by his teachings, the more severe may his punishment be."

Mrs. More said nothing, but she looked pained. There is more gentle and inoffensive pleading in

some looks than words can express—more possible phrases in their silent language than can be gathered out of the fullest dictionary. Cathal felt the unexpressed rebuke, and a shade passed over his first look of exultation; however, he said nothing, but thoughtfully re-read Mr. Burton's letter, and, with a dissatisfied air, walked up and down the room.

"The assizes are to be held next week," said I, after a pause.

"Yes, and Mr. Burton says my evidence may be required; so, after all, mother," he continued, addressing Mrs. More, "I shall have to attend, which I had not intended doing."

"And do you agree with Mr. Burton, that Mr. Heinser will probably be convicted?" asked Mrs. More.

He hesitated. "I cannot possibly know what evidence there may be."

"And Mr. Schelling, what will he say?" I asked.

Cathal's lip curled haughtily, but he overcame his anger; at least he curbed the expression of it, for he replied calmly, "Mr. Schelling is in Dublin; at least it was from thence that he dated the last letter I received from him."

I looked inquiringly, but did not venture a

question, though I was curious to know on what subject he had written.

“Nothing but about his interest,” said Cathal, hastily; “I could not conveniently pay him the full amount last spring, so he gave me time until I receive my harvest rents.”

“Then he will probably attend Mr. Heinser’s trial,” said I, “if he is so near.”

Nothing more was said of it; perhaps, we all felt the subject touched too closely on matters strictly personal to Cathal, and neither the assizes nor the approaching trial were much discussed during the ensuing week, in spite of our anxiety for its result. To Mr. Hyde I had, since I had seen his daughter’s and Mr. Heinser’s correspondence, seldom spoken of the Unitarian, as I, of course, avoided a subject in which I was so strictly bound to secrecy.

The day before the trial at last came. Cathal More had engaged rooms in the assize town for the occasion, as he had no longer a command of horses to carry him to and fro from his home, and besides, as he had been the magistrate assisting Mr. Burton on the occasion, and was to be one of the witnesses, it was necessary for him to be constantly in the way, and ready to give evidence. I should have much wished to have been with him, but he begged me not to sleep away from Cap-

pagh, just at that juncture when his mother might especially need my attendance. I of course agreed to his wish, but insisted on driving him to —— in my gig the afternoon before it was thought the trial would come on. We dined by ourselves, but before we had done Mr. Burton joined us, that he might tell Cathal all the gossip which is generally afloat at these assize occasions, but especially to announce how successfully he had managed all the necessary witnesses for Mr. Heinser's trial, and how completely sure he was of his conviction.

“It is a most important case,” he said, “and may have an incalculable effect just at this juncture. I know Government is most anxious that there should be no bungling in the indictment; but it is all quite right.”

“Has he engaged counsel?” asked Cathal, gravely.

“Yes. I hear —— is to come down specially. Where the man gets the funds for such an expense, I do not know; he must have some powerful friends. By-the-bye, there is a gentleman just arrived at this very inn, and the waiter tells me he has written to the governor of the jail, requesting to see this Heinser.”

“Did you hear his name?” I asked, anxiously.

“No ! but I saw his carriage ; he had four horses, too. Strange times these, when a dissenting minister has a britschka-and-four posting after him.”

Cathal looked down, and shaded his face with his hand so completely, that I could not detect if he guessed, as I did, that this stranger must be Mr. Schelling.

“What jury will you have ?” asked he, after a moment’s pause, still more gravely.

“Why, More, you look so serious, that I believe you are not half pleased with Heinser’s prospects. We will have a jury of loyal men, of course ; it would not do to commit a case like this to a set of savages, who neither understand law nor equity—and never less than at this moment. But now I must be off for an appointment with the Crown solicitor. Good-bye for to-night,”—and he hurried off, full of zeal, not perhaps so much for justice, as for a conviction on any terms. Still he was hardly to be blamed, for it was a time when loyalty was the predominant impulse in the class to which he belonged. He had scarcely gone, when a waiter came in and handed Cathal a card, saying, a gentleman had sent up his compliments with it, and wished as soon as possible to speak to Mr. More.

“Ask him to come up,” said Cathal, calmly, though for a moment I fancied he was paler than usual. He gave me the card, and on it, was, as I expected, Mr. Schelling’s name. His usual smile was on his mouth; his manner was as polished and emotionless as ever, as he entered the room; bowing to me, but offering his hand with much semblance of friendship to my companion.

Cathal’s manner was, on the contrary, constrained, and it seemed an effort to him to be even civil.

“May I request a few moments of private conversation?” asked Mr. Schelling.

I immediately left them, and passed into a room which opened from theirs, and in which I could not avoid hearing their conversation. The first words they said, however, set my mind at rest as to the propriety of remaining in such a position.

“I have no secrets from Doctor F——,” said Cathal.

“Nor I, if you have not, as it is only of your own affairs of which I would speak,” replied Mr. Schelling.

Cathal made no answer, and his companion continued:

“ I did not wish before another to accuse you of having broken faith with me ; which you have done in your conduct with regard to my friend and deputy, whom I had placed under your promised protection.”

“ Broken faith !” exclaimed Cathal, sternly.

“ Stop,” said Mr. Schelling, calmly ; “ I am not come to say a word of reproach, but to befriend you in spite of yourself. Listen to me, and consider what I say. I do not ask you to decide hastily on the proposition I would make to you ; for reflection will better enable you to see the advantages you will reap from entertaining it.”

“ Go on,” said Cathal, coldly.

“ Let me first recall past events to your mind,” he went on. “ You made, more than three years ago, a contract with me, of which then, you seemed to approve most warmly. To the very letter I have carried out my part of it ; for it is my custom, at any sacrifice, to keep my word. You have reaped your benefit, and now you would draw back. You pretended friendship for me, and yet behind my back you have done your utmost to injure what you knew were my dearest wishes ; and you have insulted a religion to which you had pledged yourself to show toleration. I knew all this, but I still

continued a friend to you ; and even at my own inconvenience, I immediately granted your last request to wait for the interest due to me until harvest. What do I find is your return ? you are here, engaged in persecuting my friend."

"I do not acknowledge your complaints," replied Cathal. "My part of our bargain was performed ; and, if you conceive you have received injuries, I could make out a long list that I too have suffered."

"Not at my hands," exclaimed Mr. Schelling ; "if others have been in fault, why should you requite it on me ? Surely you will not let the acts of others interfere with your promise to me, of countenancing, or at least tolerating my harmless and purely rational creed."

"It is not a question of religion," replied Cathal, "but one of loyalty."

"Nay ! I pledge myself for Heinser's loyalty," said Mr. Schelling. "This thick-headed policeman, who is the principal evidence against him, could not distinguish the difference between anti-Trinitarian and anti-Government reasonings."

"But I cannot do anything, even supposing I would," said Cathal. "It is no affair of mine."

"Yes, but it is," replied Mr. Schelling, who

thought that he perceived some symptoms of wavering in Cathal's manner. "I will explain the matter to you. Heinser is perfectly innocent of any participation in the sedition which it seems was spoken on that night at Cappagh. The policeman employed as a spy, mistook the Dublin deputy, who was the real Simon Pure, for my friend, or else he is paid by government to swear falsely ; for Heinser was elsewhere, at the time this policeman says he was preaching sedition."

"And can he not prove an *alibi*?"

"He has only one witness, a woman, about whose evidence there is some hitch, and I fear, besides, her character is not very good. So what she swears, will not be taken in proof against the facts government can bring. There is to be rather an Orange jury, too."

"It is a singular case," said Cathal ; "but what is the proposition you speak of?"

"Merely that you should give Heinser on his trial, and his witnesses, the high character which you know they deserve. In return for which, if your evidence be of use in establishing the truth," continued Mr. Schelling, "you shall possess my best friendship and practical assistance in your affairs. In fact, I will at once pledge

myself to leave the payment of the interest on my mortgage, perfectly optional with yourself for the next five years ; after that, better times will dawn for Ireland."

Cathal told me afterwards, that for a moment he felt dazzled by the prospect of relief from ruin which Mr. Schelling offered to him—ruin, which he scarcely hoped to avert by any other way. But after a pause, during which I listened intently for his answer, he replied, in the same formal calm voice, with which he had before spoken,

"I need no reflection to understand the drift of your proposition ; it is plain enough, and plainly I will answer it. I will not give Mr. Heinser a character for uprightness or loyalty, for it would be false. I will not give his witness, either, a good name, without knowing her to deserve it. I profess no friendship with you, nor will I receive favours at your hands in exchange for my honour and truth."

"Your folly be on your own head," said Mr. Schelling, in a voice trembling with anger. "Now look to yourself, and when you lie in jail, and your mother receives charity in a public hospital, remember that it is your own doing."

“Stop!” exclaimed Cathal, “I equally scorn your promises, and threats, but——”

His words, however, were lost in the noise of the door, shutting violently behind Mr. Schelling, who left the room abruptly, not choosing, perhaps, to hear the answer to his taunt. After a moment's pause, I joined Cathal; he sat with his face shaded by the hand on which it rested.

“I heard all,” I said in a low voice. “You have acted just as I expected.”

“There is little hope of saving Cappagh now,” he said half to himself, “my poor mother!”

“She will not regret her home, since it has been so well lost,” I replied, “but it will not be: you cannot be so much involved; there are ways of extrication, surely.”

“None,” he replied. “I might have held on until better times with a considerate creditor, but if Schelling chooses, he can ruin me. After all, what great matter, if it were not for my mother?”

“Well!” I answered, “you are right, there is little to regret when we have done right, in any case; but I must leave you, for it is full time for me to be gone home. Have you any message to Mrs. More? I will go and see her to-morrow morning before I come here.”

“Tell her of Mr. Schelling’s threats ; I do not wish anything to be hidden from her, and then there will be no sudden shock, when the time comes for our leaving our home.”

“My dear, dear boy,” I exclaimed, “do not speak in such a way.”

“Why not, Doctor ?” he said firmly. “It is what I think.”

I could not reason the point with him, but bidding him good-night, I hastened away, and on the stairs, rather to my surprise, I met Mr. Burton again coming to see Cathal, apparently on business, as he looked grave and had a paper in his hand. However, I could delay no more ; and merely bowing to him, I started for home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning, I was again with Cathal, at half-past ten o'clock. Mr. Heinser's trial was not to be until the following day, he told me, so I found him disengaged; and the moment he could get clear of two or three friends who were with him, he handed me a letter in Mr. Schelling's handwriting. It was addressed to Mr. Heinser; the same which I have quoted in a previous chapter, containing such strong expressions of detestation towards the More family, and making clear, as it did, his plan of injuring them, at any cost to himself.

"I could not have believed in such a nature as his, if I had not seen this letter," I said.

"It is not long since we made a still stranger discovery," said Cathal, bitterly; "but," he went on rapidly to hide the allusion, "Mr. Burton brought it to me last night. The Crown solicitor was looking over Mr. Heinser's papers, and found this. He thought it right to give it to

me, as it seemed an uncommon case of malignity."

"And so it is ; but what is to be done to save yourself?"

"Nothing—nothing," he said ; "I cannot avert my ruin ;—and Agnes, too, to leave me for such a man." He turned away, but soon recovering his composure, he continued :

"I have often heard it said, that the conviction that we have been the instruments of our own misfortunes, adds to their bitterness ; but I think not, for there is a relief in feeling them to be just, and punishment relieves remorse. Expiation is the only healing plaister for past errors, and mine have caused all this. You see, Doctor," he added, forcing a smile, "my troubles cannot be very great, when I can philosophize so coolly on them."

"I am not sure but that that is the worst sign of all," I replied. "The heart must be seared indeed, when we can lightly touch its wounds."

"And in your practice," he added, quickly, "insensibility is a sign of mortification. But what news from my mother?"

"Her sincerest love and approbation for your words last night, she sent ; and she desired me also to give you this slip of paper ;" and I

gave him a little folded note, on which was written,

“You have done well my dear son ; do better still, and forgive.”

“A hard task,” I said, “especially now.” He answered nothing, and I continued :

“What is Mr. Heinser’s defence ?”

“His counsel keep it secret ; you will attend the trial, of course.”

“Of course,” I replied ; “your evidence will be trifling I suppose, just corroborating Mr. Burton’s ?”

“That depends on what Mr. Burton’s is ; but let us speak of something else, Doctor, I am tired of the subject, and I shall hear of nothing else to-morrow.”

I saw that he did need some pleasanter thoughts, for he looked pale and harassed, so we plunged into discussions on county matters, and I heard no more that day, which would interest you, reader.

A trial has been so often, and so well described, that I need not say how the judge looked solemn, and the officials important, how some of the bar tried to seem busy, because they had little to do, and those who had much business on their hands, assumed nonchalance, as if

their briefs were mere child's play to such geniuses as they were. How, when the crowd was noisy, order was proclaimed *crescendo* by the different conducting pipes of the judicial anger. How most of the people who went, sympathizing with the martyr for liberty,—Mr. Heinser, soon got jostled, and too painfully squeezed, to pity any one but themselves. All the accessories of a court of justice have been painted by most of the modern novel-wrights since Eugene Aram set the fashion, and a trial was made a convenient “pump and tub scene” for the third volume. But I am telling a true story, not seeking to describe effective *coups-d'œil*. So, good reader, conjure up in your fancy whichever of the standard-novel trials you most admire, and I shall be saved much word-painting; only let there be a crowded court, for so it was on this occasion.

A cheer in the outer court-yard greeted Mr. Heinser's arrival. He was remarkably well dressed; his manner was grave and composed, respectful, but without any cringing. Mr. Schelling sat nearly opposite to me in the court. He was gazing at Cathal More with knit brows, but with a smiling mouth, as ill-omened a combination as red light in a thunder-cloud—one knows

it is lightning, not a sunbeam. His friend, Mr. Heinser, looked much the better of the two, and it flashed on my mind that, after all, Agnes might have done good—who could tell?

The case for the prosecution was very clearly made out. A policeman swore that he had often attended the meetings of the Branch Sheares Club at Cappagh. He had heard Mr. Heinser harangue the people, and he read out several notes that he had taken, of both his, and the Dublin deputy's speeches. Those of Mr. Heinser, however, were rather general denunciations of aristocracy, and descriptions of socialist happiness, than positive sedition against the Government. There was nothing to convict in them, and Mr. Heinser seemed relieved, and Mr. Schelling's brow relaxed; and I fancied, to my great surprise, that Cathal also appeared easier. But next was called the detective whom Mr. Burton had especially employed, on the night Mr. Heinser was taken prisoner, to watch his proceedings. He was a stranger to the neighbourhood, unlikely to be influenced by any local bias, and known to the authorities as a man of the highest and most trustworthy character. The cross-examination of Mr. Heinser's counsel did not, even for a moment, confuse him; nor could any flaw be found in his

evidence. His notes of the speech which he swore Mr. Heinser had delivered, before his face, and in his hearing, were summaries of sedition ; and again and again he identified the prisoner without hesitation.

Mr. Burton then added some corroboratory evidence respecting his share in the transaction.

It was not found necessary to call Cathal More, as had been expected ; for the Crown counsel thought the prisoner's guilt so fully proved, that it was but a waste of time examining more witnesses ; and, with almost a certainty of gaining a conviction, the case for the Crown was brought to a close.

Mr. Schelling's countenance had gained malevolence in expression as his *protégé's* hopes of acquittal diminished, and even Mr. Heinser changed colour slightly, and looked uneasily towards his solicitor. Cathal's face was hidden, for he had drawn his hat low down on his brow, and rested his chin on his hand.

The first witness called for the defence was a sharp-looking fellow, whom I recognised as a hedge-schoolmaster, that pursued his profession near Cappagh. He swore that it was not Mr. Heinser, but another gentleman, who spoke at the club on the evening in question ; but, on

being asked the name of this gentleman, he would not give it, though he said he had often seen him at the revolutionary meetings. The junior counsel for the Crown asked him if he thought it was the prisoner's "double?" to which the witness replied that "he did not appreciate his honour's meaning, but the parties were very like." He was asked, also, if he could say how it was that Mr. Heinser was the only gentleman taken prisoner inside the platform, from whence the speeches had been made; and that though no means had been neglected, his "double" could nowhere be found? to which the witness could make no satisfactory answer.

Two or three more witnesses were called, who gave evidence to the same effect, but none of them could seriously shake the case for the Crown. A slight pause ensued, during which Mr. Heinser's advisers seemed consulting together very anxiously. Their doubt, whatever it was, was at last decided, and a new witness was called. Cathal started, and drew his hat still more low on his forehead, when she got on the table. It was Miss Hyde's maid, a foreign woman, who had been engaged when Mrs. Wyndham was married, for she then had taken into her service, her, and her sister's former maid,

who had lived with them since their mother's death.

I have before said that Justine Morellet, for that was the new maid's name, had returned from Wyndham Manor when Miss Hyde had gone on her yacht voyage, and, as she was a clever and useful servant, the Rector had retained her in his establishment, until her mistress should return. After the preliminary questions of her nation, employment, age, and the like, had been asked, she went on to detail her meeting at the Rectory wall with Mr. Heinser, on the night in question, and at the very time that the policeman swore he had been haranguing the club. But she refused to tell what business had brought them together. I knew of their having met before, and therefore I could the better credit the possibility of the witness's truth; but the reader will remember, I had confided what I had seen to no one, and I was, therefore, surprised to observe that Cathal, whom I watched intently, did not betray astonishment, but sate immovably looking down.

A slight murmur of surprise at this strange *alibi* ran through the court, and the prisoner seemed to hail it as an expression of sympathy, for he looked up for a second triumphantly,

though but for a second, when his face instantly resumed its almost indifferent expression. But in her cross-examination the witness broke down in some points, and her answers, perhaps from her imperfect knowledge of the language, were confused, and sometimes contradictory, especially when called on to give her motive for meeting Mr. Heinser. She could not swear, either, to the hour when she parted from him, and after much circumlocution, and in a severe course of cross-examination it was elicited from her that she had received money from the prisoner's agents since his detention, for the purpose of inducing her to swear to his *alibi*. In short, her evidence in the end, rather damaged his cause than served it, and as she was the last witness for the defence, the impression left on the minds of the jury was most unfavourable. In vain Mr. Heinser's eloquent counsel tried to remove it, and spoke in glowing language of a patriot, martyr for the freedom of the world. The unfortunate fact of his bribery, and the nature of the prisoner's defence, damped all sympathy on the ground of his high-mindedness and virtue. I do not remember, indeed, much of what was said by the bar on either side, and they seemed only to bring confusion

into the case, so that neither judge nor jury should discover the truth. But it was far otherwise when the judge summed up; his first sentence arrested my attention, and every succeeding word drew with it my involuntary conviction. His charge was most unfavourable to the prisoner. He exposed the weakness of the evidence he had brought to prove his *alibi*; and in severe language, he commented on a defence which, of itself, would cast suspicion on the minister of any persuasion. Little doubt, he said, remained on his mind, but he gave the usual injunction to the jury not to deny the prisoner the benefit of any uncertainty. He was winding up with some powerful remarks on the sedition and lawlessness which were infecting Ireland, when I observed Cathal write in pencil some words on a slip of paper, and hand them to the principal counsel engaged for Mr. Heinser.

A look of extreme astonishment replaced the civil indifference of his expression, as he glanced at the writing, and he quickly scrawled an answer with some eagerness in his manner. Cathal merely nodded assent to what he had proposed, and then he resumed his former attitude.

My curiosity was not a little stirred when I

saw how great a sensation Cathal's intelligence, whatever it was, produced among the knot of Mr. Heinser's legal defenders, and how many slips of paper and signs of intelligence were exchanged among them; so much so, that I did not hear the judge's peroration.

When he had concluded, and was preparing to leave the bench for a short time, that he might have some refreshment, the prisoner's counsel rose, and entreating his lordship's pardon if he were somewhat out of order, he announced that another witness could be called in his client's defence, able to give evidence of such importance, that it would completely alter the present face of things, and he prayed for leave to introduce him before the jury should retire. It was granted; the judge at the same time expressing his confidence in his learned brother's judgment, and that he had not interrupted the usual order for any trivial reason.

Cathal More was immediately sworn, and many a curious eye was then fixed on him, for all felt respect for him, generally beloved as he was in his county. His mere word was esteemed as highly by the poor as another man's oath, for his and his ancestors' honour was a bye-word amongst all who knew them. But curiosity was

especially excited at his coming forward to give evidence in Mr. Heinser's cause, a man, not only personally inimical to him, but who had been so openly seditious, and was now almost a convicted felon.

Mr. Schelling looked with a sneering complacency at him as he took his seat, for he thought he was acting under the influence of his threats. Cathal saw his expression, and for a second he seemed irresolute, but again making an effort over himself, he went on, and he carefully avoided looking towards either Mr. Schelling or Mr. Heinser afterwards, except once, when he was called on to identify the latter.

His evidence was clear and straightforward. He described how he had seen Mr. Heinser in conversation with Miss Hyde's maid, and he could give almost the exact hour; as just before leaving Cappagh house, he had examined the clock. He also mentioned having seen a figure before him running fast, which he thought was Mr. Heinser's. But all this, though it added weight to Justine Morellet's evidence, was scarcely sufficient to disprove the policeman's positive testimony to the prisoner's presence at the club.

Cathal was cross-examined closely, and asked why he had not sooner volunteered this evidence.

“He had personal reasons,” he replied, “for abstaining to meddle in the case.”

“And why did you meddle in it now?”

“Because the case was going against the prisoner.”

“Are you then a friend of his?”

“No.”

“Can you say what passed between the prisoner and the woman Morellet?”

“No.”

The counsel for the Crown, after some farther questions, finding no loophole for attacking the witness's evidence, sat down, and Cathal went on as follows. I will give his own words:—

“As I could not understand the inconsistency between what I had seen that night, and the assertion of the policeman that Mr. Heinser had been present the whole time, from the commencement of the meeting till the moment that he was made prisoner, I determined to examine the premises very closely, in which the Club used to assemble, lest there might be some hidden passage by which the prisoner could go in and out secretly; and, after much searching, I found that behind the baize, by which the end of the barn was lined, there was a way through

which a man could pass unperceived to and from the street."

"And what is that to the point?" interrupted the counsel for the prosecution.

"Only that Mr. Heinser might have arrived a moment before the police, and may not have been present during the whole of the meeting."

"Mights and mays are no evidence," replied the barrister, angrily. "Have you anything more that you can swear to?"

"Nothing," Cathal replied, so he left the witness-box; but one of the jury said that he wished to have the detective policeman re-examined.

"Are you positive," he asked of him, "that it was the prisoner whom you heard deliver the seditious speech?"

"I am, for he was the only gentleman on the platform, and I saw him taken by Mr. Burton myself. The lamp fell full on his face, and I can make no mistake."

"Then you did not see him by a good light before?"

"Not altogether such a strong glare."

"Are you positive he did not leave the room?"

"I am, he went behind a curtain for a minute ; but certainly not for more."

"That will do, sir ; now call the first policeman," said Mr. Heinser's counsel.

"You said that there was a gentleman from Dublin, who used to attend these meetings ; do he and the prisoner resemble each other ?"

"They are pretty much of a height, sir, but I cannot say they are alike exactly."

"*Exactly*, of course not."

Enough had been proved to shake the mind of the court, however, and now that he could plausibly cast discredit on the evidence for the prosecution, the counsel for the defence exerted his utmost eloquence. Its effect was complete ; the hypothesis that he built on Cathal More's evidence satisfied the jury, and Mr. Heinser was acquitted of sedition ; but on the second count of the indictment he was found guilty of having been found in an armed and unlawful assembly. I do not remember the technical language, but, whatever his crime was, his sentence was limited to two month's imprisonment.

As soon as the trial was over, I hastened to Cathal, whom I could not before reach, as the crowd was so dense.

"Were you surprised?" he asked me, with a smile.

"Why did you keep all this such a secret?" I inquired.

"Cannot you guess," he replied: "if Mr. Heinser could have done without my evidence, I should have remained for ever silent."

"It must have been painful," I said, half to myself, "on many accounts; but will you not drive home with me at once now? Your mother must be anxious."

"I will, for I do not wish to meet with Mr. Schelling," he said; "I fear lest he should think that I yielded to his threats; and after the letter of his, which I showed you yesterday, I could scarcely command my temper."

"Fear nothing, my dear boy," I said; "there is nothing to fear when you have acted so rightly."

We drove on almost in silence, until we were nearly at home, for Cathal was absent and disinclined for conversation; but, when we reached the village, he asked me to stop, and examine with him the back passage, of which he had given evidence.

As he had said, it was quite possible that Mr. Heinser might have gone in and out without observation from those in the room.

"I am nearly sure," he said, "from what I know of Mr. Heinser, that he would not have committed himself by such silly speeches as those ascribed to him. I imagine that he heard the police force under Mr. Burton, marching up that night, and he hastened into the club-room, that he might warn the meeting to disperse,—for himself, trusting to his being able to prove an *alibi*."

"Yet that was strangely generous for such a character as his," I said.

"He probably thought that the police would not be so prompt, and that he should have time to get off ; and he did not calculate on the case going against him so much, nor did he know of Mr. Burton's spy, or of the sedition of which his colleague had been guilty."

"That partly accounts for the inconsistencies in the evidence," I said. "But do not delay seeing your mother ; I am impatient that she should hear of this day's work."

"Remember, Doctor, not a word of Agnes ; it need never be known that this maid was her agent."

I could say nothing to contradict him ; that she was so seemed too plain a fact ; but I ven-

tured to observe, that it would be a good opportunity for an explanation with Mr. Hyde.

“Never less so than at this moment,” he said, hastily.

“You may be causing yourself unnecessary pain,” I persisted.

“You promised that you would not again speak of this subject,” he replied, calmly and determinedly. “If I before desired to avoid giving Miss Hyde pain, by telling her what I knew, surely now I should be doubly careful, when the publicity of her maid’s evidence would add so much to her annoyance. Her name is not compromised now ; we will leave it so.”

Mrs. More was pleased, but not surprised, at her son’s strict adherence to right, both in refusing Mr. Schelling’s proposals, and in not withholding his evidence, though by it his worst enemy, who had so laboured to injure him, was saved from severe punishment. Not surprised ; for she was one of those who believe the human mind, cultivated by religion, capable of all good, and more inclined to good than to evil.

She and Cathal expected some immediate preliminaries of attack from Mr. Schelling, carrying out the threats that he had made use of ; but two months—quickly-passing summer months—

sped on, without any letter or message from him. His silence was almost as painful as his attack would have been ; for Cathal feared lest he might think the part he had taken, was the consequence of his menaces.

And in this state of uncertainty my friends remained until the beginning of September, without much change apparently in their position. A tolerable harvest improved the prospects of the country ; but even by the most strenuous efforts Cathal could hardly contrive to meet the interest due on Mr. Schelling's mortgage ; and even so, he could not indulge his former hopes, for he knew that his creditor was so bitter an enemy, that with all his self-denial, the evil day of his ruin was but postponed.

He tried to raise sufficient money to pay the debt off, but to no purpose, and except for the internal consciousness of doing right, he would have been utterly broken-hearted, for he could not but feel that he and his mother owed their very daily subsistence to Mr. Schelling's sufferance. Yes, their daily subsistence ; for one day, when he returned from Dublin, he told me that his solicitor had informed him, that two of his father's debts, which he had paid off with part of his soi-disant benefactor's loan, amounting

together to thirteen thousand pounds, were prior to his mother's marriage settlements, and that Mr. Schelling had taken an assignment of their securities, and for that amount could bar his mother's jointure.

The interest on thirteen thousand pounds, six hundred and fifty pounds a year, together with a ruinous poor-rate, more than covered the net proceeds of his estate for the last year.

"What can I do?" he said, despairingly; "for myself it is nothing; but in my mother's state of health——"

"Sad, indeed," I could not but say; "but you have many friends."

"Do not say 'many friends' when you are trying to inspire hope," he said, sorrowfully. "I am sure mine are sincere, but this is beyond their help. However, since I cannot avert them," he continued, resuming his firmness, which had been for a moment shaken, "I will wait patiently for events, though it is sometimes hard to do so, when I look at my mother, and feel that in all, I have been to blame."

We were standing near my door while he was speaking, and, just as I was about to answer, the afternoon coach drove up. Cathal's face flushed red, as he said,

“ There is young Rupert Schelling,” pointing to a young man who had alighted, and was having his luggage taken out of the boot.

I looked for a moment towards the figure he pointed out, and when I again turned, my companion was gone. He evidently avoided the new comer, and I was not a little embarrassed when Rupert, walked quietly up to me, and told me, after several warm expressions of pleasure, that he had come to pay his best friends, for so, with a slight foreignism, he called the Mores, a few days visit.

He had but the previous day, he said, landed from Cork, and he had come on at once to Cappagh.

After leaving Madeira in the spring, he had travelled in Germany during the summer months, and meeting a friend's yacht at Hamburgh, he had cruized down the channel, and so found himself at Cork, too near the Mores to return without seeing them ; so he bade his friend good-by, and resolved to make Ireland his route for London. He had not for many months seen his father, and the wandering life he had led, prevented his having received any letters since he had left Madeira.

I asked for his health ; it was nearly re-esta-

blished, he told me, but he had been ordered to return to a southern climate for the winter, though for the summer season his physicians had permitted him to travel.

He looked healthy, but still not strong, though the exposure of yachting had given him a manlier colour than formerly. He was very thin, and his cheeks were slightly hollow ; but he would not even answer my questions touching his cough, saying that he was quite recovered.

“But where is Mrs. More?” he interrupted. “Is she taking any of her charitable walks; shall I find her at home?”

As we walked through the park, I sketched to him some of the sad events which had occurred since he saw her, but touching as lightly as I could, on his father’s conduct.

He had heard nothing, and knew nothing, of it but instinctively he seemed to guess his father’s share in their misfortunes; for he asked me gravely, and with a manner quite changed from its first buoyancy, if I thought his visit would be quite agreeable to his friends.

I answered evasively, that the misfortunes which had fallen upon them had, of course, not been without their effect; that I could answer for Mrs. More’s kindness continuing undiminished,

but that Cathal had suffered so much, that he saw little society now.

“Even a morning’s visit,” he replied, re-assured of Mrs. More’s welcoming him, “is well worth the journey. I will sleep at —, and go on to London to-morrow.”

I did not dissuade him, for I knew that Cathal would scarcely ask him to stay, even if their establishment had been on its former footing. I suppose it was the embarrassment of my manner, that caused him to ask such searching questions of what had happened, of his father and Mr. Heinser; but I was extremely glad when we reached the house, and I could escape from his cross-examination.

I know not if our quick walk up the hilly avenue tired him, but he stopped for a moment to recover himself, before we went into Mrs. More’s sitting-room, and he changed colour as we advanced to where she lay.

Cathal was with her, and, to my surprise, he came forward and spoke kindly, though rather constrainedly, to Rupert. His mother had pointed out to him the injustice of showing anger to their visitor. She told me afterwards that she had particularly asked him to be kind, for she knew how sensitive Rupert’s nature was, and she

remembered that her former acquaintanceship with him was bound by ties which might not be lightly broken to gratify a sensation of anger.

I said, that I hoped Rupert would be my guest for a few days. Mrs. More looked pleased; and Cathal, relieved by this arrangement from having to offer hospitality to Mr. Schelling's son, expressed a wish, however, that we would stay for dinner; and, with some trivial excuse, he left the room directly afterwards.

"Now, dear Mrs. More," said Rupert, "give me a history of all that has happened here since I saw you; I have heard literally nothing."

"First let me know why you never wrote to tell us how you were," she replied.

He was silent for a moment, and then he said,

"It was needful that I should learn to stand by myself, therefore I exiled myself from all home influences, that could warp me either for good or evil."

"A dangerous experiment," answered Mrs. More; "I think a man who does not know, and yet will not be advised, is like a child who slips his leading-strings; he will probably fall into the next pond, thinking the landscape reflected on it is real."

"The influence I mean, is that of a blind

affection, which plunges us into the pond, even though we know the water cannot sustain us. I was weak—easily led; I needed to learn the necessity of solitariness, and I would not write, even to you, lest anything but a personal love of right should guide me.”

“And you were right,” Mrs. More said; “but now?”

“Now, perhaps, admiration may be safe, for it is the consequence of a deeper knowledge of good. I speak as I think, and without false humility to you, for both pride and humility would be out of place here; I have learned much, and grafted on my practice somewhat of what I now know. The English Catholic faith is now my faith, not because it is yours, but because it is true.”

“I will ask no more,” Mrs. More answered. “The means by which such results are attained, should be almost a mystery to man’s own self, and always to others, should there be a veil over the workshop; but tell me what you have been doing, and what your plans are?”

“I left Madeira in the spring, and I have been travelling in the East; but when the season advanced, I came farther north, and now I am arrived from a cruise in the Baltic. I have led

such an idle wandering life, that I scarcely feel fit for English regularity ; however, I am going to spend a month with my father in London, before I return south. My doctors tell me, I must give up this winter to complete my cure."

During the rest of the evening, he amused us with descriptions of his travels ; he was more even and cheerful in his manner, and in what he said there was more strength and decision, than formerly. Then, he had been an enthusiast without an object for his enthusiasm, and it had lost itself in quicksands and marshes. Now it had gathered into one strong current, which passed on irresistibly to its ever-sought-for end.

The two prevailing traits in his character, were gratitude and affection ; and as he had himself acknowledged, one of his chief obstacles in discovering truth, was the bias his mind involuntarily received from his friendships. But though dangerous when unchecked, yet I think this kind of temper more hopeful, than that barren and sandy flat, a merely reasonable mind.

I must not, however, belie the cause for which I have so often combated with Mrs. More ; and to stop many reflections, which would fain make their mouth-piece of my pen, but which would weary the reader, I will end this chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not difficult to persuade Rupert to be my guest for a few more days, and during them Mrs. More was remarkably well, and equal to many discussions and conversations which reminded me of former times. Mr. Hyde and Rupert met with mutual satisfaction, and as he made no secret of his adoption of Christianity, the Rector felt it not only right, but pleasant to advise and direct him in all things touching our church.

I had told Mr. Hyde of Cathal's conduct towards Mr. Schelling at the assizes. It gave him the sincerest pleasure, and afterwards he did not so completely avoid intercourse with him as before. The barrier had, it is true, been newly raised between them on Cathal's side, but Mr. Hyde did not know of this, and his visits to Mrs. More became again as frequent as in old times. Their conversation was well worth recording, and I am sorry that I do not remember

more of it, as not often do such well-thinkers meet together.

One morning as we sat all together, except Cathal, who was busied in his farm, Mrs. More asked Rupert if his father knew that he had become a member of the Church of England.

"I have long doubted," he replied, "whether I should or not announce it to him. I am sure that my doing so would give him much pain, and I had some thoughts of leaving things as they were for the present, and not openly joining the Catholic church. Still I am undecided what to do, for I know that there is much to be urged on the side of a public avowal."

"Much indeed," Mrs. More said; "nor are there many cases in which concealment is the better course."

"And yet in this," he answered, "a father's pleasure lies heavy in one side of the balance, and your church does not esteem an open partnership in the visible, exterior fabric, absolutely necessary. Spiritual, it does not depend on numerical strength."

"Perhaps, not absolutely depend," Mr. Hyde replied, gravely. "But the visible is ever the development of the unseen strength. Exterior power is the earthly body of the church, into

which the hidden life was breathed at its creation as into a living soul. That truly governs, it is immortal, and it is the superior part ; but yet it depends on the existence of its apparent form as far as earth is concerned. Those who do not build up, and establish the church's visible strength, seem to me as ignorantly careless of her well-being, as the man who would suffer his mother to perish of atrophy, because she has an immortal soul."

After a pause, Rupert said slowly, "Then you think that I should become an open member of our church?"

"Undoubtedly," the Rector answered, "or you could hardly be a true one."

By the same day's post, Rupert wrote to his father, announcing, in as kind and respectful language as he could find, his change of faith. He did not much dread the effects of doing so, for he thought that his father's love for him would outweigh any anger he might feel, and it had been affection for, and not fear of, him which had delayed his open confession of faith. I, indeed, was uneasy on Cathal More's account, for I fancied Mr. Schelling's temporary forbearance had been purchased by his conduct at the trial, and would be withdrawn when he knew of Rupert's change. However, he himself seemed

relieved, because all possible misapprehension of his motives would now be removed.

In preparation for the following Sunday Mr. Hyde closely examined Rupert's belief, and his acquaintance with the tenets of the church which he was about to adopt; for on that day he was to attend our services publicly, and receive our Eucharist from the Rector.

On the previous Friday we were discussing, or, rather, Mr. Hyde was explaining his view of church development, a topic much debated of late, and on which, Rupert said, he had heard many opinions when he was abroad.

"In the Being of the church," the Rector said, "I conceive there are two parts; one, contributed by its great Founder; the other, the shrine for the Divine gift, which has been the work of men. Now, that spirit being of the church given to us by our Lord, and spoken of with such honour as his bride, must necessarily be perfect, unchanging, and ever-abiding as such."

"That is just the point at issue," said Rupert. "Why unchanging?"

"Because, I think by the nature of Perfection, it is impossible that what is perfect should in any way develop or change. In fact, development is confined to a state of mixed good and evil;

for it implies degrees, and there are no degrees in either, if they be completely bad or entirely excellent."

"And granting the superior part of the fabric of our belief, remain undeveloped, what then?"

"That part comprehends the doctrines and the revelation committed to us," said Mr. Hyde.

"It occurs to me," I said, "that your favourite notion of all truth being relative to men's perceptions, hangs badly with what you now say. Though the grounds of faith develop not, may not our relations to them, and where then are we to cast anchor?"

"Recollect, that to establish these grounds, we have revealed truth, which is supernaturally adapted to our perception, and consequently objective or positive even to us; but we were speaking of the fabric of the church. The part which men have contributed, which I think includes ceremonies, discipline, and government, partakes, with all our other operations, of the development which must necessarily control all we do.

"Why 'necessarily?'" Rupert inquired.

"Because," the Rector replied, "when man received the power of choosing between good and evil, he commenced a series of right and wrong receptions of the facts about him, and so

were, and are, developed new thoughts and new actions."

"And you think this tendency pervades the human structure of the Church?" asked I.

"I do," he said; "and so, I think, that all external parts of worship, ceremonies, ornaments, and the like, should continually advance, in the order best adapted to the honour of the sacred truths they enclose."

"It seems to me melancholy, that this external progress should have been so slow; of late, I fear, there has been a backsliding, rather than an improvement correspondent to our increased civilization."

"That remark reminds me," said Rupert, "of a singular fact I heard lately from a geologist, that each fossil race has been found to have degenerated from its first formation."

"I thought," said Mrs. More, "that there had been a continuous advance."

"Each succeeding race-creation," he said, "surpassed the last, but still each degenerated in itself; the first specimens surpass the later ones."

"I have heard that before," said Mr. Hyde, thoughtfully; "and I have fancied that I could trace out a future state for us, by this law of the past—a recreation of our fallen being."

A hasty ring of the hall-door bell interrupted him, and before it had done sounding, Mr. Schelling stood before us.

I should hardly have recognised him: his calmness of manner was gone, his voice was thick and husky, his eyes were bloodshot, and his dress disordered by hasty travelling. He said not a word to any of us, but he walked straight to where his son sat by the window. Rupert had sprung up to meet him when he entered; but he had not time to advance, before his father, holding out a paper to him, asked him, sternly, what he meant by what he had written.

It was the letter that his son had sent four days before, announcing his adoption of our faith.

“I am sorry ——” he began.

“Retract it instantly,” interrupted Mr. Schelling. “I see what means have been used to kidnap you,” he went on, looking round at us; “but before their faces you shall retract.” He spoke between his teeth, and his words grated through them with a malignity of tone, I never heard equalled.

“My father,” said Rupert, who seemed to gather courage when his father spoke so roughly

to him ; “ask what else you will, and I will obey, but not in this matter ; I cannot retract.”

“At peril of a father’s curse, at peril of beggary, at peril of ruining these people whom you call your friends, will you refuse ?” asked Mr. Schelling, still maintaining a forced quiet of manner, though he grew livid with the effort.

“So help me God, I must !” said Rupert, firmly.

“So help you God !” repeated his father, sneeringly, “for you will need his help ; but now, hear me, Rupert Schelling, and may the echo of my words never cease in your ears !

“I curse the hour you were born, your life and death, your name, and your religion ! I cast you off for ever, except to injure you and those you love ; and as these friends of yours here are dear to you, they shall be the first to suffer.”

He threw his son’s letter on the ground, and grinding it with his heel, he turned and left the room as abruptly as he had arrived.

“Rupert, dear Rupert, all will be well ; you have done well,” said Mrs. More, to the unfortunate young man, who had sunk on the sofa. I went towards him, and lifted one of his cold damp hands : it was dropping with blood, and already a little pool had formed on the

cushion under his head. He had broken one of the larger blood-vessels, and the red life-stream was welling from his mouth.

Mr Hyde assisted me in all that could be tried, to stop, or at least check, the hæmorrhage; and at last its violence ceased, from the exhaustion of its source. We carried him carefully to Cathal's study, where, by Mrs. More's directions, a bed had been prepared for him; but for half an hour after his removal, life was scarcely perceptible, and the glass which from time to time I held over his lips, was not dimmed by breath.

I had almost given up all hope, when gradually, like a dawn, a slight tinge of colour gathered over his livid countenance, and his hand feebly returned the pressure of mine, in which I held it.

Mr. Hyde, at a look from me, went to tell Mrs. More of the change: he found Cathal with his mother, much shocked at the painful scene which had occurred during his absence.

"I met Mr. Schelling's carriage in the avenue," he said, "but he did not see me. I never saw any one's countenance so marred by passion as his appeared to be. He stopped at Mr. Heinser's lodgings, and took him on with him."

"Is Mr. Heinser then set free?" asked Mr. Hyde. It was the first occasion on which he and Cathal had met and spoken unrestrainedly to each other, and I hoped a reconciliation might be effected; but Cathal's voice sounded coldly, as he answered the Rector's question, for it reminded him of Agnes.

"Mr. Heinser has been at home these three days, but he has now gone with his patron." He left the ante-room shortly after, and Mr. Hyde came back to know how my patient was.

I have seldom seen more perfect boyish beauty than Rupert's, as he lay in death-like stillness, his fair, glossy hair falling in clustering curls from his high forehead, on which the blue veins showed in a net-work. His lips were slightly parted by a grateful smile, the last expression on them when he had fainted; at last, he opened his eyes, looking as if he desired to speak. I shook my head, but he persisted, and beckoning Mr. Hyde, he whispered some words in his ear.

"He desires to be received into our Communion," said the Rector, taking me aside. "What do you recommend?"

"I will speak candidly," I replied. "His recovery is very doubtful; I cannot answer even

for a day. Still the exertion may bring back the hæmorrhage."

"Am I to understand, then, that there is danger in both courses?"

"Most, in acceding to his wishes; however, I will not deny them; for he will, I fear, sink in any case, and the emotion my refusal might cause, would possibly be equally fatal."

"Poor fellow," said the Rector, tenderly. "I little thought his death would be so close upon his adoption into our church. I will go down to the Rectory, and prepare what is necessary, for from what you tell me, there must be no delay; when I return, if he is well enough, we will celebrate his first and last communion."

Within an hour, we were assembled in the dying man's room. Mrs. More was with us, for she had been carried in; as Rupert had expressed a whispered wish that she might be there. He seemed sensible of his state, for he said to her, in a low voice, as she was laid near to his bed-side,

"Let me look last on you, who first taught me to look above," and he took her hand in his, and held it to the last.

I feared the painful scene might have been too much for her, but she had lived so long in

daily intercourse with death, that it had lost its terrors, or at most, she only regarded it, as a surly jailor, whose keys sometimes grate in their locks, but who opens the door that leads to green pastures and still waters.

It was a bright autumn afternoon without, but by the time Mr. Hyde had returned, the sun had much fallen, and there was but a sombre light in the darkened room, which seemed, I thought, to suit the scene. The doors and windows were shut, and the perfect stillness was only broken by the low voice of Mr. Hyde, as he administered the sacred elements.

I watched with anxiety how Rupert would bear the slight exertion necessary, and I feared much from his nervous temperament; but I was wrong: he remained calm, and his voice, though almost inaudible from weakness, when he joined in the office, was yet firm and composed. Seeing how well he bore up, I began to hope much, and to trust that his youth might still win through the danger.

Mr. Hyde had concluded, and he had just pronounced the final blessing, when a ray of light shot through the half-closed curtains, from the sun, which was setting on the horizon, and had found a passage through the thick trees

which shaded the room. The sick man started, and the light seemed to touch some vibrating chord within him, for he hastily and anxiously begged to have the curtain drawn quite aside, and the window-sash thrown up. He acted from one of those strange impulses, unaccountable and mysterious, which I have sometimes noted in dying men, and which seem to come to them from another state,—the beckoning of a hand to them from the other shore.

I went to the window, and opened it. The sunlight gushed in, and with it the evening song of the birds, and a medley and chorus of sweet sounds from every voice of nature. When I turned, Rupert was sitting up, and gazing eagerly out. I never shall forget that look ; his whole soul was in it, and he stretched out his arms like a lover, towards the beauty of nature which had poured in to greet him ; but before I could reach the bedside, he had fallen back, for the violence of his effort to rise, had again overcome him, and again the life-stream welled slowly from his mouth.

His strength could not bear this renewed drain ; he again fainted ; and death crept on, and almost imperceptibly replaced insensibility ; and only by the stiffening limbs, and the increased repose,

and the calm, grave beauty which is restored to the human form when passion has left it, knew we that his spirit had passed away.

Mr. Hyde and I carried Mrs. More silently back to her room, and we made no comment on what had happened, but I thought much on the strange mystery of life and death, until I became confused, and at last scarce knew what was life and what was death ; for Rupert's death was life, and his father's life was death. And in this matter, as in most others, all seemed confusion ; and I repeated to myself the Preacher's conclusion on the same subject, while I went to my own home, or what I called my home, and half envied Rupert, for I knew his was a happy one, and it is sad to be left behind by those we love.

A small stone cross in our churchyard marks the spot where he was buried. It was his own wish that it should be so, almost the last word that he had strength enough to utter to Mrs. More ; and to her also, he committed his final message to his father. "Tell him," he said, "only to think of me as he knew me formerly ; and to believe that my chief regret in dying, was caused his anger and absence. Implore his pardon for me, and if he will accept it, give him the assurance of my dear affection to the last."

So Rupert Schelling left us—I will not trust my pen to praise him.

* * * * *

I was busy at my dispensary not many days after, when Cathal, entering hastily, asked for some private talk with me; and when we were in the inner room, he told me that a singular discovery had been made to him, by a woman professing to be a friend and confidante of Justine Morellet, Agnes Hyde's former maid. Immediately after Mr. Heinser's trial, in which she had been so strangely implicated, the Rector had dismissed her from his service; she resolved to return to her own country, but, before she went, she determined to undo, as far as she could, a certain mischief in which she had abetted Mr. Heinser. For this purpose, her friend wrote, she had left behind her, some papers, to be given to Mr. More, when she should have left Ireland. These documents Cathal now brought to me. No wonder that he was pale, and could, for agitation, scarcely explain the contents of the packet which he held in his hand; for in it was a correspondence between Mr. Heinser and this Justine Morellet while she had been staying with her mistress at Wyndham Manor, disclosing the machinery by which

the letters which Cathal had received through the seeming peasant, had been forged. Mr. Heinser, by a bribe, had engaged Justine to send him any chance scrap of Agnes' writing of which she could possess herself. He had, by the same means, obtained a sheet of the initialed paper Agnes generally used, on which he had forged the letter which had so mislead us, and on which, Cathal had built with such certainty. The rest of their plot was easily carried out; Justine had posted the inclosure from Wyndham Manor, from whence it had come, as I have told.

"Agnes is cleared," said I; "it was a sin ever to have doubted her."

"How could I have been so weak?" said Cathal in a low voice, half to himself, as he gazed at the papers. "What can be the motive for this?" he continued, abruptly.

"To detach you still more from the Hydes, evidently," I answered.

"But she will never forgive that letter; fool that I was, not to trust her, rather than my own senses."

"You will allow me *now* to offer you some advice? The necessity for my silence is over now, is it not?" I asked.

He nodded in assent, and I went on:

"Let the Rector know the whole of this matter; trust me, you have no better friend than he is."

He looked irresolute and proud for a second; but I added:

"Surely you have suffered enough from your reserve."

"You are right," he exclaimed; "will you come with me at once to Mr. Hyde, and be my sponsor?"

I gladly assented, and we found the Rector in his study. He looked surprised to see Cathal; but, after the first greeting, the cordiality of old times seemed by a kind of inspiration to return to their intercourse; and I left them, and paced up and down the little walk in front of the Rectory, in expectation of some much hoped-for, but still perfectly undefined result.

Presently they came out arm in arm. Mr. Hyde's countenance was radiant with thorough kindness; but Cathal was grave and pre-occupied. It was the gravity of anxiety, however, — a very different expression from that caused by remorse.

After some constrained remarks, he left us, candidly enough owning that he wished to be

alone ; and, when he was gone, Mr. Hyde turned to me, and, smiling, said :

“ You have been terribly to blame, my old friend ; for I hear you knew of this strange forgery all the summer, and yet you would not tell me of it.”

I explained to him the circumstances ; but he replied :

“ It was hardly fair by Agnes. Cathal tells me that he wrote a letter to her, under the impression that she and Mr. Heinser were engaged to each other.”

“ I was just going to ask you,” I said, “ if you had heard from your daughter on the subject ? ”

“ Never ; and I am sure she never supposed that Cathal had any other grounds for writing, but my perseverance in disapproving of his conduct. She must have thought that he was angry with her, for her undeviating obedience to me.”

“ Have you heard of her lately ? ” I asked.

“ Letters come very irregularly from the Wyndhams. Catherine said in her last, that they were all suffering from over-exertion in some expedition in Sicily, and that Agnes was knocked up.”

“ I am glad Cathal is undeceived,” I said.

“ He deserves to be,” the Rector answered ;

“and I have just told him, that now, I felt I should be wrong, in withholding any longer my consent to his marriage with my daughter I have watched his conduct very closely, and I think I may, in future, reckon on his firmness in right. He acted nobly at the last assizes ; and I am hardly sorry for all this misunderstanding about Agnes. His trial was so severe, that having stood it well, I think now he is annealed.”

“But do you know,” I asked, “how entangled his affairs are, and of Mr. Schelling’s enmity?”

“Mrs. More has told me of that,” he answered ; “of course, I must have regard to Agnes’ future prospects, as far as her necessary wants are concerned ; but I need scarcely say, Doctor, that Cathal’s wealth or poverty will weigh little in my mind.”

I always thought our Rector too indifferent about money matters ; at least, however becoming in his profession, it would not have suited the general conduct of a man’s affairs to have been as little careful as he was ; and I could not refrain from a smile, as I replied,

“I hope Cathal will look after your daughter’s settlements, or she will be badly off under your supervision. But when will she return?”

"Why," he said, "I am not at all pleased at the last account of her; Catherine's letter showed an anxiety about her, which I do not like; so I am thinking of going to fetch her myself."

"Going to Sicily!" I exclaimed, for the Rector's leaving us was a great novelty.

"Only to Marseilles," he replied; "Lionel is to bring his yacht there in the course of this month. I will meet them, and for a holiday, return by the Rhone and Rhine. It will be like old times, and I know a college friend who will be glad to spend some of the long vacation here, in my place."

"And Mrs. More?" I said, half to myself.

"She is not in immediate danger?" he asked anxiously. "If I thought so, I would certainly contrive some other way for Agnes to return."

"I trust not," I said, "but she is gradually failing."

"Not in mind," said Mr. Hyde. "I never saw her better—her views of truth are clearer, and every day she seems to develop, and new beauties to be evolved in her character."

"It is often so," I replied, "with characters like hers, whose excellence does not consist in mere imitation, or conventionality of goodness.

Each wave of life but farther clears away all sand and rubbish, bringing to view the granite of the foundation. Time and usage but add beauty to the handsomer kind of solid woods, bringing out every line in their veining ; but it deals harshly with mere varnish, and veneered shallowness."

" I shall start next week," said Mr. Hyde, " and return quickly ; for home is the best place for Agnes now. I will not tell her of Mr. Heinser's strange forgeries, but leave all such explanations to Cathal."

I agreed with him that such was the wiser course, and we parted for that day.

CHAPTER XIII.

CATHAL MORE, to my surprise, seemed rather to dread Agnes Hyde's arrival, than to look forward to it with pleasure ; and, as the time approached for the Rector's return, his manner grew more and more constrained when speaking of her, and he fell often into gloomy reveries, for which I could not account at such a time.

I asked Mrs. More why this was.

"He feels," she replied, "that he has now no home to offer her ; in fact, that he is farther removed from her, if possible, than when her father's disapproval barred their union : besides, he is troubled by the recollection of his letter to her."

"He has, then, told you all," I said.

"All ;—and Mr. Hyde, too, before he went, spoke to me much of his daughter. It is sad for my son, now at the moment it is offered him, to have his hope-cup again dashed from his lips, but so I fear it must be, for our ruin seems inevitable ; and Cathal is too unselfish to involve Agnes with himself."

"Miss Hyde has some fortune," I said.

"About two thousand pounds in the funds; but how could that support them?"

"Not in this country," I said, half to myself, but I was directly sorry for my words, for Mrs. More's countenance contracted, as if with a sudden pain, and she replied :

"That thought is not new to me, and it ought not to be so disagreeable ; but, Doctor, I can fancy no greater sorrow than to leave our country, and these mountains, and the old trees for ever. And yet," she went on, leaning back on her cushions, from which she had slightly raised herself, "I must not be impatient. It is not for myself I speak, for death will perhaps relieve me from the pain of quitting my old home ; but my son will suffer much."

"But why look so much on the dark side of his prospects?" I asked.

She was silent for a moment, and when she replied, it was in a calm low voice.

"It needs but a moment of thought, and an inner sunlight will chase away such shadows, and we shall know,

"That every cloud that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is Love."

I wish Cathal could believe this. A dread of

the effects of misfortune on him, makes me sometimes uneasy ; it is my darkest shadow : he sets himself earnestly and firmly to bear it, but I fear in the very stubbornness of his resistance, he will be the more scarred and seared."

"You have heard nothing from Mr. Schelling?" I inquired.

"Through his solicitor he has applied for the interest due on his mortgage, which amounts to eight hundred pounds, and besides, he has given legal notice of a foreclosure. I need scarcely tell you, Cathal cannot raise money sufficient to pay off this debt. He hopes, by selling the remainder of his stock, that he can, with the help of his rents, pay the interest accruing and the poor-rate this autumn. How it will be next spring, we cannot foresee. I suppose the estate will be put into Chancery."

"What a change !" I said sorrowfully ; and yet it was but the beginning.

An auction of stock and farming implements was held at Cappagh a few days after my conversation with Mrs. More. The prices, owing to the depression of the times, were quite absurdly low, and everything, even the dairy cows, had to be sold, to make a sum sufficient for Mr. Schelling's payment. Such a sale was, of course, a

preliminary of ruin, as it destroyed any chance, a small one at the best, of Cathal's success in farming; but the sacrifice was inevitable, and unflinchingly he made it. He never wavered now in duty, for the past had taught him an unforgettable lesson; and if such could be, he almost too strictly forced himself to follow, undeviatingly, an upright course. I mean, that now, he refused to listen to the promptings of his own wishes; often needlessly thwarting them, like a man, who checks a runaway horse with so severe a bit, that even its right action is impeded, and it is daunted and dispirited by the pain of its tight curb.

I was walking with him one afternoon, when Mr. Hyde's carriage, conveying the Rector and his daughter home, overtook us. With a quickly changing colour, Cathal raised his hat to Agnes, who leant far back in the phaeton, so far, that I could not at first see her face, which was, besides, closely veiled. Mr. Hyde stopped the carriage, and jumping out, he shook us warmly by the hand, and addressed Cathal with especial affection, while I stepped forward to welcome Agnes. She replied to what I said, in a quick, low voice, quite different from her former manner, which had been grave and collected, almost to a fault;

she seemed pale and thin too, and her hand trembled as she shook mine. Cathal stood aloof from her, for she had replied to his constrained bow, by an equally distant one. Perhaps I was to blame for standing in the way; but, however that was, their avoidance of each other was plain, even to Mr. Hyde, who was usually blind to the nicer shades of feeling; so he drove on, and left us to finish our walk. It was a silent one, for Cathal was so grave, that I did not like to interrupt his thoughts by conversation. Miss Hyde's return only seemed to add to his annoyances. Her presence appeared to increase the moral distance between them, and her father's present consent, only made his position the more galling, for he himself, it was now, that was obliged to put away his own happiness; for he could not now, a beggar, accept her hand.

It needs much self-denial for a proud man to receive benefits in his poverty; and the more they are longed for, and the dearer the friends who offer them, the harder is the struggle. Cathal's pride had thriven on misfortune, and it shut out now by its thick shade even the bright guiding light to which he had before looked, for he would not receive in his then circumstances the wedded love of Agnes.

The most difficult to eradicate of the evils in our nature, are those most nearly allied to good. In Cathal More, pride was mixed with independence, and had intertwined itself with the firmness and spirit of self-sacrifice which had of late distinguished all his actions, until it became hard to define, which was the parasite, and which, the “tree good for fruit.”

I did not wonder, for to a proud, poor, man the indulgence of his failing is a kind of opiate—a soothing luxury, when others are unattainable. It is to the high-tempered, sensitive man of the world, what religion is, to a believer in it—I speak of their present effects ; for they equally place him above the shocks of fortune, and are ever with him—an invisible support. A proud man has faith in himself, a religious man trusts in the Highest Power ; in their futures there will be as much difference, as in the sources of their confidence ; but at first there is a kind of equality in their feelings, just as an opium-smoker has, during his short-lived visions, as much happiness as the real possessor of his fancied good. But, be these things as they may, Cathal avoided meeting Agnes, even in the every-day intercourse of their families, and he entered into no explanation with her of the past, almost appearing as if he wished to break off

his acquaintance with her, though in truth he thought it nearly the sole happiness which remained to him on earth. I have said that he had devoted himself to right-doing with the whole energy of his nature, but it was the inactive right of, when two paths of action lay before him, unflinchingly choosing the right one, however rough to follow. He looked on the world with gloomy eyes, resolved, even in the "Valley of Humiliation," to walk straight; combating the fierce Apollyons that infest it, and steadily enduring—patiently receiving, external evils.

Pride elbowed duty in all this, and, under the mask of its better companion, whispered to him that he must not marry Agnes Hyde; for what had *he* to do with happiness and ease? Self-sacrifice,—self-renunciation, must, in justice, be his lot. So the winter months passed on, and when he and Agnes met, the veil of mere acquaintanceship was between them. The Rector said no more, for Agnes had entreated his silence, when one day he spoke to her of the past; but yet, he was as kind to Cathal as in old times—for Mr. Hyde judged more by acts; than by small odds and ends of manner and conversation; and, satisfied that Cathal's return to right was

sincere, he trusted that time would well explain his conduct to his daughter.

And Agnes herself—though Cathal had not explained his conduct to her, yet his mother did not conceal from her, the cause of his letter. She told her of his earnest devotion to her, and of his adherence to right, even when, in consequence, suffering and great loss were his prospects. With a downcast face Agnes listened, but as Mrs. More described his conduct at Mr. Heinser's trial, his uprightness and his endurance, the colour returned to her cheek, and crimsoned her ear, almost hidden as it was, by the fair hair which clustered over it. She did not speak, but her eyes were filled with tears, the overflow of her heart's gratitude, when Cathal's mother ceased to speak. Even a complaining word never escaped her, of his past doubts of her, and yet she had suffered much from that letter of his, as her pale face showed, when she returned from travelling.

I know not how it is, that I have said so little of Agnes Hyde while writing these remembrances, and yet I have thought of her more than of any of my other friends. In truth, there were no very salient points in her character, and no very singular actions in her life—no romantic situa-

tions, or exalted heroism. Her virtues resembled the noiseless dew, which unseen falls, and yet works more equal good, and better refreshes the parched earth, than the noisy, vehement rain-shower, which, after all its show, rather washes away the good soil, than it softens or fertilizes it.

Agnes was not a heroine to fill the pages of a book, but she occupied the hearts, of all within her influence.

Mr. Heinser did not return to Cappagh; he had, perhaps, heard that his trickery in the matter of the forged letters had been found out, and he very justly feared exposure; besides, his occupation was gone, since Mr. Smith O'Brien's outbreak in the south had been quieted. The country people had mostly returned to their former pursuits and habits, those, at least, who yet remained in their farms. Many had emigrated, many had gone to the workhouse, and the few that still held on, were not, Mr. Heinser well knew, in a state to appreciate a rationalistic controversy,—the most exciting food he had to offer them, now that young Irelandism was dead; and money he had already found to be powerless against Irish Christianity. The Unitarian chapel was shut up, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Hyde, and the few members of his congregation who had

been tempted into it, returned penitently to the services of our church.

The false doctrine which had grown apace under the poison-tree of Liberty, seemed to be almost blighted ; but, in any case, Ireland is a bad soil for heresy, for the people are too suffering, too comfortless, to put up with anything but Catholicity. Unlike our neighbours, at either hand, in America and in England, who, in their prosperity, are often content with creeds of their own bad workmanship, that stand tolerably well so long as they are in sunshine, the Irish are not content with less than a church which, whatever may be its errors, is yet founded upon the rock, and able to support, even when, as of late years, a desolating flood of misery, threatens to overwhelm her members.

As the spring months wore on, the time drew near for the foreclosure of Mr. Schelling's mortgage, for the necessary notice for the repayment of his loan was to expire in May. Cathal made many harassing journeys to consult with his solicitor in Dublin, but after each, he seemed to be more dejected than before. He was anxious to remain at Cappagh, even at the expense of a Chancery suit, for, at least, such time as his mother lived, and he had raised some

legal questions about the priority of her jointure to Mr. Schelling's claim, pending the decision of which, he hoped to be allowed to rent the Park under the Court of Chancery. It was not without a struggle, that he formed even this plan, for he himself wished to leave the scene of his former prosperity ; but then his mother,—anything, everything, he would sacrifice, consistently with right, for her, and to save her from the pain of leaving her home in her feeble old age ; so feeble, that it was a surprise to me, how she bore up through the long gloomy winter.—'There was a sunshine within.

When a receiver was placed over his estate, Cathal sent to him his proposal to rent the demesne, and he was beginning to hope that with strict economy he might yet maintain his mother as before, during the coming year, when an unexpected reverse came upon him. A poor-rate was struck of five shillings in the pound, in the month of June, and all that could be got from his estate barely realized its amount, leaving Mr. Schelling's interest necessarily unpaid.

Cathal did not hope for much consideration, but he hardly expected such instant measures, as were taken against him ; for within a fortnight, he received a civil letter from the under-sheriff

of the county, informing him that a writ of execution against his personal property at Cappagh, had been placed in his hands for service, and saying, that as, of course, this unpleasant proceeding had been instituted through some inadvertence, he had written to inform Mr. More, as doubtless he could easily arrange the affair.

I was by, when the note arrived. Cathal sat down, and without hesitation wrote in reply, that the writ was, he supposed, perfectly correct, and if so, that he intended to offer no opposition, but he begged that as long a delay as was consistent with the sheriff's duty might be allowed, to enable him to complete the necessary preparations. When he had done, he walked irresolutely towards his mother's sofa : her quiet smiled re-assured him, and without speaking, he put into her hand the letter he had received, and its answer, and then, turning towards the window, he gazed intently out, as if he half dreaded to look back.

Her countenance, as she read, altered for a moment, and her mouth quivered, but she nerved herself for her son's sake ; and calling him to her, she spoke to him cheerfully and encouragingly of what was to be done. Every word of

resignation from her lips, however, seemed only to increase his suffering, until it became uncontrollable, and he abruptly left the room, passing Agnes in the doorway, with even a more distant bow than usual.

Mrs. More at once explained to her what had happened. She said little of consolation : how could she ? for pecuniary difficulties, though perhaps the hardest to bear, admit least of openly-expressed sympathy ; and she took leave of Mrs. More almost immediately, leaving her friend in some surprise at her preoccupied manner. In less than half an hour afterwards, however, she re-appeared, accompanied by her father, who advanced with even greater cordiality of manner than usual, and earnestly shook Mrs. More's hand.

There are hidden fastenings to our feelings, and the touch of a hand, the kindly glance of an eye, will sometimes push back the bolts which can withstand heavy blows of sorrow and trial—those sledge hammers wielded in constantly alternating blows, by the world's iron arm. Mrs. More turned her face aside, and resting it in her hand, I presently saw her tears dripping through her long thin fingers.

After a pause, Mr. Hyde said,

“ Agnes and I indulge a hope, and your son

approves of it, that you will make our home yours. Do not disappoint us, for we earnestly wish for your coming."

"My friend," answered Mrs. More, looking stedfastly at him, "I am heartily grateful for your kindness; I will not speak to you empty words of compliment and thanks, and I willingly accept your offer, for I know it is sincerely made. But consider what I am, a bed-ridden old woman, whose very removal to your house may increase her troublesomeness. Can it be possible that, knowing my state, you are still good enough to receive me?—But I see you are, and thankfully I receive your offer of shelter for my old age."

The following day, we contrived a sort of litter, on which she was safely carried from her home to the Rectory, where Agnes had had a room on the ground-floor prepared with every comfort she could command, and much more luxury than Mrs. More had ever allowed herself. Her health was not apparently injured by her removal; but notwithstanding her self-control and patience, the loss of her home, and her separation from the objects of her thirty years' care and exertion, shook her spirit to its foundation. It bore the shock, and rebounded in fresh beauty; but

her bodily strength gave way, and sank gradually from the day when she left Cappagh.

Cathal remained still behind, for he had much business to wind up, and many arrangements to make, for the sale of his furniture and personal property. Mr. Hyde begged that he would, with his mother, make the Rectory his home ; but he excused himself from staying there, on the plea of business, though he daily visited his mother. With perfect conscientiousness, he spared no effort to enhance the value of his property, though he was personally unconcerned in the result of its sale ; and he scrupulously informed the sheriff's officer of every item, not even excepting the six setter spaniels, which were of a breed long kept up by his forefathers, and perhaps the best specimens extant of their race. Had they been valueless, he might have been spared their sacrifice ; as it was, they must be sold, in honesty to Mr. Schelling.

The day of sale came at last, and I walked up to attend it ; for Cathal asked me to be there, that I might watch to whom his family pictures would fall, and the fate of some other heirlooms on which he set much value ; amongst them a small cabinet of Irish curiosities, found in a rath in the Park, and which tradition said had

belonged to one of his ancestors. I never felt my poverty so galling as on that day. Everything fetched, as is usual on such occasions, less than half its intrinsic value. Most of the library, which had been compiled by his grandfather, and in which were many valuable editions of works now out of print, was sold at the rate of a shilling a volume, though the more modern and gaudily bound books found a somewhat better market. The old coins and Irish ornaments fetched the market price of broken gold, by the ounce. The two elks' heads in the hall found no purchaser willing to give more than half-a-crown a-piece for them; nor did the family pictures seem more attractive. A portrait of Sir Redmond More, who was knighted by Charles the Second for his services in his father's cause, was bought for thirty shillings, though it was an undoubted original by Sir Peter Lely; Colonel Turlogh More, who sat in the parliament convened by James the Second in Dublin, met the same fate. When the picture of Cathal's father, an admirable likeness, was set up, I could not resist bidding for it, for Mrs. More's sake; but to my surprise I was constantly outbid, even when I had named a price far exceeding its market value; and I was unwillingly forced

to give my object up, and to see it too, knocked down to the same person who had bought the remainder. I inquired his name, and I was told that he was a Mr. Thomas Johnson, who had arrived in the village the night before. Whoever he might be, he was the purchaser of all the family memorials and antiquities. I tried to buy in one or two little trifles, to which old remembrances were attached; but this man obstinately prevented my doing so, always outbidding what I could afford.

The auction ended about sunset; and, dispirited and heartsick, I sought Cathal, that I might report to him how his property had been disposed of. He was pacing up and down a retired walk, restlessly; and when he saw me, he hurriedly came to meet me, and listened with the regretful interest to my account of what had passed. When I told him of the English stranger, he said at once:

“Of course he is an agent of Mr. Schelling, who was sent to inflict this last annoyance; but I must not trust myself——” he stopped, and turned away, but continued in an instant: “And my father’s picture, too?”

“He bid very high for that,” I said; “and yet as a painting it was not valuable.”

“Valuable to his hate,” he answered. “Do you not remember his letter?”

“You must not return to live at the House,” I said; “indeed, you cannot, for there is not even a bed left.”

“To the last I will stay there,” he replied; “by degrees I must tear myself away—but only by degrees.”

I could not press him, as I had intended, to come to my house, he spoke so earnestly. After a pause, he added:

“I will make no apologies, doctor, but I must be alone to-night,” and before I could answer he had disappeared down a forest path which led through a thicket of hollies. On the following day the furniture was removed by the purchasers, but I sent up a bed and one or two little comforts for Cathal’s use. His servants had all been dismissed, except one old woman, a dairy-maid who had been in his father’s service, and afterwards in Mrs. More’s, for nearly fifty years, and now refused to desert the “young master,” whether she received wages or not. She exerted herself to clear off the straw and rubbish which was strewed everywhere since the auction, and with the shifts of a feminine Caleb Balderstone, she contrived to make one of the rooms less

dreary than the rest. There her master sat, and for the first week or two he seldom went out, except for his daily visit to his mother, for it was too great a trial to him to see his lost home decking herself in her spring beauty for a stranger; so he sat for hours alone, the Venetian blinds of his study drawn down, adding the melancholy of their dark green shade to his own sorrowful thoughts. I tried to rouse him from his hopelessness, but nothing I could say affected his fixed, stern determination to suffer. He seemed almost to brave sorrow, and to delight in stemming its tide where it was most powerful, and proving his strength against its deepest currents, he rather courted than avoided pain. In the finest order of men we often see this hardness; they are the artificers of their own characters, welding and annealing them in the hottest furnaces, without a thought for the pain.

But one day I mentioned to Cathal my fears of his mother's declining health.

"No sudden danger?" he asked, starting, and fixing his eyes earnestly on me.

"She can hardly hold on for even two months," I replied abruptly, for I could not trust myself to attempt the long course of preparation and pseudo-consolation with which those who are

indifferent to it, generally preface their bad news.

He said little. Indeed misfortunes seemed of late little to surprise him, each successive one calling for less and less remark from him. His heart "*si dentro impietra*," not in the fashion in which worldliness makes men harder than the nether millstone, but he was gaining the firm consistency necessary to the perfecting of his character.

He took his hat, and begged me to go with him to see his mother. We found her very weak and ailing, and she spoke with regret of her son's having so little leisure time to spend with her. He turned away and stood some moments in the window with his back towards us, and then leaving the room he sought the rector's study. What passed between them I know not, but he told his mother when he returned, that Mr. Hyde had offered him a welcome to his house, and that he would leave her no more, while God spared her to him. He stooped down and kissed her white cheek, and they spoke together in a low voice; so I left them alone, for I knew that that night they would have much to speak of which none but their angels might overhear.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS mother's dangerous state of health roused Cathal from the consideration of his other misfortunes, and the necessary care of her diverted him from his inert broodings. We often see in a rapid stream how the centre current presses on some little bay or creek, and forces the water there to revolve in circles until at last it stagnates; in like manner, the strength of Cathal's desire to do right unswervingly, had for a time forced aside his affections; that pure well which feeds our life stream with clear waters; but intercourse with his mother, in a measure, let them loose again, and they gradually remingled with his thoughts and actions. He could not sit for hours watching Agnes, as she ministered to his mother's wants with a daughter's love and reverence, and stoically determine as he had before done, to avoid her society, and to give up all hopes of union with her. His visioned future of uncheered toil became less distinct in its harsh outlines. He made no new plans truly; he did

not yield to what he thought hopeful illusions; but still involuntarily the dark path before him was lighted by a misty ray of sunlight. Like the early dawn, light began to break, though the sun was unseen.

When the earth has been blighted by an arid east wind, it does not recover or break forth in its summer gladness till heavy rains have poured upon it and gloomy clouds have overshadowed it, and a strong west wind is needed to clear them off, which perhaps in its violence may tear up the choicest flowers. His mother's illness and death were a heavy sorrow to Cathal, and yet it was good for him; besides, she spoke much to him of impregnable hopes which stand beyond the assaults of the world's weapons, and her words fell with good luck into the mellowed soil, and afterwards brought forth an hundred-fold.

Often I have sat in her room, listening to the stored thoughts which as a flower casts its seed, she scattered before her death.

For a fortnight before it she suffered extreme pain, and I thought each day that her strength could scarce hold out for another; but her patience helped to preserve her life.

I asked the secret of her great calmness and steadiness of mind at such a season.

“ I try,” she told me, “ to bear my sickness like a child, without thinking of the coming pains, and the danger and evils of it, that I may not add mental fear to bodily distemper ; but rather I seek how to take advantage of my trials, improving by them my scanty stock of patience ; besides, death is the coping-stone to life, and if it be badly set on, the building of many years may be much defaced, and the servant has but an unfinished work to render his Lord, when he enters his presence.”

“ And now, having come near to ‘ the dark river,’ ” said I, quoting from the allegory which was a favourite of hers, “ and seeing the outlines of truth more clearly than we do, do they remain unchanged from what you formerly perceived of them ? ”

I did not ask from idle curiosity, but I really believed that if ever the dying saw the distant skirts of positive truth, she could.

“ God forbid that it should be otherwise,” she replied, “ or that in life I should not have seen the far-off ‘ truth-mountains ; ’ mistily, indeed, by a warped imagination, and through the veil of

matter and sense, but bearing ever the same forms, clearer and clearer seen each day of my life. The past," she continued, "is alongside of the present to me, and what we call the future is nearly attained; and memories rise before me of many things which formerly appeared dark sayings and doubtful imaginings, but they now seem clear, for the coming explains the past; and much, once apparently proved by experience, seems now a shadow, and much laughed at as visionary shows now to be reality. Well for those who in the earth-clouds trusted the inner promptings of their nature, and refused not to believe in these dim shadows, because they were not tangible by sense."

She leaned back, exhausted by the earnestness with which she had spoken. Her words were somewhat hard to understand, and while I was musing over them, she fell into a doze. It was late, and as she seemed tolerably easy, I bade good night to Cathal and Agnes, who were with her, leaving them directions for any possible emergency.

The following day she was stronger, her spirits were better, and I began to think she might yet linger on a few weeks, for she suffered less pain; and if her strength did not fail, there seemed to be no immediate cause of death.

In the afternoon, she sent for Mr. Hyde, who read the office for the Visitation of the Sick, in which she cheerfully and firmly repeated the responses, with a less troubled voice and manner than any other present could maintain. Then begging us to leave her for a time, she spent near an hour in private with the Rector. She afterwards received the absolution, and when we re-entered her room, there was an expression of unsullied happiness and restfulness on her countenance which I had not seen since her husband's death, thirty years before. Her widowhood was nearly over.

I feared that her strength would ill bear the lengthened services of our church, but she seemed to feel no fatigue, and even when Mr. Hyde had concluded and the bed was smoothed, and the curtain drawn for the night, she continued awake, speaking much to her son and Agnes: and thoughts which had before been hidden, now broke through the daily thinner husk of earth-caution and prudence.

Towards ten o'clock, she called them to her side, and taking Agnes' hand, though she addressed her words more to Cathal, she said—

“My dear children, before I go hence, I earnestly desire that some clouds which now cast

their shadows between you, should be dispersed. Bear with me, if, before my death I speak to you of your future, with the plainness and truth which best suits a dying woman. The world's forms and customs seem trifles to me now ; pardon me if for your happiness sake I trespass against them. I have seen and known how earnestly you love each other, and even now, Cathal, how great a constraint you put on yourself in your seeming indifference. I know, Agnes, that my son is still dear to you in spite of all his failings. Dearer than before, since he has with energy struggled to repair them."

I watched them from where I sat in the shade of the window-curtain. Agnes did not blush or stir, and not a feature of Cathal's face moved ; but as if they were in a dream, they passively listened while Mrs. More continued.

" My son, heavy misfortunes have come of late upon you, and believe me, I can appreciate the sorrows through which you have passed, and of which many lie still before you ; but misfortunes are many-sided, and it rests with yourself so to turn them, that they be seeds of future peace, instead of stinging torments. I fear you are so daunted by these present shadows, that this

world seems to you but a gloomy wilderness, through which you must wearily toil ; and you forget that the sun has shined upon, and will surely again brighten your life, however dark this day may seem ; nay, more, that in the temperate climate of God's Providence, there is far more of sunshine than of gloom.

“ Though you have lost your fortune, think of all yet left to you. Sound health, a mind untouched, and cultivated by education ; above all, heirship to a future inheritance. Surely no one meditating on the excellency of these gifts, could become a prey of sadness because he has lost so much less worthy possessions. In casting up our life-accounts we look only on the petty items of loss, and become so used to the gain, that we thanklessly pass it over, however much it overbalances the scale.

“ And there is a gift from which, if we but made right use of it, we should reap such happiness that our other grievances would be quenched. The gift of love, the power which vivifies all good in us, and which, when kindled in us, unites us with all God's works, and with the unseen love which fills them.

“ Stern duty, without love, may teach us to

avoid evil, but even if we do, yet we stand isolated, debarred from sin by principle, debarred from good by the want of love. Our hearts cannot long thus endure: withered and objectless, they perish at last in their desolation, even though for a time they are supported by the slow poison of pride.

“Cast from you, my son, this poison, and acknowledge the great principle of all goodness; for to be virtuous we must love virtue; to do a single good act we must not only hate the opposing evil, but love the good.”

She leaned back, slightly exhausted; but after a pause she continued:

“I cannot speak much more; Cathal, there is a great blessing, an incalculable happiness within your reach; do not let pride bar you from it—Agnes, he thinks that you despise his poverty, that you will not share it.”

Cathal had been sitting, his eyes fixed on the ground, but as his mother spoke he looked up at Agnes. In answer, she timidly laid her hand on his; he took it reverently, and drawing it towards him he murmured:

“God bless you, my mother; God bless you, Agnes!”

With a look of content, Mrs. More bade her children good night, saying,

“Before you go I will give you my blessing, perhaps for the last time.”

Side by side they knelt down to receive it, and she, in a clear, firm voice commended them to their mutual love, and the care and good providence of God; desiring them not to sorrow overmuch for her when she was gone, but rather to consider her as one escaped from conflict and many dangers into a peaceful country.

Then leaning over her, they bade her adieu, and left the room together, still holding each other by the hand, and when they separated, and went to their several rooms, it was with silent lips and thoughtful hearts, full to overflowing of mingled sorrow and great happiness.

I watched in the sick room until two o'clock, when, as we had before arranged, Agnes came to take my place; but before I left her, I went to the bedside to assure myself that Mrs. More was indeed asleep, as I had hoped. She had been, I think, but when we came near, she opened her eyes and smiled.

I asked if she was free from pain.

“From *all* pain,” she replied. “Before you

go, Doctor, would you open the shutters, and part of the window-sash—I like to catch the first light. Agnes, my child,” she added tenderly, “are you staying with me again to-night? Wrap yourself in my fur cloak, and sleep—as I shall.”

We did as she desired, and I looked out upon the night. The young moon was setting behind the mountain, and the stars hung out from the dark sky. There was not a sound but the breath of the wind ruffling the tree-tops, and now and then bringing with it an occasional murmur from the distant mountain stream. All nature was calm and motionless; and as I walked to my room, I felt an influence upon me, which caused me to move noiselessly and reverently in obedience to it.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke with a start, and a restless desire to see how my patient had passed the night. I dressed myself hastily, and though it was but six o'clock, I went to her room. Agnes was sitting by the fire, reading. I asked her how Mrs. More had been.

“She has slept quietly since day-break,” she replied; “before that, she moved once or twice, and I came over here lest my being too near

might have disturbed her ; but she did not speak since you were here last night."

I had an undefined fear that all was not right, as such prolonged sleep was too favourable a symptom to be hoped for, and going to her bedside, I looked anxiously at my old friend. Her face was deadly pale, but its lines of old age and care were fainter than usual, and an emotionless expression was on her countenance, which startled me,—the same grave peacefulness which pervaded nature the preceding night. Her hands were open, but pressed together in the attitude we see on old stone monuments. I tried to take one—it was stiff and cold. I hurriedly felt her heart—it was motionless, and lividness was fast overspreading her face. The last glow after the sunset of a long day was passing away. I looked at Agnes, who was by my side—she was very pale ; and I saw that it was needless telling her that Mrs. More was dead.

"When?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Probably about sunrise," I replied ; "a common hour. I will call her son."

When I returned with him, Agnes was kneeling by the bedside, but she rose hastily, and retired as we entered. She had been praying, I think,

that when her death came, it might be like that before her.

Cathal did not give way to violent emotion ; he was silent as he bent over his mother's form, until, turning away, he said in a low voice, speaking to himself, " And now there remains to practise what she taught." I think he went to his own room, and remained there until the afternoon was far advanced, but I cannot exactly say, for I paid no great heed to what happened on that day.

It is wearisome to write on, to me, for to record her words and thoughts was my chief pleasure in filling these pages. I cannot write praise of her. Our nearest friends we know not how to commend or blame, for they are too closely knit with ourselves. It is more than two years now since her death :—but why should I speak of myself? I will hurry on to other events.

In the morning of that day, Cathal knocked at the door of Agnes' sitting-room, and asked her to go out with him. Without reply, she followed him ; and in silence they walked to and fro under the cloistral elms which made an avenue to the church from the Rectory. The influence of the scene softened the bitterness of

their first sorrow ; and at last, with low voices, they spoke of what had been—sadly, but yet not repiningly. The name of their lost mother was not mentioned, but all they said had reference to her ; and their very resignation was a tribute to her memory, for looking on the past, they remembered her teachings, and knew that their present sorrow would turn to good ; and they perceived that already from the mischances of the past, a future good was springing up.

In all these thoughts, Agnes was one with Cathal, for though she had not shared his blame, and had not felt his remorse, yet the very grief she had borne for his sake drew her close to him, and united her feelings in greater sympathy with his.

There are times in life when some heavy blow stuns us, and we seem apart from the world's struggles, and hopes, and cares—when we live in a dream, and nothing appears real ; times when we are passive, and clear thought and ready action are impossible ; and we lie at anchor on the sea of surrounding events.

It was so with Cathal until the day of his mother's funeral. He forgot his poverty, his prospects for the future, and spent the quick hours in converse with Agnes, while they re-

vealed to each other in words, their kindredness of thought, of which, though yet untold, they had long been conscious.

But the necessary ordering of the funeral preparations, and the attempted consolations of the many friends who attended it—the clank of the earth as it fell upon the coffin—and the prayer of the last collect, “to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness,” roused him to self-consciousness. That very afternoon he asked for some private conversation with Mr. Hyde, determining candidly to set his prospects before him, and to leave nothing hidden from him, either of his deep attachment to his daughter, and his fears of not being able to maintain her suitably.

From what my readers know of his character, they can judge that it was no light sacrifice of Cathal’s pride to do this ; but he thought of his mother’s last words, and without shrinking, he laid bare his heart to the Rector.

Mr. Hyde took his hand affectionately when he had concluded, and said :

“I am glad that you have thus openly spoken to me, for in case of your doing so, your mother left a message for you, which I was to deliver. We advised together on this matter

not long before her death ; and what you have told me of your circumstances has been for long no secret to me. I know that when your estate is sold, there will be but little left in these times, after paying its debts."

"I can look forward to no surplus," said Cathal ; "this chancery-suit has been so expensive. I had hoped otherwise ; but my solicitor tells me that I had best give the property up at once, and not embroil myself any more with it."

"Under these circumstances," replied Mr. Hyde, "your mother advised you to emigrate."

Cathal leaned his head on his hand, and he did not reply.

"I know," Mr. Hyde resumed, "such advice must seem most painful to you, and I allow that it is hard to follow ; but yet what remains for you in your own country ? Many government places you would not accept conscientiously, as you could not perform well their duties, and besides, your politics would interfere with such a plan."

"You are right," replied Cathal, sadly ; "there is nothing left for me, but to go as an adventurer to some barbarous country ; an adventurer I must be, for it requires money to emigrate with hopes of success. And Agnes must be for-

gotten," he continued, in a low voice. "I am sorry that even for a time I should have broken through my resolution."

"Listen to me, Cathal," said the Rector, kindly. "You shall not be a penniless adventurer. I will give you, before you go, Agnes as your helpmate—your comforter in trial—your companion both in sorrow and joy." Cathal made a gesture of hopelessness, but he went on. "Agnes has a fortune of two thousand pounds, little indeed in this country, but enough to establish you in a new one. I have great trust in you, Cathal, or I should not propose this. Trust in your energy, your firmness, your affection for my child," his voice faltered for a moment, but he continued: "'These were your mother's wishes; believe me that it is not without an internal struggle that I have determined to act in compliance with them, and send Agnes far from me in my old age. But yet, with confidence I will commit my child to your care, and think that her happiness is secured, however much her loss costs me."

So much kindness broke down the innermost stronghold of Cathal's pride; he adopted the plan Mr. Hyde had proposed, and energy and resolve returned to him now that a definite and

possible object lay before him, and that he had determined the line of life he should adopt.

The Rector thought that he ought to leave as soon as possible a neighbourhood which must be so painful to him, and urged him to go to London, that he might inquire concerning the details of emigration. He gave him a letter to a former schoolfellow, who was now head of a considerable mercantile firm, engaged in East Indian trade, and from whom he hoped, Cathal would gain much practical knowledge.

Not many days after his departure, we heard of him from London ; he wrote that he had been most kindly received by Mr. Hyde's friend, and in a short time, he said, he hoped to tell his friends at home, some news that would please them. About three weeks afterwards, he announced that he had asked for an extra clerkship in his employer, Mr. Purdon's, counting-house, and that in the handsomest manner he had been offered an agency in New Zealand, of which he could perform the duties, and manage a farm there at the same time ; "but," he wrote, "to fit myself for this, I must learn my business in Mr. Purdon's office for six or eight months. However painful this delay, still if you approve, I will endure it thankfully,

for my salary afterwards will be from three to four hundred a-year, enough to save Agnes from hardships which I could not bear to see her suffer through my means. As our union is so long delayed, may I beg for permission to correspond with her. I work from ten until four at my desk, but a long walk afterwards prevents my feeling any ill effects from the confinement. Yesterday, strangely enough, I met Mr. Schelling ; he recognised me, I think, but he immediately turned down a street to avoid me. One of my fellow-clerks, who was formerly in his employment, told me that he had last autumn taken Mr. Heinser into partnership with him, but that about a fortnight since they quarrelled. Mr. Heinser has left England for Germany, and it is rumoured that he has taken some important papers with him, by the loss of which Mr. Schelling will be seriously injured." Thus much of the letter Mr. Hyde read out to me, the rest, I believe, related to Agnes.

There was a sad blank that summer at Cap-pagh, and the poor especially had cause to lament the ruin of the old proprietors ; for, the lack of employment for them, and a chancery receiver over the estate, had still farther increased the poverty of the village. More than a third of the

population crowded to the workhouse, and those who had sufficient means emigrated, with scarce an exception. It was dreary to see how soon Mrs. More's long labours were marred, if not entirely undone by neglect. The trim gardens were overgrown with weeds, through which the stunted flowers that yet remained, in vain tried to force their way. The ivy was blown from the house-wall, and hung down reversed on the door step, while one or two tall thistles had sprung up through it, symbolizing, as I thought, the coming, and the late owners.

The house was not wholly tenantless, however, for an English keeper had been appointed through Mr. Schelling's influence, to preserve the timber and game during the suit. Of course he was detested in the neighbourhood, but he fortified himself against the "Hirish savages," by having a brace of bull-dogs, and a loaded gun, all English, continually by his side.

CHAPTER XV.

THE act for selling encumbered estates in Ireland has been too thoroughly canvassed, and its merits too generally discussed, for me to offer here any opinion of it, if, indeed, I knew enough of the national interests to form one. As a matter of personal feeling, however, it seems to me most sad that so many of the Irish gentry should be forced to sell their land at a time when the universal panic and alarm closed the market, and made ruin the most frequent result to those who sold.

Our county was one of those that suffered most from the potato disease; it was one of the most fertile, one of the most populous, and almost as a necessary consequence, more estates have been disposed of, in it, than in any part of Ireland.

It is singular that most of the families thus dispossessed, with the exception of my friends, were descended from English settlers of the time of Cromwell, or during the reign of William the Third, who, I believe, throughout our country

have been distinguished for loading their estates with the largest incumbrances, and for being, as an old chronicle says of the Norman families, when they had sojourned a century or two in the land, "more Irish than the mere Irish in their idle and thriftless lives."

Mr. Schelling lost no time in removing the Cappagh property from the tediousness of Chancery by filing a petition against it under the provisions of the new act. His was one of the first applications, and in January 1850, he obtained a conditional order for sale, his solicitor having the guidance of the proceedings. Cathal was in London when his name appeared in the published list of owners petitioned against. His solicitor had before written to him on the subject, but he had not read his letter with care, thinking that it was about some Chancery business, in which he had no urgent interest; but when he saw the order for sale soon after made absolute, and found that the result would be made known early in the spring, he determined to await it, more, perhaps, from curiosity than from any hope of personal benefit.

But though he could not but take an earnest interest in the fate of his home and tenantry, yet he did not relax in his preparations for emigra-

tion, or in his steady attendance at Mr. Purdon's office.

Towards the end of April, he had completed the necessary outfit, and was declared competent for the situation he had been offered in New Zealand.

His letter, claiming Agnes, and detailing to her father what steps he had taken for her comfort during the voyage out, came on the same day that we saw advertised in a Dublin paper, "The capital Mansion and beautiful Park of Cappagh," with all the puffing descriptions usual on such occasions, but which on this was really almost true.

Little was said at breakfast that morning, either by the Rector or his daughter; her blue eyes were brimming with tears, and he was silent and abstracted, only speaking to Agnes in monosyllables, and then with a constrained voice. I breakfasted with them, but I fear I did not add much gayness to the flagging conversation.

When Agnes left the room, Mr. Hyde said,

"I have a favour to ask of you, Doctor, nothing less than to go with my daughter and myself to London.

"Will their marriage, then, not take place here?" I asked.

"For many reasons," he said, "I think it is wisest not. Cathal wishes, as I do, that there should be the strictest privacy, and though he seemed anxious to revisit this place before he goes, I think it will be happiest both for him and Agnes, that they should start with less fresh memories of all that they lose here, to check their energy. They will need all that they can command."

"In any case," I said, "I intended to have gone over to see them off; but have you any especial need of me?"

"Lionel and Catherine have promised to meet us in London," he replied; "but they travel in their yacht, and I have some fears that they may be unavoidably detained. In that case, I will ask you to give my child away. I, of course, will perform the service."

"Willingly, indeed, I will give her to Cathal," I said; "but I am sure Major Wyndham will be there. Does he approve of your daughter's marriage?"

"I have written," he replied, "so as to renew all his former friendship for Cathal, which always continued, even when he thought it needful to conceal it. He does not think her prospects good as far as fortune is concerned, but a

man of his property naturally takes a biassed view of such a subject."

I could not help smiling when I thought how very *unbiassed* Mr. Hyde was, from his utter carelessness of money. Had he been heir to a large property, he would have been what society calls 'most imprudent' in his unselfishness. Another tribunal might esteem him wiser than those who so judged him.

"When a man is ruined," he continued, "I cannot understand why his friends should at once avoid him, as if he were of a different caste. Cathal has talents and goodness far above par, and, with the standing-ground of even Agnes' small fortune, I have little doubt that he will retrieve his losses, even supposing that so indispensable an article in their happiness."

"How very low the valuation made of his estate is," I remarked, taking up the paper in which it was advertised. The lot in which the village is situated is not set down at a fourth of the old rental, and no allowance is made for the houses. Some of the mountain pastures, too, that used to be worth ten shillings an acre, are reduced to half-a-crown!"

"I spoke to one of the valuers when he was here," said Mr. Hyde, "and he told me that the

town is a serious encumbrance, now that the cottier system is done away with. All the neatly laid-out acre inclosures were so many nuisances, he said."

"With a poor-rate of five or six hundred a year," I replied, "I fear the estate will hardly fetch more than will pay its debts."

"Nothing more ; I think it almost a pity that Cathal should wait for its sale ; however it will be over in May, and in the first week of June, he writes that he has determined to sail, as his employers, even if he would, can wait no longer."

About a month after this conversation, we started for London, where Mr. Hyde expected the Wyndhams and Cathal to meet us on our arrival. With difficulty, Agnes made her way through the crowd that gathered round her father's travelling-carriage, as she stepped into it for the last time, for all the poor remaining in the neighbourhood came to say farewell, and to offer their prayers for her and the "young master's" prosperity, for so they still called Cathal. The venerable Roman Catholic parish priest, Father Connor, met us also in the avenue, and stopping the carriage, he gave her his blessing solemnly, and with a faltering voice desired

his affectionate remembrances to her future husband.

She remained calm, though she was very pale, until we reached the churchyard, over the low gate of which we could see the simple headstone which marked Mrs. More's resting-place. Some flowers, which Agnes had scattered on the grave the evening before, lay still fresh upon it, and gleamed in the morning sun as we passed. She looked wistfully at the spot, and a little boy, whom she had maintained from his birth, interpreting her wish, gathered a tendril of ivy which trailed about the tombstone, and overtaking us, gave it to her.

The kindly act, so well answering her thoughts, overcame her long-maintained composure, and drawing her veil close about her, and leaning far back in the carriage, she wept unrestrainedly for some time.

We had a few hours delay in Dublin, during which, Mr. Hyde called on Cathal More's solicitor, as he wished to bring the latest news to London with him, of the chances of the sale. From him, he heard that it was to take place on the day but one after that, but he could not elicit even a guess as to the probable result.

"So little land has yet been disposed of," the

solicitor said, "that it is impossible to know ; and it depends more on perhaps an unforeseen chance at the moment of the auction, than on the state of the money market. If it goes cheap, it is a pity that Mr. More has no friend who would lend him the money to re-purchase even the lot containing the mansion."

"I fear that is impossible," said Mr. Hyde ; "you have probably heard that he is about to emigrate ?"

"I have," he replied ; "but it is a sad thing for a young man of his talents and education to leave his country where he might do so much good. I know something of emigration myself, and he would be quite thrown away. Strong arms, a hard head, and often a hard heart, are the best possessions in most of the colonies. Mind is rather in the way than otherwise. If you are a friend of his, sir, you will dissuade him from going."

"There is nothing else to be done, however," said the Rector, thoughtfully, as he turned to leave the office, and he remained grave and pre-occupied during the remainder of the journey.

Cathal's was among the crowd of waiting faces, at the Euston terminus, when the train arrived. He looked older, and even more worn

than when he left the Rectory ; but he received us with a warmth of affection, which showed, that if outwardly, he had not inwardly suffered from his London life.

In answer to a question from Mr. Hyde, he told us that the Wyndhams had arrived, and that Catherine was staying at a hotel in London, where she had taken rooms for her father and sister, and was now expecting them.

“ And where is Lionel ? ” asked Mr. Hyde.

“ This morning he was obliged to start on urgent business for Wyndham Manor, but he has promised to join us early next week,—on Monday, he said, probably.”

By the time these questions had been asked and answered, we had arrived at our destination, and, before I had done looking after my carpet-bag, Agnes was enjoying a sister's welcome.

It was a year and a half since she had left Catherine, and my readers can imagine how much was said, and more was felt by both ; for many events had in the interim occurred, to make their separation seem longer still. Much sorrow, much joy to Agnes, and much anxiety on her account to Catherine.

It was late, and we soon retired for that night, and even Cathal willingly acquiesced in our early

departure, when he saw how tired Agnes looked. He had lodgings near at hand, and he had engaged an additional room in them for me, of which I was glad, for in truth I feared the expense of a first-rate London hotel, as a country doctor's purse is easily exhausted.

There was much to do, a great deal of business to arrange, and many last preparations to be completed during the week which followed our arrival, for on the following Tuesday, the ship in which Cathal had engaged his and his future wife's cabin, was to sail from Southampton. The day before, Monday, the third of June, was fixed for their marriage, by which time we hoped Major Wyndham would have returned, and on that day also Cathal expected to hear from Dublin, into whose hands his estate had fallen, and for how much it had been sold.

At weddings generally, and during their preliminaries, people are supposed to be very happy, or at least they are expected to appear so; but my friends did not profess what they did not feel, and even the bridegroom did not conceal how painful it was to him to leave his country, and to see his home pass to some chance strangers, ready perhaps to deface it. Catherine was the least discomposed among us, and she tried,

though vainly, to inspire us with hope. There was an indefinite, anxious foreboding in all our minds. Yet when Sunday evening came, and we knew that in forty-eight hours Cathal and Agnes would be parted from us, in all likelihood for ever, we could not realize that it would be so. The rooms were filled with the boxes containing their outfit; the directions were written and pasted on them, and yet it did not seem as if they were really going; the hours passed on, and morning and night followed close on each other's heels, speeding by so quickly, that we lost our mind's breath, and could not speak freely to each other, though we had so much to say.

I am sure my readers have felt this. When time is short before some event, we become mentally paralyzed, and cannot find words for what we feel. The event comes and is past before we rouse ourselves, and then we wish to repair our neglect; but, however, we may look back regretfully, the irresistible future unceasingly draws us on.

With this kind of spell on us, we sat silently and constrainedly for hours, speaking little, and then but of indifferent things; besides, Cathal was necessarily much occupied by final arrangements, and the Rector grew more and more

abstracted as the time drew on, when he was to give up his daughter for life, to another's keeping. Catherine seldom spoke of the future, but rather led Agnes to converse, unwisely, as I thought, of Cappagh, and all that had happened during her residence abroad.

At last, Monday came—the wedding day. Mr. Hyde had asked me to go with his daughters and himself to the church, lest Major Wyndham should by any accident be late ; so I left Cathal early, and breakfasted with the Rector. The service was not to be celebrated until half-past eleven, and it had been settled that Cathal and Agnes were to start direct from the church to Southampton, and so, without fatigue, to be ready to sail on the following day at noon, the hour advertised for the ship's departure.

Agnes was in her bridal dress, as I entered the room. It was of plain India muslin, without ornament of any kind to disfigure its simple gracefulness. She was pale from a night's sleeplessness, and more thoughtful even than usual, but her eyes were clear and full, nor did she turn them away when I offered her my good wishes, but looking up she thanked me earnestly. I could not read any anxious doubts or fears in her countenance, the expression was that of one

who has trustfully dedicated herself to the welfare of another. I thought of Tennyson's lines as I looked upon her,—

“The laws of marriage charactered in gold,
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart:
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws;——”

Catherine was quiet and cheerful, though rather impatient for the arrival of her husband, whom we expected momentarily. The early train had come without him, but there was still a chance by another, due at eleven o'clock. It struck, the time for going to the church was almost come, but yet he did not appear, and his wife was becoming very anxious, when his valet, who had travelled with him, arrived in haste, and giving her a note, said, that his master, fearing that he might be late, had gone straight from the terminus to the church, where he expected to meet the rest of the party.

When she had glanced through Major Wyndham's hurried missive, Catherine turned to Agnes, and began arranging her veil with an impatience I could not account for; in her haste entangling her sister's hair, as she fastened on the pearl ornament, which had been her wedding gift.

At the church-door we found her husband waiting for us. He seemed extremely well, and in good spirits, and not perhaps quite as serious in manner as would have best suited our feelings at the moment. I was anxious to observe how he and Cathal would meet, and I looked a little anxiously towards the latter, who awaited us in the vestry. He coloured as he advanced to meet us, but the complete cordiality of his friend's manner set them at once on the terms of their former friendship. But time was wearing on, and without delay Mr. Hyde invested himself, and we prepared for the service. It was strange that while Agnes remained calm and emotionless, her husband was greatly agitated. She had perfect confidence in him and in herself,—he in her,—but remembering the past, he feared for himself, and in that moment he thought of the future, of its duties, of his poverty, and the difficulties before them. She, only of God, and her husband—His gift. Women have more power of concentration than we have, perhaps it is that our powers are more equally great, and so preserve a balance, and none of them are so apt to become absorbing; but single principles we often find of larger growth in women than in men.

The usual forms of signature in the parish register were gone through, and the moment of parting had come. As long as possible it was delayed, but at last the Rector, in vain trying to preserve calmness, desired his child and her husband to kneel down, while he gave them his blessing.

It is easy to write lightly of emigration, but it is a death, in which we lose our whole kindred at once, and it has the added bitterness of being voluntarily-inflicted pain. I could not bear to watch Mr. Hyde grow pale as he struggled to be firm, or Agnes and Cathal as they received the last heritage of his affection. The bitterness of losing their home, their country, their friends, came on them with a harshness unthought of before, as they, for the last time, heard their father's voice. I turned away, for it was too sad a scene to look at.

"My dear friends," said Major Wyndham, coming forward from a recess, where he had been speaking in a low voice to his wife, "will you listen to me patiently for a moment? You must not, you shall not leave us," he continued, taking Cathal's hand affectionately in his; "I have arranged the whole thing for you; I have but just returned from Dublin, where I went

over to attend the auction of your estate. I have bought your Park for you, which was what I knew you most valued. Agnes, you are my sister ; it is my wedding gift to you—you shall not leave us, but return there with More. Now tell me, have I done right?" he asked.

Cathal and his wife stood for a moment silent, when he had done speaking, but from different causes—he, from the rush of home-love, which for a second bewildered him, and made him incapable of speech ;—but Agnes was still, while she offered the first-fruits of her thankfulness to God. Mr. Hyde spoke first.

"Lionel," said he, "you see how much happiness you have conferred—how much pain you have removed—the greatest from which I ever suffered in my life. I need not thank you in mere words."

"I do not see how I could have acted otherwise," said Major Wyndham, "but I have not received approval yet," he added, looking good-naturedly towards Cathal, who had walked to the window.

"Wyndham," he exclaimed hurriedly, "you can scarcely know how I valued Cappagh, but I will not consent to such generosity on your part. I will give you my bond for the purchase-money ;

even then, by care and economy, Agnes and I can live happily."

"We will settle all that another time," said his friend, "though I intend to insist on my terms. Now, instead of going to Southampton, you are to go for a month to Wyndham Manor. I have sent orders there to have everything in readiness for you, and a carriage to meet you, if you go by the next train—so you must not miss it, or you will set my arrangements astray. I can go to Southampton myself, and settle about your passage and the outfit."

And running on in this way, to stop any thanks, he put them into their carriage, scarcely allowing them time to say adieu to Mr. Hyde and Catherine.

"It was very wrong to keep them so long in the dark," said Catherine, smiling, when her husband rejoined us.

"You would not have had me interrupt the wedding," he replied. "Now, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Hyde, "you and Doctor F—— must stay with my wife until I return, and then I will ask your assistance in a great deal of business which is before me. I intend to get Cappagh refitted before its master and mistress return."

We helped him with right good will, for Cappagh was dear to us as if it had been our own home. Nor was the past forgotten : what Mrs. More had admired and liked was our chief rule in choosing ornaments for the house she had hallowed. And her love of truth, even in the least things, we respected, avoiding the show, when there was not the reality of beauty. It had been a favourite saying of hers, that good was a unity, containing within it, besides all moral principles, the innumerable forms of beauty and excellence ; and as in a unity every part must be related, so the smallest detail of beauty was not to be neglected, but sedulously studied by those who aimed at moral good ; for though at first sight it may seem inferior, yet in the material may be embodied the spiritual ; and our neglect of it is a hindrance to our improvement ; for only by cultivating every form of good within our reach, can we attain to the perfection which should be our aim. Major Wyndham had, before he knew Mrs. More, what is called excellent taste ; she had taught him to add to it those high principles ; and even she, I think, would have approved without hesitation of his arrangements for Cappagh.

A fortnight had passed, and our pleasant

labours of choosing and ordering were nearly completed, when one morning, as we sat at breakfast, Mr. Hyde read aloud a newspaper advertisement, announcing the sale of Mr. Schelling's "house and furniture, together with his valuable library and choice collection of articles of *vértu*."

"From what Cathal told me," the Rector said, "I should not be surprised if he were forced to this sale. I believe his affairs were in a disordered state."

"I wonder," said I, "if the pictures his agent bought at Cappagh are included in the collection advertised."

"The auction is to be to-morrow, I see," said Major Wyndham. "I will attend it; and you must come with me, that I may not overlook any of the old relics that belonged to More."

We went accordingly, and found the house already full of buyers, who had been attracted there by the reputation of Mr. Schelling's previous splendour and luxury. We had to wait long, while the more costly goods were being disposed of; and I occupied myself in pointing out to Major Wyndham the different articles that had been taken from Cappagh, and which, with but few exceptions, were all now offered for sale. The

pictures lay in a dark corner, for as family portraits they were of no general value ; and the Irish ornaments, though precious to a lover of our country and its memorials, looked dull and useless by the side of modern gold and silver-work, in the eyes of Londoners.

While we were examining them, a servant of Rupert's, who had been staying with him at Cappagh before he went to Madeira, came up, and respectfully asked for Mr. More. He seemed really glad to see us again, for the sake of his dead master, to whom he had been much attached.

I asked him why Mr. Schelling was selling all his furniture ?

"My master is going abroad, Sir, in a few days," he replied, "and he is breaking up his London establishment."

"Where is he now ?" I inquired.

"At a hotel, Sir, during this sale. I expect him in every moment to inquire for his letters. He said he would call for them himself, as he expected some of importance. Shall I mention your name, Sir ?"

"On no account," I replied, hastily. The man looked surprised ; but, touching his hat, he left us, and mixed in the crowd.

At last, our turn came to buy. It was growing late, and the auctioneer, without much delay, knocked the desired relics down to Major Wyndham ; all, except the elks' heads, for which a dried-up-looking geologist perseveringly bid, until he fairly distanced our friend ; besides, they carried with them no personal interest. As we were nearly the last purchasers, the auctioneer and his assistants had gone, and the crowd had dispersed, except those two or three professional loiterers whose whole employment it is, to see out the last of every sight, before Major Wyndham had finished giving his directions for sending the pictures to his hotel without delay. He was drawing on his gloves, when the door leading to the inner apartments opened suddenly, and the same servant, to whom I had before been speaking, appeared, and seizing my arm, implored me for God's sake to go with him instantly.

"Follow me," I said hastily to my companions, as, not without alarm, I followed the man, for he was deadly pale, and trembled excessively. I asked what was the matter, but he did not answer me, as he hurried up the stairs. A door was open on the landing-place, through which he almost pushed me, while he pointed to a large arm-chair, which was wheeled near to a writing-

table. It had the old-fashioned high back and deep sides ; and as it was partly turned away from me, I at first could only see that a gentleman was sitting in it. But an indescribable fear impelled me to advance.

It has never been my lot to see death so frightful in its expression as met my eye at that moment,—fearful from its caricature of life. Death had torn off the mask of fair seeming, and the infidel, the hypocrite, and the evil-doer sat there before me, his stiffened countenance in its distortion, an index of his character. He sat upright, his eyes were open, and one hand was half-raised, as if it had been arrested while he was lifting it to his head. The whole attitude was life-like, except that his face bore a truthfulness unknown to it before.

I tried if nothing could be done for him—nothing. He had been dead nearly half an hour, and the poison he had used was too sudden in its effects to admit of antidote. The small bottle in which it had been contained, lay half-empty on the table by his side.

“Mr. Schelling?” said Major Wyndham, inquiringly, who, with Mr. Hyde had followed me closely.

The Rector made a gesture of assent ; he was too shocked to speak.

“How did it happen?” I asked, turning to the servant, who was pale and terrified,

He said, “My master came in about an hour ago; he asked me for his letters, which I gave to him. About ten minutes afterwards, he rang the bell, and said to me ‘don’t disturb me till the auction is over—I have a bad head-ache.’ He had a letter in his hand at the time; I think it was that one there on the table. I came up stairs when the people were mostly gone from below, to lay out his dressing things. I saw him sitting that way, stiff and dead, with the bottle by his side, and knowing that you were a doctor, sir, I ran down to get your assistance.”

Major Wyndham took up the letter of which the servant had spoken; it was half torn across, but still quite legible. I recognised the handwriting at once, it was Mr. Heinser’s; there were in it allusions to many details of business, of which I of course knew nothing, but it concluded thus—

“You know the papers that are in my possession, and what they will prove against you. I will give them up to you on a certain condition, and one which I know is, at this time, in your power to fulfil. Cappagh estate, I see, was sold last week, to satisfy your mortgage over it, and

if you remit to me by return of post the twenty thousand pounds which you will receive from that source, or a secure equivalent, I will transmit to you the fraudulent deeds you know of. I will take no excuse ; and if you do not answer me satisfactorily before the seventeenth of this month, by that day's post I will send such information to the London authorities, as shall insure your committal for trial. You know best what in that case you have to fear. 'This is my last offer, refuse it at your peril.'

"After paying the legal expenses, fifteen thousand pounds was all that was netted to him by the sale of More's estate," said Major Wyndham, turning to me ; "that accounts for this act ; he feared the disgrace of some public exposure, for he could not pay this Heinser."

"Strange," said Mr. Hyde, musingly, "that his malignity to the Mores should have thus brought retribution on himself."

"We must delay no longer in seeking the proper authorities," said Major Wyndham ; "I will go for them myself."

He returned with the police in a few moments, but no farther light was thrown on the horrible occurrence.

The inquest was held on the following day,

at which we of course attended ; and at it evidence given, which showed that Mr. Schelling's affairs had been for some months irretrievably insolvent ; and that he had debts to a large amount with no apparent funds to meet them ; many fraudulent transactions also come to light, which independent of Mr. Heinser's mysterious threat, covered his memory with dishonour.

“ Doctor,” said Mr. Hyde to me, as we left the crowded inquest-room, “ after such a scene as this, I think our quiet homes at Cappagh would be doubly enjoyed by us. Lionel, you and Catherine must come with us, to see all you have ordered, executed ; besides, you must be present to welcome Cathal to the home you have restored to him.”

“ I had intended asking a welcome of you,” replied Major Wyndham, “ if you had not offered me. I have done all my business in London, and I want as much as you do, to enjoy country life, after these details of the town, which we have heard this day.”

In the evening of the third day afterwards we drove quickly through the long avenue of elms which lined the little street of Cappagh.

“Why, half the houses are gone,” exclaimed Catherine; “the village is sadly changed.”

“Sadly *improved*,” replied her father; “for this depopulation is called an improvement. At least, you hear economists on all sides praising the famine, and hurrying on emigration.

“They make a solitude and call it peace.”

We drove on in silence past the church, and Mrs. More’s tomb; and it was with grave looks and quieted manners that Major Wyndham and Catherine again re-entered the place which her past friendship had made so dear to them.

Cathal and Agnes were to return in less than three weeks after we did, so we had no time to lose in arranging everything for their comfortable reception. The enthusiasm of the poor people about, too, rather retarded than assisted us, for so many offered their services, and worked so energetically, that as much was undone as done, by being overdone; but somehow things are always ready on such occasions, and on Tuesday, the second of July, 1850, after casting a pleased look over our finished labours, we sauntered down the broad forest-road to meet the expected master and mistress.

It had been a hazy day, but the sun opened the clouds towards evening, and, as they rolled

away before the slanting rays, a warm, soft light covered every leaf and blade of grass, casting long avenues of brightness through the trees, on the close-shaven turf of the lawn. It was an evening that of itself gave a feeling of elation, and harmonized well with ours.

“Here they are!” exclaimed Major Wyndham, as a cry of welcome was raised at the park gate, and soon after the rush of wheels on the gravel announced their nearer approach. The carriage was stopped, and both sprang out when they saw us. How well they looked! They had had time to feel how great their happiness was, and that marriage was to them no lottery, but a certainty of mutual good.

“How is this?” exclaimed Cathal, with an astonished look as we entered the house, and walked through the ante-room. “I ordered some common necessities to be prepared for us, but not all these beautiful things.”

“I ventured to disobey your directions,” replied Major Wyndham. “You must not be angry with me. I was anxious that no painful remembrance of past events should mar your welcome.”

There was little said of gratitude; little was

needed; freely all had been given, and Cathal showed the true nobleness of his mind, by freely receiving; for he was not one of those who have the littleness of fearing to be under obligation to their friends.

Never was there a happier party than ours that evening, gaining too, an additional glow of comfort because it followed such tedious years of sorrow; nor has there been since then, a break in the sunshine. The Wyndhams left the rectory soon after for England, but first Cathal arranged with his friend to pay a low interest for the money he had advanced towards the purchase of his park.

“It is better for me,” he said, to have a motive for exertion, and to feel that I am working; that is worth more than the difference in money; and I can well manage for Agnes and myself, with the profits that I shall have left; for I intend to become a real working man and practical improver, instead of an idle country gentleman.”

“I leave the matter in your hands,” answered Major Wyndham, “but remember, it is always optional with yourself to pay me or not. I think you are right in your resolution of working hard, for that is the patriotism which Ireland

most needs; and remember, my dear fellow, everything I have in the way of stock for your farm, is at your disposal. We will make a better union between Wyndham Manor and Cappagh than was contrived in 1800."

A year has passed, and no cloud has risen in Cathal and Agnes' heaven. I would that Mrs. More could see a work in which her son has busied himself. For a trifling sum, he bought the lease he had given Mr. Schelling of land on which to found his Unitarian chapel, from his executors—needy creditors, who cared for little but to realize quickly some money.

Instantly he set labourers to pull the building down; and day by day he personally assisted them to efface the memorial of his error; and in its place, of the best of its materials, he erected a stone cross. The rest he sold, and gave their value to those poor who in their distress had refused Mr. Heinser's bribes. Few days now pass that he and his wife do not visit that stone cross, and renew before it their earnest determination to follow right unswervingly, and alone to consider personal duty in their actions;—he with the eagerness of one escaped from evil—but she with the quiet steadfastness of an unsullied past and a trustful future.

On a tablet in the centre of the cross is engraved :

“ In this place, I, Cathal More of Cappagh,
built a Unitarian chapel.

This cross
witnesses my repentance.
July, A.D. 1851.”

L' ENVOY.

I was putting together these rough notes of the events of past years, one day, when Cathal entered. Seeing so much manuscript, he asked about what I had written, and, half-doubtfully, I gave the papers to him to read, telling him that if he approved, I meant to publish them. Not many days afterwards, he returned them, saying :

“ At first, I felt some pride a little stirred, when I saw so much of our private thoughts laid bare, but that was quickly suppressed. It is a memoir of my mother, and I thank you for it, Doctor, for I am glad that many will know of her excellence.”

“ I have avoided much that would have added interest to the story,” I replied ; “ and it is rather a mirror of your mother’s character, than a mere tale. Her words may please lovers of truth, and those who can admire pure thoughts ; they have taught us much, and they might perhaps ‘ sow some generous seed,’ even in the minds of chance readers.”

“ Some you have treated rather harshly,” he said, after a pause ; “ the Parks, for instance, and the Chetwodes.”

“ Not more so than they well deserve,” I replied ; “ but they will probably never even hear of this book. The Chetwodes are separated ; she is at Florence, he at Paris, an exile from home, on account of debt. Mr. Parks, you know, is dead, and his mother-in-law, too. Barby was left a rich widow ; and I heard, when I was in London, that she had been completely taken in by an American adventurer, who spent all her money gambling in London, and disappeared with her afterwards, to some backwood in his own country. The O’Neils have let their place, become absentees, and live abroad ; and I am sure you will agree with me, that nothing I have said is too hard for her who is the entire cause of his expatriation.”

“There is one person whom you have well understood,” he said; “Agnes is indeed what you have described, and her father——”

“Do not speak more of it,” I replied; “I feel half-guilty before you, of whom I have set forth the mistakes so unsparingly.”

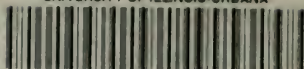
“Of that I am a bad critic,” he replied, kindly. I will finish by saying that you have given a truer picture of Irish society than most of the caricaturists who attempt to draw a people, of whom they cannot easily comprehend the true refinement.”

THE END.





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